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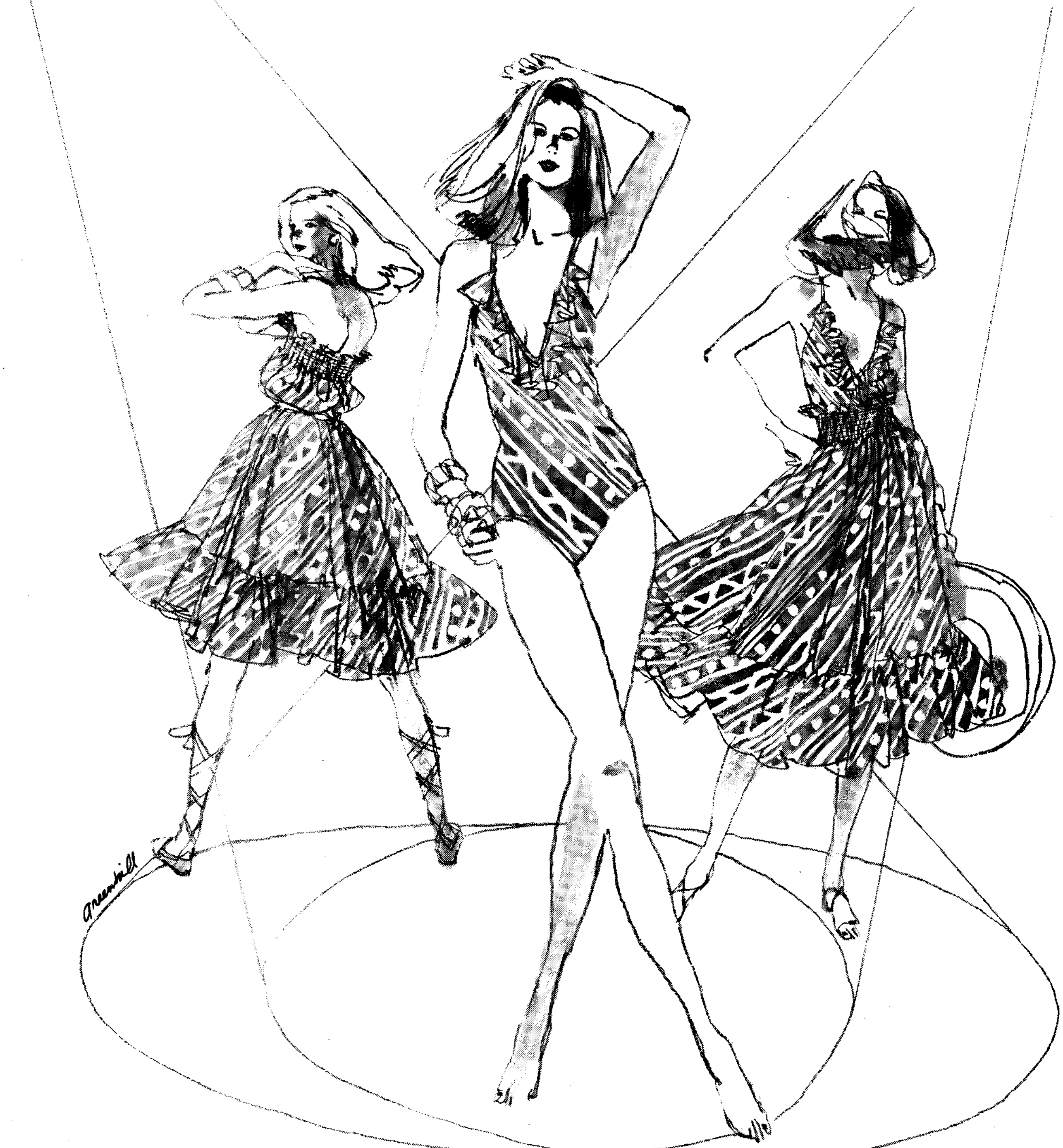

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

After Stardrive—A delightful little musical oddity about a young wife's encounter with a visitor from outer space and its aftereffects. Deirdre O'Connell is enchanting in the leading role, and Walter Hadler is appropriately peculiar as a local veterinarian. Book and music by Kathleen Cramer and O-Lan Shepard. (La Mama, 74 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursdays through Sundays at 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

Ah, Men—Jane White in a play by Paul Shyre, taken from the writings of George Bernard Shaw, Sean O'Casey, Lucky Luciano, and others. With music and lyrics by Will Holt. Directed by Mr. Shyre. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Tim Curry, and Jane Seymour heading the large cast. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Claudia McNeil in a revival of **raisin,** the 1973 musical based on Lorraine Hansberry's play "A Raisin in the Sun." Robert Nemiroff and Charlotte Zaltzberg wrote the book, Judd Woldin the music, and Robert Brittan the lyrics. The final production of the season. Preview Wednesday, May 13. Opens officially on Thursday, May 14, and will run through Sunday, June 7. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fifth of July—We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Richard Thomas and Swoosie Kurtz dominate the proceedings. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Floating Light Bulb—Jack Weston and Beatrice Arthur are worth going to see in Woody Allen's sad little study of life in Canarsie in 1945. (5/4/81) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

42nd Street—A musical based on an old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert usurping the roles of Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, and Ruby Keeler. (9/8/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Haggadah—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Hedda Gabler—A satisfactory revival that bypasses the play's greatness but turns up considerable feeling and humor all the same. With Susannah York in the title role, very able supported by Philip Bosco, Harris Yulin, Roxanne Hart, and Katherine Squire. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—Marcia Rodd and Helen Gallagher in Barbara Schottenfeld's musical about six women and their woman psychologist. Preview Wednesday, May 13. Opens Thursday, May 14, at 6:30. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Inacent Black—Melba Moore is the star of this witless comedy, which ought never to have emerged from a workshop run-through. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

It Had to Be You—The authors, Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna, are also the sole performers in this exceptionally appealing comedy about a perennial loser and the man she captures and refuses to let go. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: the Lady and Her Music—Lena Horne in a musical show that traces her career. (Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Mondays and Thursday, May 14, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Sigmund Romberg's **the student prince.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Little Foxes—Lillian Hellman's pitiless melodrama of 1939 has survived to become a stunning vehicle for Elizabeth Taylor. Also on hand are Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—This production of O'Neill's autobiographical drama has a distinguished black cast, but it seems rather tame, on the whole, in spite of a stunning performance by Al Freeman, Jr., as Jamie Tyrone. A presentation of the Richard Allen Center for Culture & Art. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (3/16/81) (Public, 425

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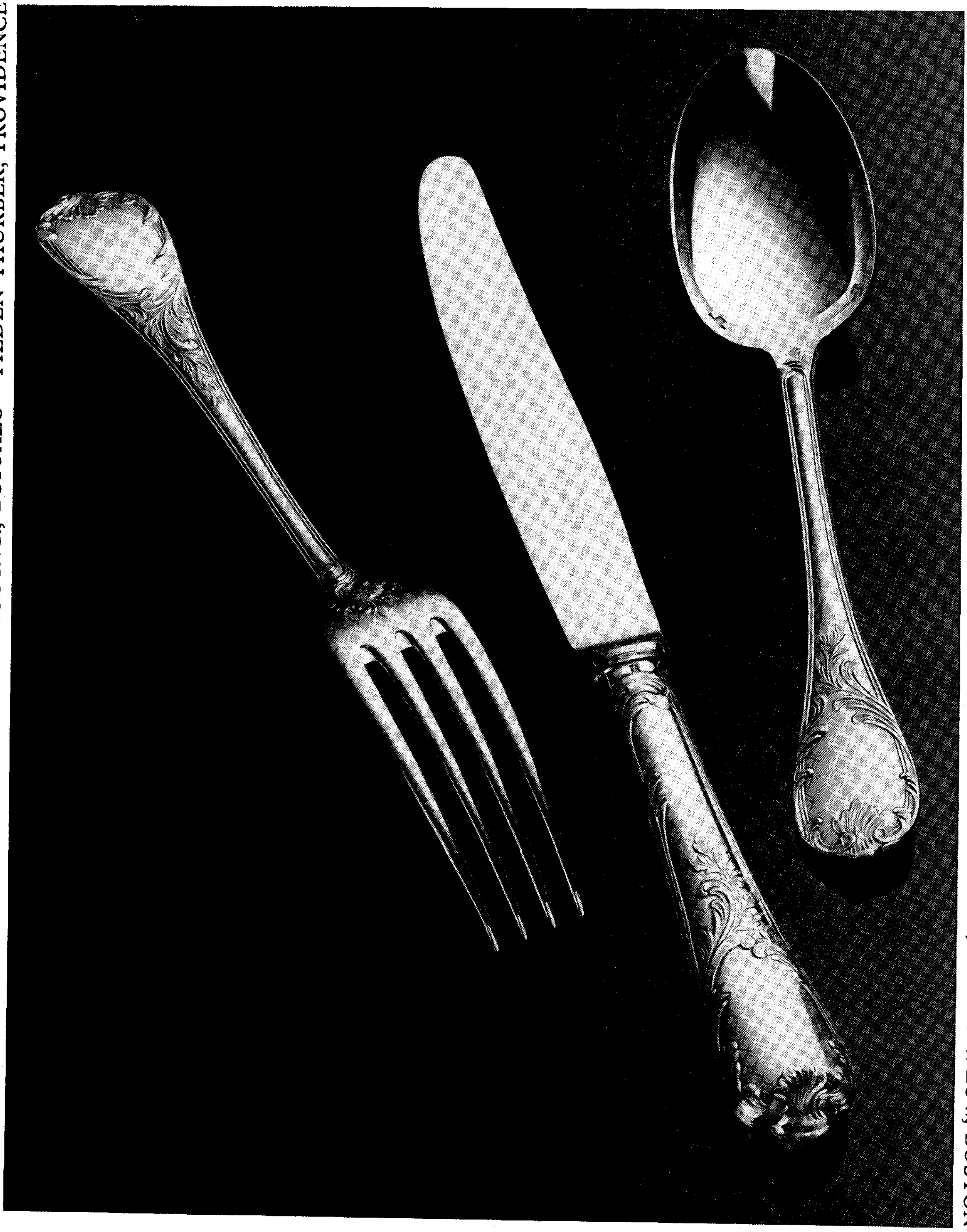


Christofle sur la table

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Lunch Hour—Jean Kerr has written some funny lines for two not very plausible couples to recite in the course of working out a conclusion to a totally implausible affair. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday, May 13, at 10; Thursday, May 14, at 6 and 10; Friday, May 15, at 10; and Saturday, May 16, at 8:30 and midnight. Thereafter, Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Marry Me a Little—Seventeen songs by Stephen Sondheim that were eliminated from his shows during rehearsal are sung by Suzanne Henry and Craig Lucas in this abbreviated musical. Some of the songs are charming; the performance is only pretty good. (3/23/81) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Samm-Art Williams' play **HOME** in a return engagement, with Samuel L. Jackson, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

Piaf—A singer of sad songs about life and death and lost loves, Edith Piaf has been dead for almost eighteen years, but she remains famous. Jane Lapotaire plays to the hilt as much of the authentic singer as has been allowed to emerge from this grubby little sketch of a play by Pam Gems. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. Kevin Kline is the most limber pirate since Douglas Fairbanks. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

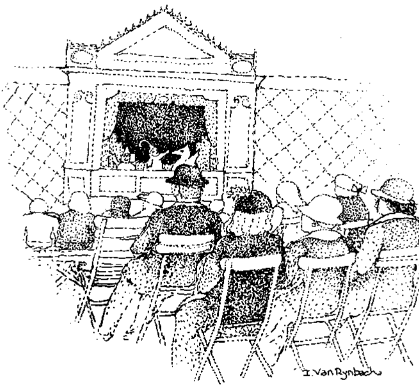
Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY**. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Thursday and Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

Rose—A rather sad little comedy about an English schoolteacher who hopes to seize more from life than she is likely to. Glenda Jackson and Jessica Tandy make the play worth seeing. (4/6/81) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

St. Mark's Gospel—Alec McCowen as Mark, in a solo performance that never dwindles into recitation. The words are from the King James Version. Opens Wednesday, May 13, for a three-week return engagement, which will end on Sunday, May 31. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Gregory Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, May 17, at 7:30.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl who, having been deserted by her whorish mother, finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)



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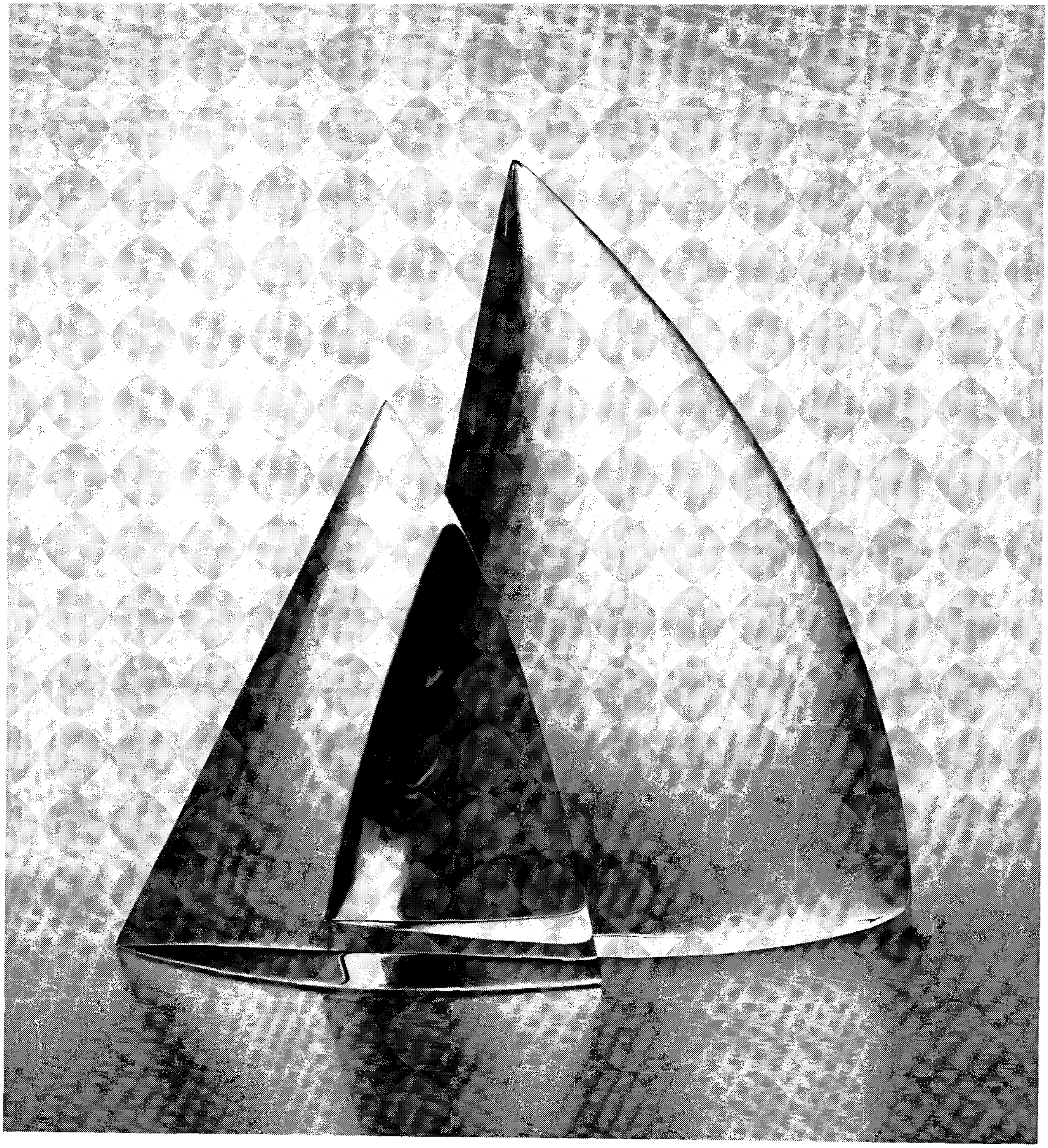
Translations—Brian Friel's distinguished, sad, and humorous play about the obliterating of the Irish language in Northern Ireland by the English. The time is 1833. The setting is a country school in Donegal, where only Gaelic and Latin and Greek are spoken, and where a company of redcoats comes to make a map of the countryside and anglicize the place names. The good acting, under the direction of Joe Dowling, of the Abbey Theatre, is a match for the text. With Barnard Hughes as an old schoolmaster, Daniel Gerroll and Ellen Parker as a redcoat and a local girl he loves; and Jake Dengel, Valerie Mahaffey, and Jarlath Conroy, among others. (4/27/81) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

Veronica's Room—A thriller by Ira Levin, with Georgine Hall, Richard Mathews, Innes-Fergus McDade, and Claude-Albert Saucier. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** The title role in this musical now belongs to Tony Orlando, replacing Jim Dale until May 26. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING:** Candy Clark and Carrie Snodgress in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8. Closes Sunday, May 17.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,752 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. With Diana Canova and Ted Wass. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays through Mondays at 2:30 and 8.)

THE CIRCUS—Another big basketful of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey goodies. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

ERIC BENTLEY SINGS CABARET SONGS—A program of songs by Brecht and Weill, Jacques Prévert, and others, including some of Bentley's own works. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, at 11:15.)

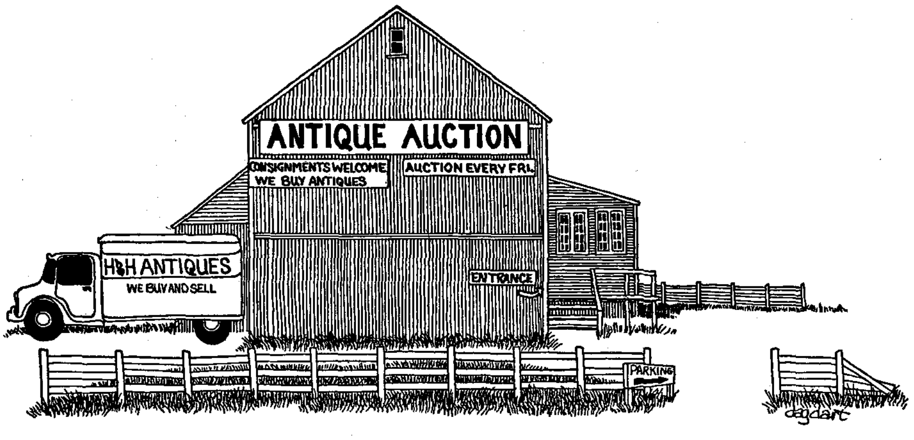
DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 13-14: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 15: "Square Dance," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 16: "Square Dance," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Walpurgisnacht," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 16: "Symphony in C" and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, May 17, and Tuesday evening, May 19: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 20: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 21: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 22: "Scotch Symphony," "Rondo," "Lille Suite," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 23: "Concerto Barocco," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 23: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 13, and Thursday evening, May 14: "La Bayadère." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 15: "Concerto," "Dark Elegies," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 16: "Les Rendezvous," "Prodigal Son," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 16: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Pas de Deux," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 18: "Prodigal Son," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Airs," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 19 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-3030); Wednesday matinée, May 20; and Thursday evening, May 21: "Raymonda," "Jardin Animé," "La Fille Mal Gardée," and Act III of "Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 20: "Raymonda," "Jardin Animé," and Act III of "Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 22: "Jardin Animé" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 23: "Airs" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 23: "Theme and Variations" and "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 13.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday evening, May 13: "The River," "Later That Day," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 14: "Phases," "The Still Point," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 15: "The Lark Ascending," "Inside," "Later That Day," and "District Storyville." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 16: "Night Creature," "Treading," "The River," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 16: "Memoria," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 17: "The River," "The Still Point," and "Phases." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 17: "Concerto in F," "Later That Day," and "District Storyville." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 19: "Phases," "Masekela Langage," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 20: "Night Creature," "Places," "The Still Point," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 21: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "Les Noces," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 22: "Phases," "The Still Point," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 23: "The Lark Ascending," "Inside," "Les Noces," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 23: "The River," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "District Storyville." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 24.)

THEATRE DU MOUVEMENT—A two-member French mime troupe. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, May 20, and Friday, May 22, at 8; and Sunday, May 24, at 2.)



ELEO POMARE DANCE COMPANY—Presenting four premières: "Turns," "Sets," "Zen Telegram," and "Hopper Paintings," plus repertory works. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday through Saturday, May 20-23, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 24, at 5. For tickets, call 675-1136.)

DANCERS AND MUSICIANS OF BALI—The first in a series of fourteen performances by this company of forty-two, including a gamelan orchestra. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400. Thursday and Friday, May 21-22, at 8; and Saturday, May 23, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, May 31.)

BENEFIT PROGRAM—Al Carmines, Christopher Hewitt, Carol Lynley, Patricia McBride, Richard Thomas, David Vaughan, and others in a program to benefit the American Dance Foundation. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Monday, May 18, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. *(242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar* and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. **DAKOTA STATON,** a singer who comes across best on swinging, up-tempo blues-tinged numbers—her ballads tend to suffer from vibrato overload—will perform with pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND'S** trio on Friday and Saturday, May 15-16. On Friday and Saturday, *May 22-23, hard-bop tenor saxophonist* **CLIFFORD JORDAN** will lead a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand at the very back of the place. Soprano saxophonist and former Sidney Bechet pupil **BOB WILBER** guides a quartet in a tribute to Bechet through Sunday, May 17. Mondays, clarinettist Rick Hardeman leads a quartet. Music from nine.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Premier R. & B. guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE,** hard-bop drummer **ROY HAYNES,** and jazz-rock trumpeter **MIKE LAWRENCE** and their respective groups on Wednesday, May 13; soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON** and trombonist and arranger **MELBA LISTON** and her stirring octet on Friday and Saturday, May 15-16; **JIMMY MC GRIFF** (the absolutely wonderful R. & B. organist with just the right light touch), jazz singer and yodeller **LEON THOMAS,** and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and *their* respective bands on Tuesday, May 19; the New Limelighters on Wednesday, May 20; the Plastics on Thursday, May 21; and altoist **PHIL WOODS** and multi-malleted vibraharpist **GARY BURTON** on Friday and Saturday, May 22-23. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **HANK JONES** and bassist **RED MITCHELL,** two of the very best, collaborate through Saturday, May 16; on Monday, May 18, **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** another wonderful pianist, will begin working with **RED MITCHELL;** Sundays are now given over to Mitchell and pianist **LARRY WILLIS.** Music from nine-forty-five.

CACHACA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open night-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is back holding court in the Café Carlyle. In attendance are his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER,** his drummer, **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and his admirers, too numerous to mention here. Mr. Short can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who herself sings a bit, to her own piano accompaniment, can be found in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays. Her hours run from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Music nightly, except Sundays, from eight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place, which has become about as respectable as a navy-blue silk tie with tennis racquets on it, still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on rock-and-roll futures. The schedule: Wednesday, May 13, Ex-Husbands and Eleanor & the Obvious; Thursday, May 14, the Bloods, Bankster, and It's the Hendersons; Friday, May 15, Bad Brains and the Youths; and Saturday, May 16, Reverse and the Same. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** sings the blues, talks the blues, calls the blues, chants the blues, and she also sings "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Somebody Loves Me," and "The Glory of Love." She is assisted by pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays and Tuesdays Lu Elliott, a onetime Ellington vocalist, sings a whole gang of Ellington and Strayhorn tunes. Music at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, May 13, Michael Cooney and the Derby Ram; Thursday, May 14, Mac Benford & Ken Perlman; Saturday, May 16, Bubba George; Sunday, May 17, guitarists Johnathan Kalb, Joe Ravo, and Ari Eisinger; Thursday, May 21, Bosom Buddies, an all-woman string band from Michigan; and Saturday, May 23, the Fly by Night String Band. Music from about eight-fifteen Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, May 17, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will head a quartet that will feature guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** They'll begin about nine-fifteen. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. **JOHNNY HARTMAN,** the jazz musician's singer, performs through Sunday, May 17; on Tuesday, May 19, percussion wizard **AIRTO** will bring in a Brazilian jazz-rock combo. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

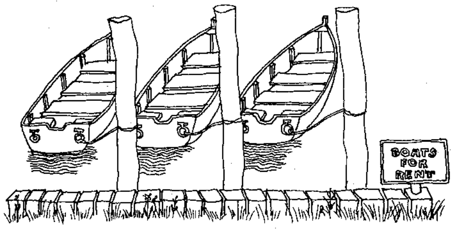
Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, May 13, Fourteen Karat Soul, an a-cappella soul quintet; Thursday through Saturday, May 14-16, Platinum Hook, an energetic R. & B. band; Monday, May 18, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** along with singer Valerie Pettiford; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 19-20, singer Anita Moore; and Thursday through Saturday, May 21-23, Wendel Stuart, a Bahamian singer and guitarist whose bland versions of "No Woman No Cry" and other reggae numbers sound as if they were arranged for a cruise-ship orchestra. On Sundays Argentine pianist **JORGE DALTO,** Brazilian singer **ANGELA SUAREZ,** and a quintet perform vibrant Brazilian jazz. Music from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and Sundays from five to ten stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is on hand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. Pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** plays just about everything he can think of in a flowing, adept stride style Wednesday through Saturday, May 13-16, and Tuesday through Thursday, May 19-21. Pianist **RED RICHARDS** has the piano on Sunday and Monday, May 17-18, and Friday and Saturday, May 22-23. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one; Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two; and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Hors D'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **MARTY NAPOLEON** guides a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the d.j.s spin a side (insert a video cassette, really) by Defunkt or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The bands: Waitresses and Die Hausfrauen on Thursday, May 14; Mission of Burma and Nitecaps on Friday, May 15; and Ballistic Kisses and Certain Generals on Saturday, May 16. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays.



Jazzmania's Stutz, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—Friday through Sunday, May 15-17, hard-boppers **JUNIOR COOK** and **BILL HARDMAN** co-pilot a quintet that features **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** on piano. Then. on the next Friday, Saturday, and Sunday (May 22-24), **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** will head up his own quartet, with tenor saxophonist **GARY BARTZ** as the featured soloist. Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by saxophonist **MIKE MORGENSTERN** and his combo.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Two good reasons are pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA,** who are here through Saturday, May 16; two more are pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **PAUL WEST,** who will move in on Tuesday, May 19. The Sunday and Monday slots are filled by singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **BOB BODLEY.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. The schedule: Wednesday, May 13, Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter; Thursday, May 14, the great singer and mandolinist and father of bluegrass **BILL MONROE;** Sunday, May 17, high-energy Chicago-blues-harp player **JAMES COTTON;** and Wednesday, May 20, singer and composer and Memphis legend **OTIS BLACKWELL,** who wrote "All Shook Up," "Return to Sender," "Don't Be Cruel," "Great Balls of Fire," and "Fever." Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view. Actress Cybill Shepherd is the singer through Saturday, May 16; on Monday, May 18, Johnnie Ray, whose recordings of "The Little White Cloud That Cried," "Broken Hearted," and "Cry" resulted in the three most touching hits of 1951, will come in. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, May 13, Primal, Thin Ice, and Peptides; Thursday, May 14, Coma-teens and Minors Aloud; Friday, May 15, Heat and Nasty Facts; Saturday, May 16, Senders, Roustabouts, and Bratles; Sunday, May 17, BMT and Eddie Dixon; Monday, May 18, Third Division Band, the Method, and RNR; and Tuesday, May 19, John Train, Richard Thorn & the Side Effects, and Dub Wrestlers. Music from well after eleven.

Michael Phillips, 994 First Ave., at 54th St. (888-0018)—This clean-line-design restaurant has landed singer and stride pianist **BROOKS KERR,** who can be heard Thursdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty to two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**CHRIS CONNOR** sings her staples—"All About Ronnie" and "Lush Life"—as well as tunes by Kenny Rankin and Paul Williams through Saturday, May 16; on Tuesday, May 19, Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (Arthur's), will take over. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On most Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet from nine-thirty to midnight, in color. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a

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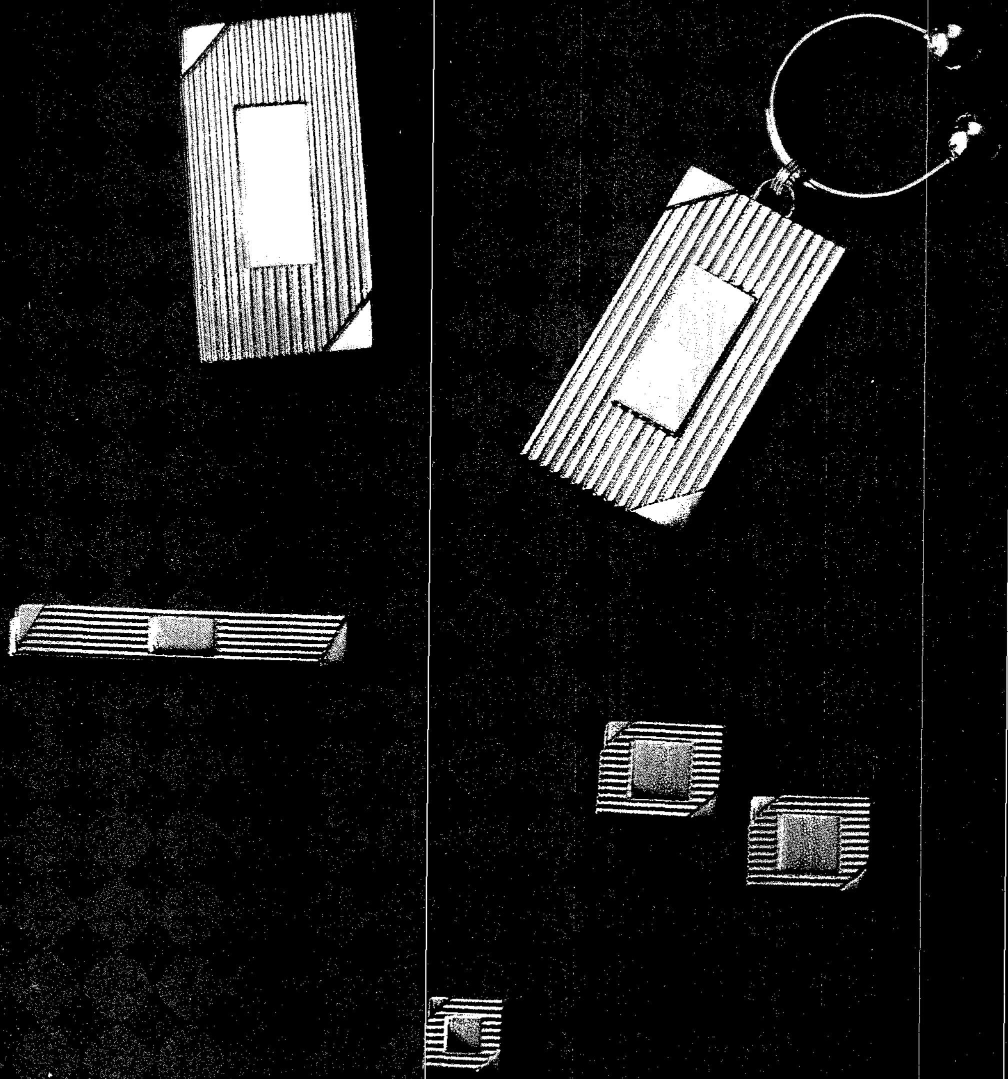
Scotland in 1745
DRAMBUIE OVER ICE WITH ELLA FITZGERALD.



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few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Thursday, May 14, soul singer L.A. Watson; Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, Zulema; and Thursday through Saturday, May 21-23, pianist **Monty Alexander** and his combo. Music from about ten until two.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. Thursday through Saturday, May 14-16, folksinger **Tom Paxton** responds to the times by singing some of his new witty protest songs; on Wednesday and Thursday, May 20-21, Roomful of Blues will perform rock and blues; and on Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, **Kenny Rankin,** the pleasant pop-jazz folkie, will be on hand. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**Jimmy Lyon** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. The ten-to-two shift belongs to singer and pianist **Ronny Whyte,** who does songs you remember, songs you forgot, and songs you may have never even heard of.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **Sy Oliver's** bounce septet plays music to take it all in to, and to dance to as well, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, May 13, Dregs; Thursday, May 14, UB40; Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, Bow Wow Wow; Sunday, May 17, Steel Pulse; Monday, May 18, Catholic Girls; Tuesday, May 19, Kid Creole & the Coconuts; Wednesday, May 20, **Bo Diddley** *and* **Sam & Dave;** and Thursday, May 21, Jah Malla and **Madness,** a jumping English ska band. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—"Thank Heaven for Lerner and Loewe," the tribute of the month in the King Cole Room, is carried out by Marni Nixon (whom Deborah Kerr thanked heaven for during the singing sequences of "The King and I"), Steve Elmore, Martin Vidnovic, and Meg Bussert. Mondays through Thursdays shows begin at nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays they begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: Drummer **Bob Moses'** quartet, with **Steve Swallow** on bass, on Wednesday, May 13; pianist **Monty Alexander's** quartet Thursday through Sunday, May 14-17; guitarist **John Scofield's** trio on Tuesday, May 19; pianist **Joanne Brackeen** on Wednesday, May 20; tenor saxophonist **Lew Tabackin's** trio Thursday and Friday, May 21-22; and saxophonist **Dave Liebman** and his quartet Saturday and Sunday, May 23-24. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in, padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Wednesday and Thursday, May 13-14, pianist **Danny Mixon;** Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, **Jaki Byard,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist; and Wednesday through Saturday, May 20-23, **Junior Mance** and **Marty Rivera.** Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

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Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Lots of good jazz in a knotty-pine room: Flugelhorn expert **Art Farmer** through Saturday, May 16, and **Illinois Jacquet,** the flame-throwing tenor saxophonist and bassoonist, Tuesday through Saturday, May 19-23. Sundays are **Junior Mance-Marty Rivera** nights, and on Mondays the **Widespread Depression Orchestra** plays non-depressing swing music. Music from about ten. Dining.

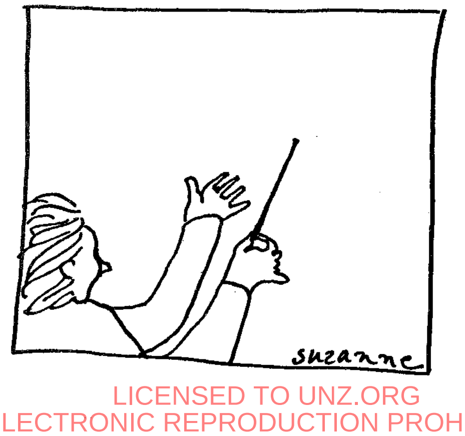
Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room approximately the size of some New York movie-revival houses. It's modern and comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent, despite all the comfort, of the old Five Spot. Trumpeter Tex Allen and singer Felicia Allen perform Thursdays through Saturdays. Mondays through Wednesdays drummer-proprietor **John Lewis** works on the bandstand himself with a trio. Music most nights from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). Wednesday, May 13, Living Truth; Thursday, May 14, No Sisters and Steppin' Razor; Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, R. & B. singer **Little Milton;** Sunday, May 17, Toptones; and Wednesday, May 20, Jah Love & the Survivors. Tuesdays are lift-off-session nights for an impressive local soul-shake octet called the **Uptown Horns,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest (but *not* unrehearsed) music around. Shows most nights at nine and midnight.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, May 13, Flooz and Bernie Shanahan; Thursday, May 14, Tom Dickey & the Desires and Urban Blight; Friday, May 15, Mrozinski and the Wallets; Saturday, May 16, Chris Spedding, Busta Jones & David Van Tieghem; and Tuesday, May 19, the Differents. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is presenting through Sunday, May 17, the crackling hardbopper of a trumpet player, **Benny Bailey,** and his quintet, which features **Charlie Rouse** on tenor sax. On Tuesday, May 19, singer **Abbey Lincoln** will arrive with pianist **Cedar Walton** and his trio. On Mondays drummer **Mel Lewis** and sixteen other worthy musicians all play at the same time, and it sounds great. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.



West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: Tenor saxophonist **Harold Ashby's** quartet through Sunday, May 17, and trumpeter Franc Williams Wednesday through Sunday, May 20-24. Saxophonist Percy France works on Mondays, and on Tuesdays All-American drummer **Jo Jones,** master of the ride cymbal, the high-hat, and bass-drum bombs, heads a group. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Country Music at Carnegie Hall—Roy Acuff, Merle Haggard, Tammy Wynette, the Stoney Mountain Cloggers, and Cabin Fever. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, May 13, at 7:30.)

Tony Bennett—In a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

Dynamic Duos—Bucky Pizzarelli and Slam Stewart; Doc Cheatham and Dick Wellstood; and Sheila Jordan and Harvie Swartz. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

Royal New York Doo-Wopp Show—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 8.

Buddy Rich Band—With Carol Fredette. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St., between Nassau and Gold. Friday, May 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call 285-3715.)

Marilyn Crispell Trio—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium. Friday, May 15, at 8:30.

Art Ensemble of Chicago—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 9 and 11:30.

Ed Blackwell Trio—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, May 16, at 8.

"Clarinet Lament"—The Duke Ellington Society's annual concert, this one a tribute to Barney Bigard and Russell Procope, with clarinettists Jimmy Hamilton, Haywood Henry, Johnny Mince, Norris Turney, and Bob Wilber, and a rhythm section led by Tommy Flanagan. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St., between Nassau and Gold. Sunday, May 17, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 285-3715 or 375-0327.)

Rush—Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, May 18, at 7:30.

Sister Sledge—With Kleeer and T. S. Monk. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, May 21, at 7:30.)

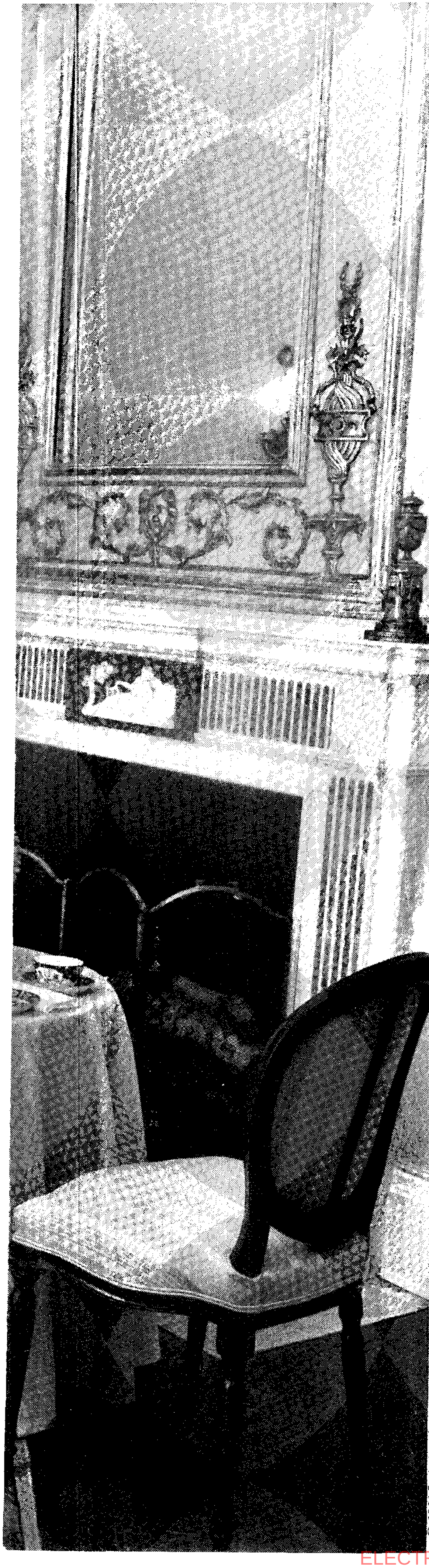
Greene Space—Saturday, May 16: Michelle Rosewoman & Warren Smith. . . . ¶ Friday, May 22: Leroy Jenkins & Oliver Lake . . . . ¶ Saturday, May 23: Apex. (Greene Space, 105 Greene St. 925-3775. Shows at 8 and 9:30.)

Irving Plaza—Friday, May 22: Richard Hell. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 23: Delta 5. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, May 13-14, at 10: Bill Kirchner Nonet. . . . ¶ Friday, May 15, at 10: Jazz Forum All Stars. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, May 16-17, at 10: Clifford Jordan, Barry Harris, Walter Booker, and Leroy Williams. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Wednesday, May 13, at 9: Noel Pointer and Martha Reeves. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 14, at 9, and Friday, May 15, at 8:30 and 11:30: Earl Klugh. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 16, at 8:30 and 11:30: The Pointer Sisters and Mark Sadane. . . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, May 21-24, at 9: James Taylor. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, May 14: Jorge Dalto quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 16: Sedition



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ensemble. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows begin at 8:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Jankel Adler (1895-1949)—Fifty drawings covering his whole career. Through June 6. (A.M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Shusaku Arakawa—Two exhibitions mounted by the Ronald Feldman galleries: recent drawings (at 33 E. 74th St.; open Mondays) and paintings from about twenty years ago (at 31-33 Mercer St., between Grand and Canal Sts.). Both through Saturday, May 23.

Romare Bearden—Recent collages of the thirties. Through June 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Tony Bechara—Recent pattern paintings done in mosaic-like quarter-inch squares of color. Through May 31. (Arman, 817 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Maurice Brianchon (1899-1978)—Scenes of the French countryside and seashore, plus still-lifes. Through June 3. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—About twenty-three of his boxes (all miniatures) on the gallery walls. Through July 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Charles Demuth (1883-1935)—A show of seventy drawings and watercolors, none of them ever exhibited before. Through May 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Gigino Falconi—Romantic figure studies of women, some nude, some blindfolded, some shown in filmy robes, by an Italian artist who takes his titles (and his inspiration) from García Lorca's poetry. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 23. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.)

Ernest Fiene (1894-1965)—Paintings and works on paper from the years 1925-55 of city scenes (New York, Pittsburgh) viewed through the eyes of a German immigrant. Through Saturday, May 23. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Judith Godwin—A retrospective of paintings and drawings done between 1950-79 by this Abstract Expressionist. Through Wednesday, May 20. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Lily Harmon—Paintings and drawings, all of which deal in some way with the flower children of the nineteen-sixties. Through Saturday, May 16. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Linda Lindeberg (1915-73)—Abstract Expressionist paintings and works on paper. Through June 6. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Carlos Merida—A retrospective of the graphics, plus drawings, of the Mexican artist. Through June 14. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Susan Rothenberg—Five ten-foot-square paintings. Through Saturday, May 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Louis Schanker (1903-81)—Paintings from the thirties and forties, by an artist who died last week. Through May 30. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Honoré Sharrer—A selection of paintings done over the past four decades, ranging from social themes of the fifties to recent works imbued with a droll sort of surrealism—a blasé Europa poised on the back of a sleepy white bull, for instance. Through Thursday, May 21. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Yvonne Thomas—Abstract Expressionist paintings from 1955 to 1962. Through June 6. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Richard Thompson / Betye Saar—Cowboys subjugated by modern life is the theme of these paintings (and one funny wooden-cutout installation) by a New Mexico New Imagist. / Recent collages. Through May 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Ken Tisa—Small paintings, in various mediums, of dancing figures simplified almost to silhouettes. Through June 6. (Art Latitude, 29 E. 73rd St.)

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Carol Wald—A hundred watercolors, oils, drawings, and collages, including a series of oil sketches of Ronald Reagan done for *Time*. Through May 22. (Society of Illustrators, 128 E. 63rd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Paul Wiesenfeld—Recent paintings and drawings by an American realist who now makes his home in Germany. Through Wednesday, May 20. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Davidson**, 43 E. 78th St.: Watercolors and drawings, some never seen in this country before, by an impressive crew (Cassatt, Daumier, Matisse, Morisot, Renoir, van Gogh). Thirty works in all. Through June 6. . . . **Ex Libris**, 160A E. 70th St.: Prints, film posters, drawings, and porcelains by Russian Futurists and Constructivists and other early-twentieth-century European artists. Two Alexander Rodchenko drawings, a Piet Zwart poster, a Sonia Delaunay gouache, two works on paper by Liabov Popova. Through June 12. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **Graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Graphic Americana: original paintings done by the better-known (and some lesser-known) magazine and commercial artists of the past hundred years—i.e., N. C. Wyeth, Maxfield Parrish, Norman Rockwell, and some thirty-five other illustrators. Through Friday, May 22. . . . **Hirschl & Adler**, 21 E. 70th St.: Landscapes by thirteen contemporary American representational painters. Included are Fairfield Porter, Jane Freilicher, Alex Katz, William Beckman, and Rackstraw Downes. Through May 29. . . . **Knoedler**, 19 E. 70th St.: Seventeenth-century Old Master paintings from Italy (Pietro da Cortona), Holland (Hendrick Terbrugghen), and France (Simon Vouet). Through June 5. . . . **Lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: New paintings and sculptures by artists regularly associated with the gallery (Alechinsky, Antes, and Corneille, among them). Through June 12. . . . **Mc Kee**, 140 E. 63rd St.: Drawings by Stuart Diamond, Jake Berthot, Philip Guston, Katherine Porter, and others. Through Wednesday, May 20. . . . **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A new selection from the storerooms of this gallery includes a Modigliani portrait of a woman, a Picasso still-life (with a fallen dove), and a Dufy painting, entitled "La Débarcadère," depicting figures on a pier. Through May 30. . . . **Paul Rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Sixteen Old Master drawings. Through Friday, May 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Works by Charles Arnoldi, Tony DeLap, Nigel Hall, and William Tucker. Through May 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

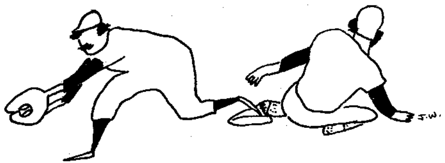
GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Vito Acconci and Pinchas Cohen Gan—Two installations. Through May 30. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

William Allan—Large abstract acrylics and studies of the iris plant in watercolor. Through Saturday, May 16. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Neil Anderson / Joe Fiore—Watercolors of autumn leaves, shown on the ground as they await the rake. / Recent landscapes and seascapes, some of them of the pounding sea at Pemaquid Point. Through May 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Arneson—New ceramic sculptures, including numerous self-portraits (one of which is his largest to date) and busts of Philip Guston and Francis Bacon. The larger works have been mounted on ceramic columns created with each subject in mind. Through May 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)



Elena Borstein—Recent paintings and pastels. Through June 6. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Daniel Brustlein—New paintings: an orchestra's music stands, a café terrace, a couple of figure studies, and a whole series depicting four-horse chariot teams called quadrigae. The artist, now resident in Paris, was a frequent contributor to *The New Yorker*, some years ago, under the name Alain. Through Thursday, May 21. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Buckley—High-spirited abstract paintings, several of which invoke city walls. Through Saturday, May 23. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Graphics (about thirty) and some gouaches. Through May 29. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St. Open Mondays.)

Jill Cannady—Expertly rendered pastels: a battered doll, fifteen hats stacked on a girl's head, portrait studies, curios in a basket. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, May 23. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sarah Canright—Tall, angular shaped canvases painted over with sparse abstract designs on a dark field. Through May 30. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Marc Chagall—Recent paintings with the circus as a theme. Through June 12. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

William N. Copley—A retrospective that includes paintings, drawings, sculptures, and various casual sketches on napkins and paper plates. Through June 13. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Nancy Davidson / Tom Watcke—Decorative wall pieces done with oil sticks on fanlike arrangements of cutout paper. / Wooden sculptures in which raw birch timbers are neatly sawed into a sort of cat's cradle. Through May 30. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Elaine de Kooning—Basketball and baseball paintings. Through May 29. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James Ensor (1860-1949)—Sixty-one etchings from the years 1886 to 1904 of people seen from his characteristically satirical viewpoint; eighteen of them were hand-colored by the artist. There are also some landscapes among the demons and skeletons. Through June 13. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jean Feinberg—New abstract oils, larger in scale than her earlier works, and several of them framed in wreaths of twigs. Through Saturday, May 23. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Mary Frank—A new series of sculptures made up of separate sheets of ceramic on which faces, arms, torsos and so on have been molded. There are also works on paper, some in color. Through June 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Helen Frankenthaler / Sam Francis—Monotypes and drawings on woodblock proofs. Through May 30. / Large white canvases dotted with bright primary colors. Through Friday, May 22. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Dimitri Hadzi—Tabletop-size sculptures of granite, basalt, and gabbro, whose polished facets are contrasted with the rough surface of the natural stone. Through June 6. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Carol Haerer / Ross Neher—Turbulent abstract paintings. / Abstract works on paper—wavering vertical columns, for the most part—derived from episodes in the New Testament. Through Saturday, May 23. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St. Open Tuesday evenings until 7:30.)

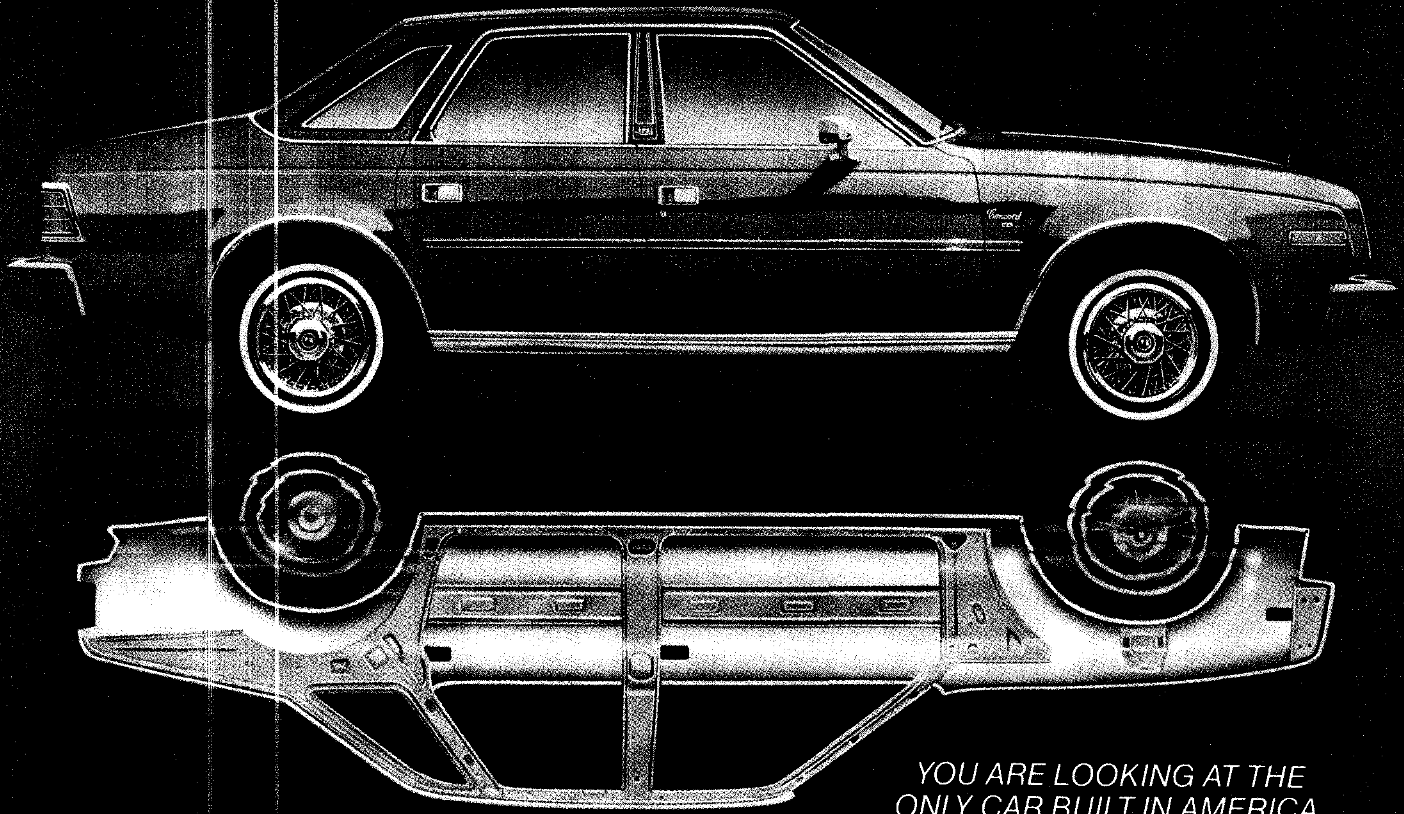
Grace Hartigan—New works by this Abstract Expressionist, conveying impressions of marketplaces and store windows. Through May 30. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bryan Hunt—Large cast-bronze sculptures mostly in the shape of a falling stream of water, plus related drawings. Through June 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Wolf Kahn—Recent New England landscapes. Through June 6. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William King—More than thirty new figure

CONCORD



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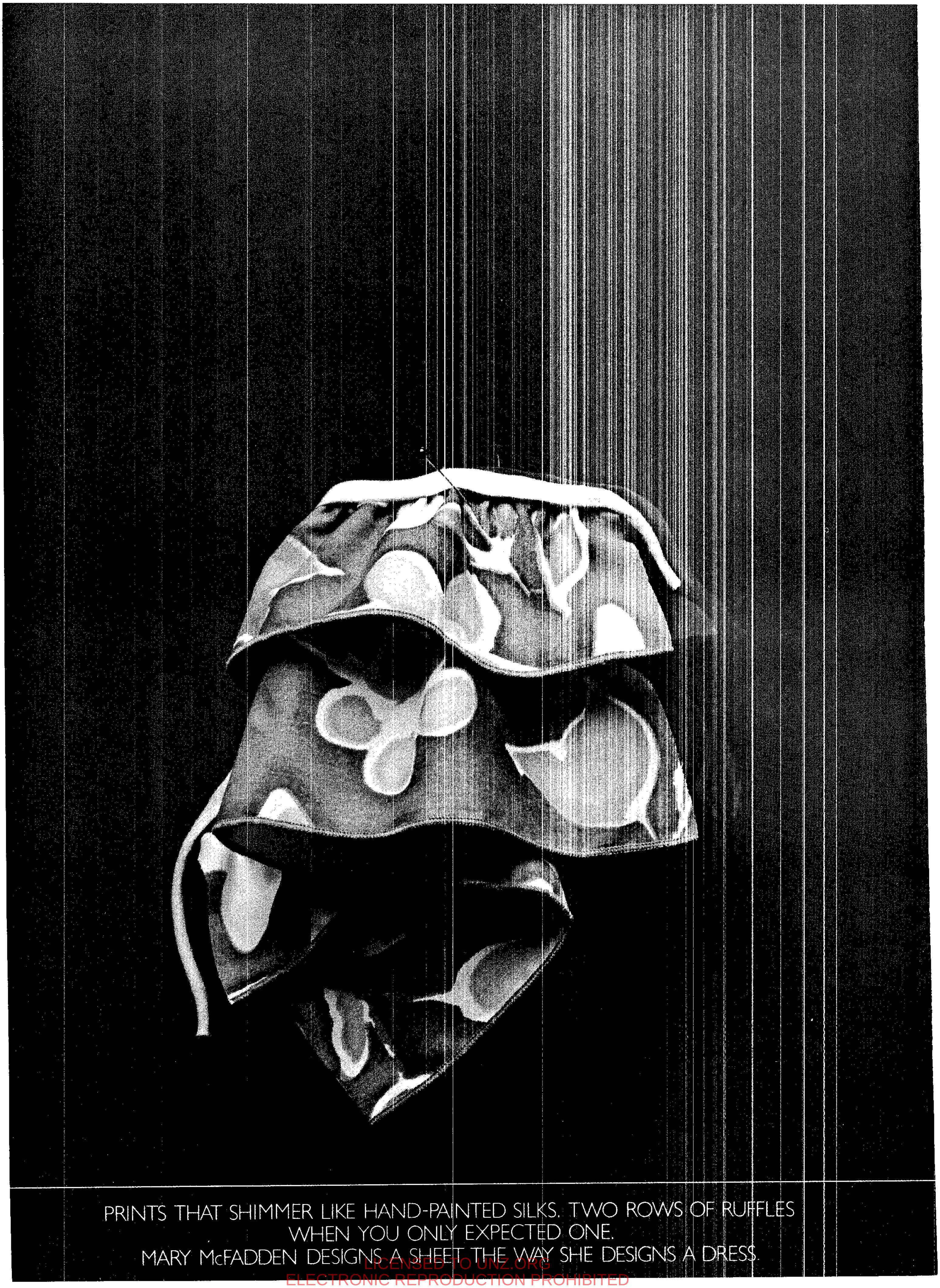

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sculptures in painted wood and bronze. Through Friday, May 22. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Oskar Kokoschka (1886-1980)—A memorial exhibit of about sixty oils dating from 1908 through 1975, many from museums and private collections. Included are two early portraits (Hans Tietze and Erica Tietze-Conrat, Alma Mahler), a portrait from the mid-thirties of his wife, Olda, and "View of Downtown Manhattan with the Empire State Building," done in 1966. Through June 13. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Winifred Lutz—Delicate wall sculptures of cast handmade paper. Through May 30. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Chuck Magistro—Doorways and shuttered windows in Italy and in the Caribbean were the inspiration for these paintings, which incorporate canvas, wooden panels, wire mesh, and acrylics. Through May 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—Sculptures (five large working models, seventeen maquettes, three wall plaques), drawings, and prints. Through Saturday, May 16. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

Olivia Munroe / Ellen Stavitsky—Works on paper (oil, pastel, and gesso). / Collages made of torn and cut pieces of painted paper. Through May 30. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Paul Narkiewicz—Watercolors of the Tuscan countryside. Through June 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903)—About thirty drawings of peasants in the fields, women sewing, and so on. Through June 13. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Mark Rothko (1903-70)—Surrealist paintings from the years 1930-46, about thirty-five in all. Through May 30. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Robert Ryman—Four new paintings on linen and a series of small paintings on steel. Through June 5. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James Torlakson—Realist watercolors. Through June 13. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BREWSTER**, 41 W. 57th St.: Five artists regularly associated with the gallery—Leonora Carrington, Harry McCormick, Paul Reynard, Ivan Rabuzin (paintings), and Francisco Zuñiga (sculptures and drawings). Through May 30. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings, most of them on loan, by Austrian Expressionists, including Gustav Klimt, Alfred Kubin, Oskar Kokoschka, and Egon Schiele. Through May 30. . . . **GLADSTONE**, 41 W. 57th St.: Summertime is the theme; Eric Fischl, Charles Traub, and Judith Shea are among the more than twenty painters, photographers, and sculptors. Through May 30. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Some seventy-two paintings and sculptures have been got together, spanning nearly two hundred years of American art: a Gilbert Stuart portrait, a Bierstadt oil of the Sacramento Valley, an oil and tempera by Shahn, three bronzes by Leonard Baskin. Through May 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: A show of drawings by eight painters (Bishop, Cadmus, Etting, Mayhew, Palmer, Prestopino, Thon, Vickrey). Through May 30. . . . **TOUCHSTONE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings, photographs, and sculptures by sixteen Conceptualists (Alice Aycock, Joseph Beuys, Jody Pinto), demonstrating an assumed connection between ritual and landscape. Through May 30. . . . **URDANG**, 29 W. 57th St.: One new work apiece (painting, sculpture) by five artists—Heidi Glück, Joshua Neustein, David Reed, Joel Shapiro, and Richard Tuttle. Through May 29.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Alice Aycock—This artist, who is working in steel now instead of wood, has devised an apparatus called a "Savage Sparkler," which consists mainly of three barrel-like parts—two spinning one way and the third the other. It is ten feet high and noisy. There are also maquettes for two other conceptual works, and related drawings. Through May 26. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Francesco Clemente—Recent frescoes, paintings, and drawings by an Italian artist. Through May 30. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

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Hugo Consuegra / Domingo Garcia—Abstract paintings and drawings by this Cuban artist. / Recent paintings. Through June 6. (Cayman, 381 West Broadway.)

Edward Evans—Airbrushed acrylics on canvas. Through May 28. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Michael Goldberg / David Haxton—Large canvases on which bold, simple forms are painted, partly with a bronze powder (leaving a shiny surface) or a liquefied pastel (leaving a matte surface). / Large color photographs, most of them devoted to rolls of paper pierced with various cutout patterns. Through Saturday, May 23. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

James Havard / Frank Roth—Illusionist paintings in which strips of color seem to float several inches out in front of the picture plane. / New oils by an Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, May 23. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Timothy Hennessy—An installation of free-hanging patterned paintings and sculptured vegetation. Through June 6. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Harry Kramer / Beth Royer—Abstract paintings and drawings in colors thickly applied—a recent departure from his predominantly black-and-white palette. / Wall works (painted muslin stretched over ribbed frames) suggestive of wings or of sails. Through Saturday, May 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Louise Kramer—New metal and cardboard constructions and paintings on metal. Through May 30. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Elizabeth Murray—Paintings. Through May 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Frank Owen—Molded acrylic forms fixed to canvas and painted in bright colors. Through June 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Avital Oz / Marilyn Levine—Large mosaics made up of handsomely grained four-by-four pine blocks, into each of which a sort of sawtooth pattern has been cut. / Ceramic sculptures of everyday objects (a golf bag, a book bag, a handbag), made to look as though produced from leather. Through Saturday, May 16. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Milo Reice—Large, startling paintings of Biblical and mythological subjects—a crucifixion in which the Christ figure is a female, for instance. Through May 30. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

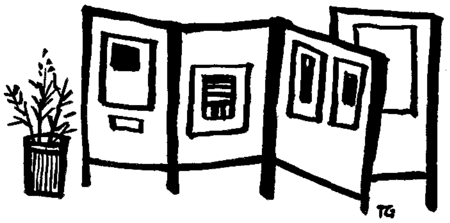
Marianne Stikas / George Schneeman—Paintings. / Portraits (frescoes on cinder block) and erotic vases. Through May 30. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Michael Todd / Michael Lucero—Abstract metal sculptures. / Figurative ceramic sculptures. Through May 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

David True—Paintings of deer, one to a canvas and almost life-size. There are also drawings of the heads of satyrs. Through May 30. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Carol Unger—Photo-Realist oils and pencil drawings of commonplace objects and accessories (shirts on hangers, shoes on closet shelves). Through Sunday, May 17. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Sculptors' Drawings Over Six Centuries (1400-1950)—A hundred and forty drawings, practically all of them prefiguring works of sculpture. The artists range from Bernini and Canova to David Smith and Noguchi. Through June 20. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)



Group Show—The Empire Safe Company asked twelve artists to choose from a selection of both old and new safes and transform them into works of art. What resulted were paintings and sculptures by Richard Haas, Bill Barrell, Suzan Pitt, Lance Richbourg. Through June 20. (Empire Safe Company Showroom, 103 Grand St., at Mercer St. Open Mondays; closes at 4 on Saturdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

R. O. Blechman—Original drawings for *New Yorker* covers and other works. Through Friday, May 22. (International Typeface Corporation, third floor, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, 866 Second Ave., at 47th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Le Corbusier (1887-1965)—A joint exhibition of preparatory works for the construction of the Church of Saint-Pierre, at Firminy. The Institute of Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St., is showing (through June 12; open Mondays through Fridays) drawings and models from the first two stages of the church's development (1961-62); and Cooper Union's Houghton Gallery, in the Foundation Building, Third Ave. at 7th St., is displaying (through Wednesday, May 20; open daily except Sundays) later drawings (1962-64) for the church by Le Corbusier, along with plans, drawings, and models (1970-79) by the Atelier Oubrerie, which continued the project after the architect's death.

Jody Pinto—One of the artist's childhood heroes (and next-door neighbors on Fifty-seventh Street) was a stunt man named Henri La Mothe, who dived from considerable heights into a shallow play pool of water. The installation honoring him consists of a pink diving stand thirteen feet high, the legs of a pink diver seen in midair, and a ramshackle structure resembling a pier and thus suggesting water. There are also related drawings. Through Tuesday, May 19. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Jane Sargeant—A Casablanca rug market, a house in Japan, and a view of Ponte Delgado are among the subjects of these oil paintings, and there are two freehand drawings in ink of an Italian interior. Through Saturday, May 16. (Ashby, 18 Cornelia St., near Sixth Ave. and West Fourth St.)

William Schwedler—Paintings on plywood and paper. Through Saturday, May 16. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **GODDARD-RIVERSIDE COMMUNITY CENTER**, 647 Columbus Ave., at 91st St.: The theme of the seventeenth annual art show, "Menagerie," is animal imagery in contemporary art. Among the forty-seven artists showing works on paper (mostly) are Benny Andrews, Rackstraw Downes, and Sandy Skoglund. Through Sunday, May 17. (Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 5:15 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: A survey of art in New York from the forties through the seventies, selected by John Bernard Myers. Included in the sweep of forty-five artists and their styles are Rothko, Pollock, Hofmann (paintings), Hare, and Frank (sculptures). Through May 30. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Fredrich Cantor—Current photographs of Paris and paintings on paper. Through May 29. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Alfred Capel-Cure (1826-96)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of calotypes by this British amateur, whose subjects included architecture, his family, and the English countryside. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Robert Doisneau—About a hundred photographs, including some of his better-known works from the past ("Les Pains de Picasso," "Les Animaux Supérieurs"). Through May 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Thomas Eakins (1844-1916)—Forty vintage and nineteen modern prints of people in motion and people in repose, which were used in the classes the artist taught and as studies for his paintings. Through May 30. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Roland L. Freeman / Bill Beckley—Photographs of black Americans at home and at work in rural communities and in large cities. / Twelve works combining photographs, drawings, and text. Through Sunday, May 17. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Grace Knowlton—A series of black-and-white photographs entitled "White Corners," all shot within the confines of an interior hallway. A first for this artist, known previously as a sculptor. Through June 13. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Mapplethorpe / Maxwell Hendler—Photographs of black male nudes. / Watercolors by a California realist. Through June 6. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Mary Ellen Mark—A series of photographs entitled "Falkland Road": a study of the prostitutes in the red-light district of Bombay. Through May 30. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Charles Marville (1816-79)—Photographs of the streets of Paris (1852-70) before, during, and after the city's reorganization by Baron Haussmann. A loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through June 26. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Ray K. Metzker—Twenty-four black-and-white abstractions. Also, a number of large photomontages. Through May 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tod Papageorge—Recent photographs by the chairman of the Photography Department at Yale. Through May 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

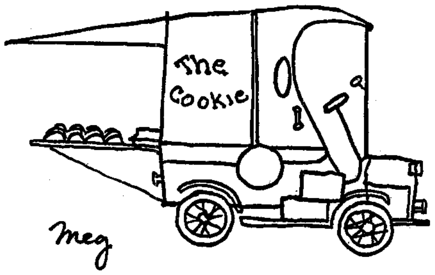
Marc Riboud /Judith Natal—Photographs of life in China, Naples, Morocco, Vietnam by a French photojournalist. /Photogravures. Through June 13. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Humphrey Spender—Photographs of (unaware) people taken in the thirties for the British anthropological project called Mass-Observation. Also a portrait of the artist's brother, Stephen Spender. Through Saturday, May 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Leonardo da Vinci: Nature Studies from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle," a show of fifty drawings—landscapes, botanical studies, and designs for waterways. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "German Masters of the Nineteenth Century" (Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp Otto Runge, and Adolf von Menzel, among about thirty) contains some hundred and fifty paintings and drawings on loan. Through July 5. . . . ¶ A full display of the Lehman Collection's nearly two hundred eighteenth-century Italian drawings, with its indispensable Canalettos, Guardis, and Tiepolos (father and son). Through May 31. . . . ¶ A loan show of seventy-three European terra-cotta sculptures which chronicles the practice of clay modelling from the Renaissance to modern times. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Before Photography," a show whose point is the correlation between painting and photography. It consists of forty paintings and drawings (by Constable, Corot, and their early-nineteenth-century contemporaries) and an equal number of early photographs (by William Henry Fox Talbot, Gustave Le Gray, and others). Through July 5. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by Cézanne, Matisse, Léger, Lois Lane, James Biederman,



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and numerous others. Through June 2. . . . **Photography:** Forty calotypes made by Alfred Capel-Cure in the middle of the last century. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of Arshile Gorky. . . . ¶ A companion show of forty paintings by Europeans who influenced Gorky's work. Both shows through July 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A comprehensive show of works by the portrait artist Chuck Close, some of them gigantic. Through June 21. . . . ¶ "Decade of Transition": nearly a hundred and fifty works (painted, drawn, or sculpted during the nineteen-forties) from the museum's permanent collection. The cast and styles are diverse: Wyeth, Marsh, Shahn, Rothko, Pousette-Dart, Pollock, and others. Through July 12. . . . ¶ A show of American paintings (1700-1900) on loan from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The artists—who, if they did not actually settle in Boston, had some ties to that city—include Gilbert Stuart, Washington Allston, Fitz Hugh Lane, and Winslow Homer. Through June 14. . . . ¶ Eighteen surrealist paintings by the artist O. Louis Guglielmi (1906-56) from the years 1934 to 1942, depicting the poverty he witnessed in New York during the twenties and the Depression as the son of Italian immigrants. Included in the exhibit are "South Street Stoop," "Memory of the Charles River," which contains memorial portraits of Sacco and Vanzetti, and "The Tenements." Through July 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of nineteenth-century French realist paintings and drawings—genre scenes, still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes—by little-known and well-known artists, among them Courbet, Degas, and Millet. Through June 7. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Arthur Ross Hall of Meteorites is a permanent exhibit of photographs, lunar-rock samples, and the thirty-one-ton Ahnighito meteorite—the largest ever to be prised from the earth. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"The Clay Figure": Works by twelve sculptors, among them Mary Frank, Robert Brady, and Richard Shaw. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of almost sixty Northern Chinese Tz'u-chou vessels, a pottery whose white slip is customarily decorated with animals, birds, and flowers. The pieces date from the tenth century to the sixteenth. Through May 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—"The Royal Abbey of Saint-Denis in the Time of Abbot Suger," a show of forty pieces (monumental sculptures, stained glass, and liturgical vessels) once part of the abbey, which under the direction of the abbot was one of the high points of twelfth-century ecclesiastical architecture and ornamentation. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Eighty scene and costume designs for theatre and opera productions in nineteenth-century Germany. Through June 7. . . . ¶ Laminated carved furniture made in the shop of the New York cabinetmaker John Henry Belter between 1844-63. Through May 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"One Thousand Years of Japanese Art (650-1650)," a loan show from the Cleveland Museum, which has in its holdings objects of both religious significance (a seventh-century Buddhist sculpture, "Miroku in Meditation") and secular decoration (tea-ceremony utensils, Nō masks, paintings, scrolls, and screens). Through Sunday, May 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of gifts received in the past two years from new members on the occasion of their acceptance into the Academy. There are a number of self-portraits (James Wyeth, Chaim Gross, Will Barnet) included in the paintings, prints, and sculptures. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "French Drawings from a Private Collection—Louis XIII to Louis XVI," more than sixty works (none of which have been seen publicly in New York before) from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Included in the show is the only Chardin drawing in America, plus works by Lebrun, Corneille, Greuze, and others. Through June 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Drawings, some on the wall, by contemporary artists from all over the country. Four of the artists are Dotty Attie, Charles Gaines, Liliana Porter, and Richard Yarde. Through Saturday, May 23.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Aluminum and Masonite cutouts by Gary Falk and installations by Brigid Kennedy, Ladd Kessler, and Peggy Yunque. Through June 13.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Douglas Ewart (music), Thursday and Friday, May 14-15, at 8:30.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Two group shows are among the many current exhibitions: paintings, drawings, and sculptures by eight artists (Red Grooms, Ed Ruscha, William Wiley) whose works are intentionally humorous; and photographs by twenty-four artists (Jan Groover, Sheila Metzner, William Wegman) commissioned to do portraits containing "a woman and a consumer item." Through June 14.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Toronto Symphony Orchestra—Andrew Davis conducting a program that includes the New York première of Canadian composer Harry Somers' "Picasso Suite," with Delia Wallis, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 16, at 8.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with Richard Bock, cello. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Johannes Somary directing, with John Ostendorf, bass-baritone, and the Horace Mann Chamber Chorus. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 16, at 8:30.)

Bloomingdale Chamber Orchestra—David Aks conducting, with Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, May 17, at 3. For information about tickets, call 663-6021.)

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the last in a series of concerts of American symphonic music. With Keith Jarrett, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 18, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a Bach-Rossini program, with Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; Benjamin Matthews, bass; and Margarita Castro-Alberty, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 15, at 8.)

Occasional Singers—Gil Robbins directing a program of twentieth-century music, with a chamber orchestra. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, May 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 243-8665.)

St. Cecilia Chorus—David Randolph directing, with Anita Havas, soprano; Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano; Charles Abruzzo, tenor; William Metcalf, bass; and David Shuler, organ. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, May 17, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Metropolitan Singers / The Greek Choral Society—Dino Anagnost directing a performance of Rossini's "Petite Messe Solennelle" and excerpts from his collection of choral works known as "Sins of My Old Age." With Nancy Shade, soprano; Muriel Costa-Greenspon, contralto; Harry Theyard, tenor; Stephen West, bass-baritone; and Lalan Parrott, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, May 17, at 8.)

New Amsterdam Singers—Clara Longstreth directing. (Broadway Presbyterian Church, Broadway at 114th St. Wednesday, May 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-2737.)

RECITALS

Music by Latin American Composers—A program performed by Andrew Bolotowsky, flute; Tiberio Nascimento, classical guitarist; and Vivian Poole, soprano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Wednesday, May 13, at 7. For information about free tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 650.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet. The last in a series of concerts played with a quartet, in this case with the Cleveland Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 13, at 8.)

Morton Estrin—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 13, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—An all-Schumann program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 13, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The second, third, and fourth in a series of six concerts, each devoted to music by composers of the same nationality. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 14, at 8, a program of Czech music; Tuesday, May 19, at 8, a program of Hungarian music; and Thursday, May 21, at 8, a program of French music.)

New Music for Young Ensembles—Ainslee Cox conducting a program of contemporary music. With Bert Lucarelli, oboe, and Janet Bookspan, narrator. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

Peter Serkin and David Soyer—In a program of Beethoven sonatas for piano and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, May 15, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—A program of works by Wuorinen, Busby, Koblitz, and Britten. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, May 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Beethoven Society—An all-Beethoven program performed by the Cleveland Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 16, at 3.)

Judith Raskin—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 16, at 8.)

Music Before 1800—A program of sacred music by William Byrd performed by Musick's Monument. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, May 17, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Robert Schrade—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 17, at 8.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. With guest artist Linda Ronstadt. A benefit concert. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 17, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—An all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 18, at 8.)

Caecilian Chamber Ensemble—Gerardo Levy conducting. (Studio 58, Seventh Ave. at 55th St. Monday, May 18, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Ivo Pogorelich—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 19, at 8.)

One Plus One—Elisabeth Perry, violin, and Alexander Balanescu, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 19, at 8.)

Harold Jones—Flute. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 19, at 8.)

New Music from M.I.T.—A program of music for instruments and computer by nine composers from the United States and abroad who have made use of the facilities at the M.I.T. Experimental Music Studio. With Fredric T. Cohen, oboe; David Fink, cello; David Hoose, horn; David Evans and John Lunn, piano; Marcus Thompson, viola; and Nancy Anderson, singer/dancer. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 19, at 8.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin, with Samuel Sanders, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 20, at 8.)

Ilana Vered—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 21, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Brooklyn College Fiftieth-Anniversary Concert—Dorothy Klotzman directing the Brooklyn College Symphonic Band and Chorus in a program that includes the première of Robert Starer's "Voices of Brooklyn." With Agustin Anievas, piano; Bernard Barrow, narrator; and others. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-2222. Saturday, May 16, at 8.)

American Opera Repertory Company—Luigi Dell' Orefice directing a performance of Mascagni's opera "L'Amico Fritz," in concert form, with Ferruccio Tagliavini, tenor; April Evans, soprano; Sigmund Cowan, baritone; and Donna Merriman, mezzo-soprano. A benefit for the New York City Board of Education Opera Apprenticeship Program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 17, at 8.)

Meredith Monk: A Music Concert with Film—Miss Monk and her vocal ensemble in a two-week engagement of experimental music. Opens Tuesday, May 19, and will run through Sunday, May 31. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 265-0822. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Oakland, Wednesday and Thursday, May 13-14, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Seattle, Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 8, and Sunday, May 17, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Monday through Wednesday, May 18-20, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, at 8.

Bicycling—A twenty-four-hour marathon around Central Park, sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company, will get under way at noon on Saturday, May 23, at Central Park West and 67th Street. It will finish at the same spot however many huffs and puffs later. For information, call 1-914 253-3301.

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. Sunday, May 17.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup Playoffs: Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. The second game Thursday, May 14, at 8:05, and the fifth game, if necessary, Thursday, May 21, at 8:05.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 27. The Roseben Handicap, Sunday, May 17; the Shuvee Handicap, Wednesday, May 20; and the Acorn, Saturday, May 23. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 16.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Chicago, Sunday, May 17, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Anderlecht of Belgium, Wednesday, May 20, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—William Meredith and Michael Harper reading from the works of Robert Hayden. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, May 19, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, May 15, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, May 16, at 2: Photographs, including works by Edward Weston, Tony Ray-Jones, and Alfred Stieglitz, and Edward Steichen's portrait of Isadora Duncan dancing in the Parthenon. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 19, at 2, and Wednesday, May 20, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, May 15. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 20, at 8: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh B. Block. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 472-4705. Exhibition starts Friday, May 15. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 21, at 2: Modern paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 16. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 21, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings, as well as sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 472-4705. Exhibition starts Friday, May 15. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, May 14, at 2: African and Oceanic art. . . . ¶ Friday, May 15, at 10:15 and 2: American arts and crafts. . . . ¶ Friday, May 15, at 2: Eighteenth-century French furniture, from the collection of the late Churchill Brazelton. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 16, at 2: French furniture. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, May 19, at 10 and 1:30: Lalique glass and Art Nouveau, Art Deco, and other ceramics. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 16. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 525 E. 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, May 19, at 11: Furniture and decorations. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 16. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 21, at 6: Books, autographs, and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Tuesday, May 19.

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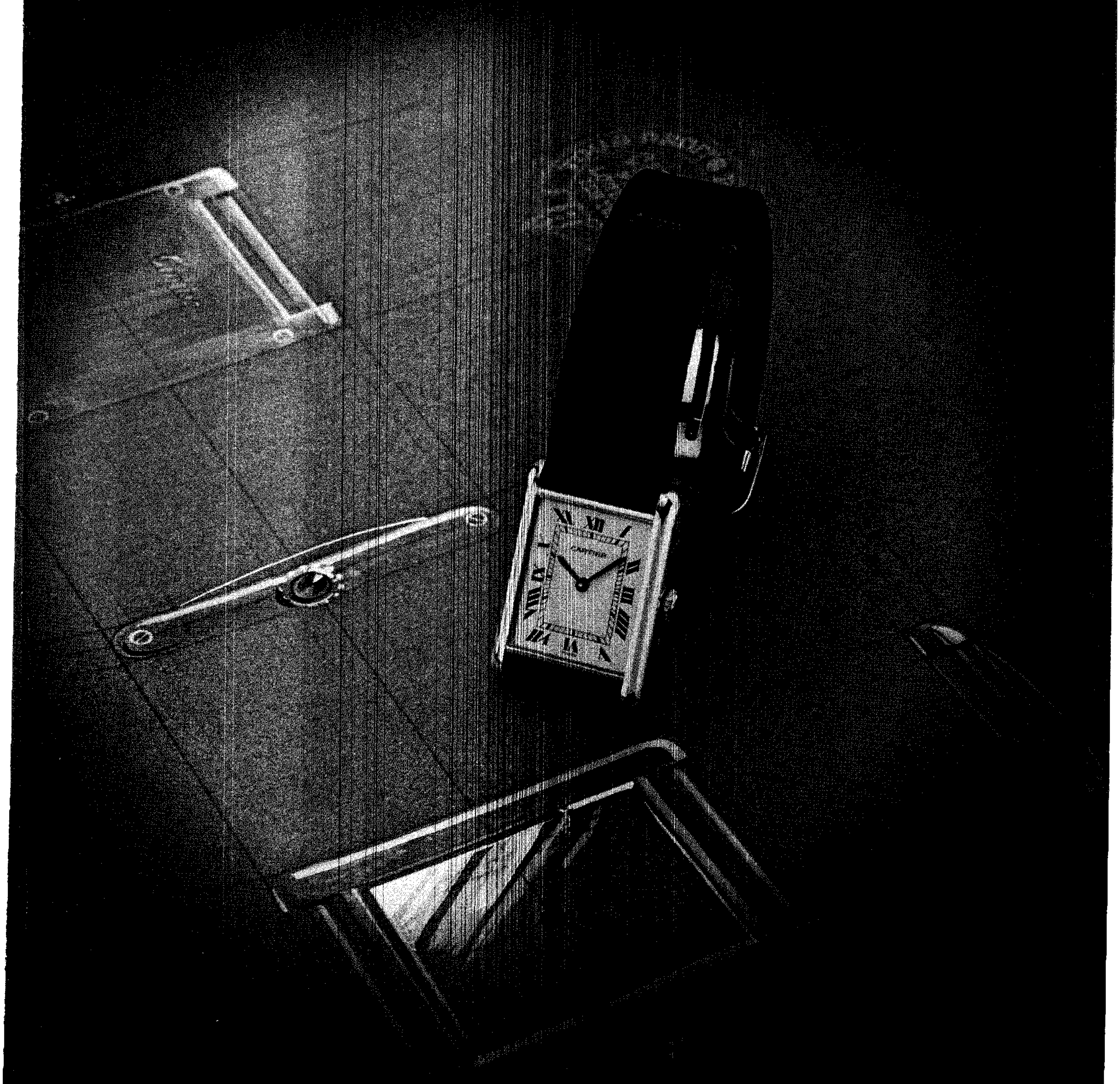

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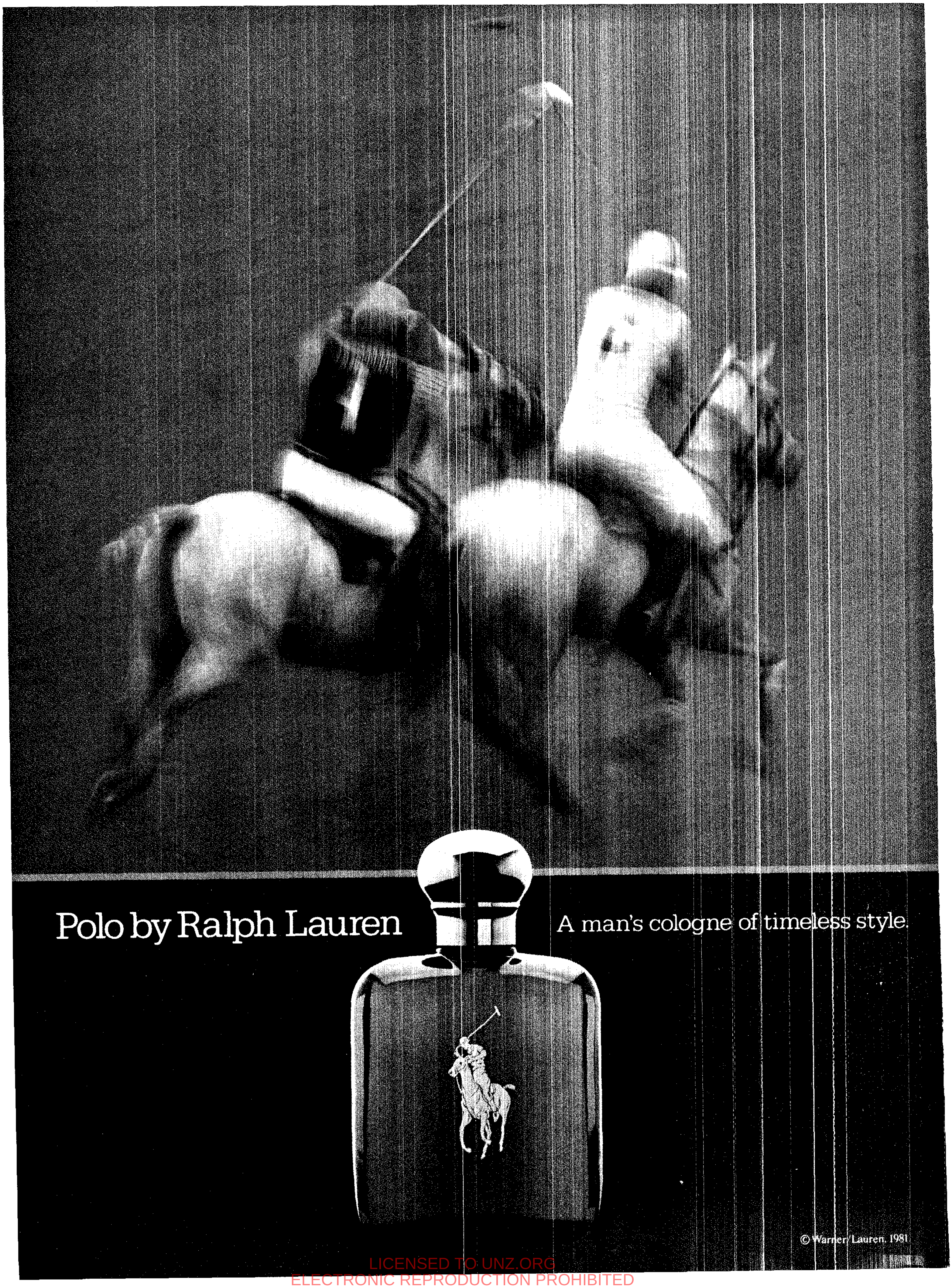
Polo by Ralph Lauren
A man's cologne of timeless style.
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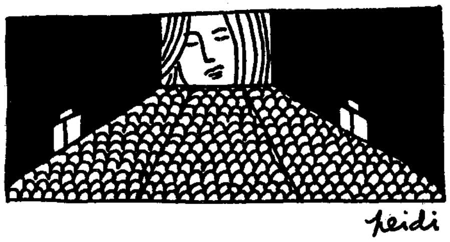
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 29.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 17: Three films by Emile de Antonio—at 6, "Point of Order!" (†), at 8, "In the Year of the Pig" (†), and at 10, "Millhouse: A White Comedy." (†) Mr. de Antonio will be present on Thursday, May 14, at 8.
May 18: Theatre closed.
From May 19: "Bass on Bass," a program of films by and about the graphic designer Saul Bass. Mr. Bass will be present on Thursday and Friday, May 21-22, at 8.

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Heartworn Highways" (directed by James Szalapski), a documentary of country music, with Guy Clark, Charlie Daniels, David Allen Coe, and others.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 14: "Raging Bull" (†) and "Interiors." (†)
May 15-21: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (†) and "The Stunt Man." (†)
From May 22: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 21: "Blazing Saddles." (†)
From May 22: "Improper Channels" (Eric Till), with Alan Arkin and Mariette Hartley.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Excalibur." (†)

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Fame." (†)

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 14: "The Hand" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Caine and Andrea Marcovicci.
May 15-21: "Beyond the Reef" (Frank C. Clark), with Dayton Ka'ne.
From May 22: "Improper Channels" (Eric Till), with Alan Arkin and Mariette Hartley.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"This Is Elvis" (Andrew Solt and Malcolm Leo).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through May 21: "Eyewitness." (†)
From May 22: "Death Hunt" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through May 14: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia. From May 15: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.
Theatre 2: "Blazing Saddles." (†)

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Cocktail Molotov" (Diane Kurys; in French), with Elise Caron.
Theatre 2: "Second Hand Hearts" (Hal Ashby), with Robert Blake and Barbara Harris.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Just a Gigolo" (David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

CINEMA 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through the afternoon of May 14: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. From May 15: "A Second Chance" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Anouk Aimée.
Theatre 2: "Café Express" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams. From May 22: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse.
Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Cheaper to Keep Her" (Ken Annakin), with Mac Davis. From May 22: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through May 21: "Excalibur." (†)
From May 22: "Improper Channels" (Eric Till), with Alan Arkin and Mariette Hartley.

LOEWS NEW YORK 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through May 14: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†) From May 15: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 14: "Heaven's Gate" (Michael Cimino), with Kris Kristofferson and Christopher Walken. From May 15: To be announced.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through May 14: "Atlantic City." (†)
From May 15: To be announced.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 14: "Ordinary People." (†)
May 15-21: "The Stunt Man." (†)
From May 22: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through May 21: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.
From May 22: "Improper Channels" (Eric Till), with Alan Arkin and Mariette Hartley.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 14: "Squeeze Play" (Samuel Weil), with James Harris.
May 15-21: "Beyond the Reef" (Frank C. Clark), with Dayton Ka'ne.
From May 22: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through May 14: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner). From May 15: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 14: "Last House on the Left" (1972; Wes Craven), with David Hess; and "The House by the Lake" (1977; William Fruet), with Brenda Vaccaro and Don Stroud. From May 15: To be announced.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Caveman." (†)

R.K.O. 86TH ST. 1 AND 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Kill and Kill Again" (Ivan Hall), with James Ryan. From May 22: "Death Hunt" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams. From May 22: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Nighthawks" (directed by Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams. From May 22: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse.
Theatre 2: Through May 14: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†) From May 15: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.
Theatre 2: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.
Theatre 3: Through May 14: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia. From May 15: "Ms. 45" (Abel Ferrara), with Zoë Tamerlis.
Theatre 4: Through May 21: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles). From May 22: "Glenn or Glenda" (1952; Edward D. Wood), with Bela Lugosi.

HAROLD CLURMAN, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
May 13: "The Blue Dahlia" (†) and "Mildred Pierce." (†)
May 14: "Mildred Pierce" (†); and "The Brasher Doubloon" (1947; John Brahm), with George Montgomery.
May 15-16: "New York, New York" (†) and "The Last Tycoon." (†)
May 17: "The Godfather, Part II." (†)
May 18-19: "Greetings" (†); and "Hi, Mom!" (1970; Brian De Palma), with Robert De Niro.
May 20: "Mean Streets" (†) and "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight." (†)
May 21: "Mean Streets" (†) and "Bang the Drum Slowly." (†)
May 22: "Bang the Drum Slowly" (†) and "Taxi Driver." (†)
May 23: "Taxi Driver" (†) and "Bloody Mama." (†)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Alice in Wonderland" (†); and "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Lion of the Desert" (Moustapha Akkad), with Anthony Quinn and Oliver Reed.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Three films directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, all X-rated and all in Italian; "The Decameron" (1971), "The Canterbury Tales" (1972), and "The Arabian Nights" (1973).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through May 14: "La Cage Aux Folles II." (†)
From May 15: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

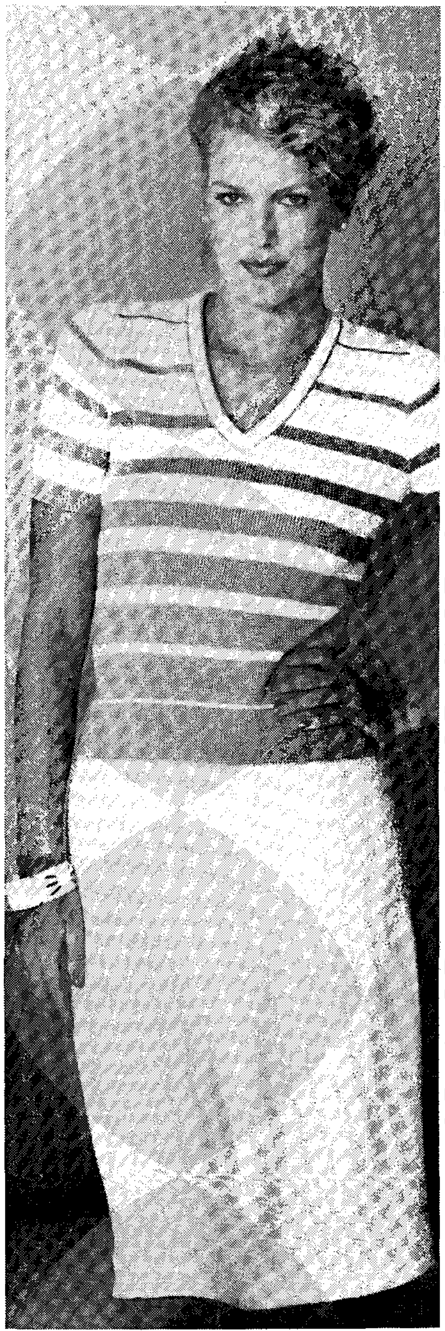
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess." (†)

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through May 16: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)
From May 17: "The Valley" (1972; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Atlantic City." (†) No evening performances on Thursday, May 14.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel



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Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.

Theatre 3: Through May 14: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold. From May 15: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

Theatre 2: "Black and White Like Day and Night" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Bruno Ganz.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through May 14: "Excalibur." (†) From May 15: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through May 14: "Caveman." (†) From May 15: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through May 14: "Blazing Saddles." (†) From May 15: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through May 14: "Cheaper to Keep Her" (Ken Annakin), with Mac Davis. From May 15: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.

Theatre 2: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

Olympia Triplex, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia. From May 22: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

Theatre 3: Through May 14: "Caveman." (†) From May 15: "Ms. 45" (Abel Ferrara), with Zoë Tamerlis.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Blazing Saddles." (†) From May 22: "Outland" (directed by Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Cheaper to Keep Her" (Ken Annakin), with Mac Davis. From May 22: "Death Hunt" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin.

Theatre 3: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.

Theatre 4: Through May 14: "The Hand" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Caine and Andrea Marcovicci. May 15-21: "Beyond the Reef" (Frank C. Clark), with Dayton Ka'ne. From May 22: "Savage Harvest" (Robert Collins), with Tom Skerritt and Michelle Phillips.

Theatre 5: Through May 21: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†) From May 22: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Theatre 6: Through May 21: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder. From May 22: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)

"Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Thief." (†)

Theatre 3: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)

Theatre 4: "Atlantic City." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)

Through May 21: "Alice in Wonderland" (†); and "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.

From May 22: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

Through May 14: "Squeeze Play" (Samuel Weil), with James Harris.

From May 15: To be announced.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: Through May 14: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner). From May 15: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through May 14: "Last House on the Left" (1972; Wes Craven), with David Hess; and "The House by the Lake" (1977; William Fruet), with Brenda Vaccaro and Don Stroud. From May 15: To be announced.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through May 21: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

From May 22: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Through May 21: "Excalibur." (†)

From May 22: "Improper Channels" (Eric Till), with Alan Arkin and Mariette Hartley.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Through May 21: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

From May 22: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Kill and Kill Again" (Ivan Hall), with James Ryan. From May 22: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.

Theatre 2: Through May 14: "Caveman." (†) From May 15: "Ms. 45" (Abel Ferrara), with Zoë Tamerlis.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

May 13: "The Trials of Alger Hiss" (1980; directed by John Lowenthal), a documentary film. Mr. Lowenthal will be present.

May 14: "The Eternal Return" (1948; Jean Delannoy; in French), with Jean Marais and Madeleine Sologne; and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

May 15: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "They Came from Within" (1976; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Paul Hampton.

May 16: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), a documentary film about The Band; and "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles.

May 17: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "To Forget Venice." (†)

May 18: "Love in the City" (1953; in Italian), a five episode film; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

May 19: "Zatoichi's Flashing Sword" (1964; Kazuo Ikehiro; in Japanese); and "The Last Samurai" (1976; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese).

May 20: "L'Immortelle" (1963; Alain Robbe-Grillet; in French), with Françoise Brion and Jacques Doniol-Valcroze; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

May 21: "Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Madame Bovary" (1934; Jean Renoir; in French), with Valentine Tessier, Pierre Renoir, Max Dearly, and Robert Le Vigan.

May 22: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (†); and "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings.

May 23: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "A Thousand Clowns." (†)

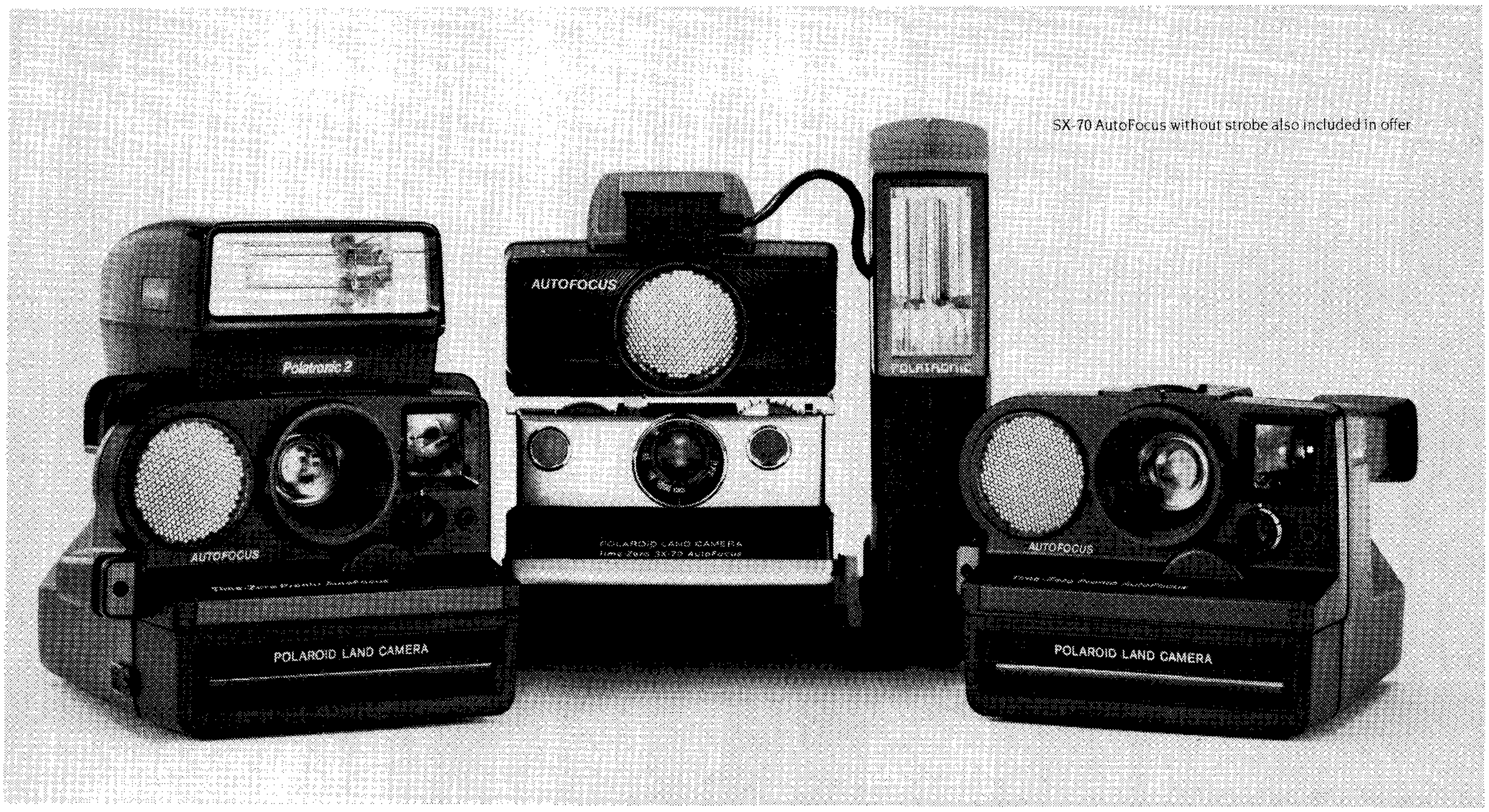
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

May 13: "The Fire Within" (1963; Louis Malle; in French), with Maurice Ronet; and "Phantom India: Parts 1 to 4" (1972; Louis Malle), a documentary film. Mr. Malle will be present at 8.

May 14: "Elevator to the Gallows" (1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Maurice Ronet, and Lino Ventura; and "Phantom India: Parts 5 to 7."

May 15: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Lea Massari; and "The Thief of Paris" (1967; Louis Malle; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Geneviève Bujold.

May 16: "Interiors" (†); and "Stardust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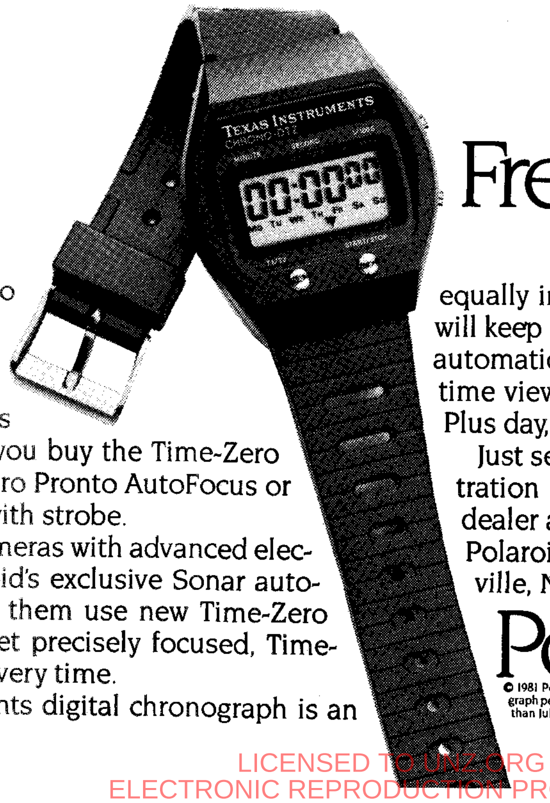
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, and Jessica Harper.

May 17: "The Great Caruso" (1951; Richard Thorpe), with Mario Lanza, Dorothy Kirsten, and Ann Blyth; and "Interrupted Melody" (1955; Curtis Bernhardt), with Eleanor Parker, Glenn Ford, and Roger Moore. At 11:30 A.M., a free showing of "Carnegie Hall" (1947; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Marsha Hunt, William Prince, and others, shown in celebration of Carnegie Hall's ninetieth anniversary.

May 18: "The Wild Child" (1970; in French), directed by, and with, François Truffaut; and "Small Change" (1976; François Truffaut; in French), with Geory Desmouceaux.

May 19: "Inserts" (†); and "Hollywood Boulevard" (1977; Joe Dante and Allan Arkush), with Candice Rialson.

May 20: "Bellissima" (1951; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Anna Magnani and Walter Chiari; and "The Lady Without Camelias" (1953; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Lucia Bosè.

May 21: "Deliverance" (†) and "The Longest Yard." (†)

May 22: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Rive and Eiji Okada; and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada.

May 23: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Innocent." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 14: "Sitting Ducks" (1980; Henry Jaglom), with Michael Emil, Patrice Townsend, and Zack Norman; and "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Charles Grodin.

May 15-16: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.

May 17-19: "Performance" (†) and "Ned Kelly." (†)

May 20-21: "Airplane!" (1980; Jerry Zucker, David Zucker, and Jim Abrahams), with Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stack, and Lloyd Bridges; and "The Big Bus." (†)

May 22-23: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Music Lovers." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Just a Gigolo" (David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through May 14: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; Lowell Sherman) and "I'm No Angel" (1933; Wesley Ruggles), both films with Mae West and Cary Grant.

May 15-17: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Belle of the Nineties." (1934; Leo McCarey), with Mae West, Roger Pryor, and Johnny Mack Brown.

May 18-19: "Goin' to Town" (1935; Alexander Hall), with Mae West; and "The Heat's On" (1943; Gregory Ratoff), with Mae West and Victor Moore.

May 20-23: "White Heat" (1949; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly; and "Pickup on South Street." (†)

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through May 16: "Last Days of Man on Earth" (1974; Robert Fuest), with Jon Finch and Sterling Hayden; and "Death Race 2000" (1975; Paul Bartel), with David Carradine.

May 17-19: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; *Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and* Gary Lockwood.

May 20-23: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "Schlock" (1973; John Landis), with Landis and Eliza Garrett.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 15: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Michel Auclair, and Kay Thompson.

May 16-18: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

May 19-21: "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty; and "The Collector." (†)

From May 22: "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967; John Schlesinger), with Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates.

Olympia Triplex 1, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through May 14: "Best Boy" (1980; Ira Wohl), a documentary film; and "The Apple Game" (1976; Věra Chytilová; in Czech), with Jiří Menzel and Dagmar Blahova.

May 15-16: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.

May 17-19: "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright; and "Why Not!" (†)

May 20-21: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977; Richard Brooks), with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere; and "Taxi Driver." (†)

May 22-23: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

A Laurence Olivier festival:

Through May 16: "21 Days Together" (1937; Basil Dean), with Vivien Leigh and Leslie Banks; and "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.

May 17-18: "Three Sisters" (1974; Olivier), with Alan Bates, Joan Plowright, and members of the National Theatre Company of England.

May 19-20: "The Dance of Death." (†)

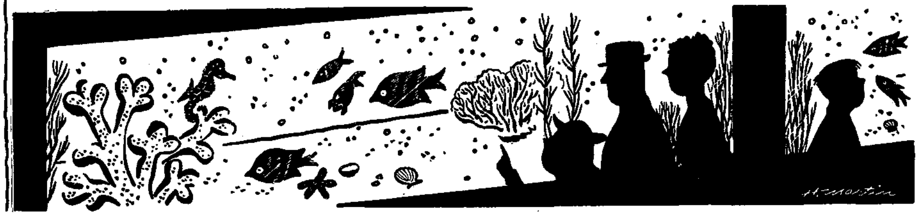
May 21-23: "Henry V" (1944), directed by, and with, Olivier.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 13: "The Shooting" (1965; Monte Hellman), with Warren Oates, Will Hutchins, Millie Perkins, and Jack Nicholson; and "Ride in the Whirlwind" (1965; Monte Hellman), with Jack Nicholson, Cameron Mitchell, and Millie Perkins.

May 14: "The Locket" (1947; John Brahm), with Laraine Day, Robert Mitchum, and Brian Aherne; and "Uncle Harry" (1945; Robert Siodmak), with George Sanders, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Ella Raines.

May 15-16: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Les Enfants Terribles" (1950; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French),



with Nicole Stéphane, Edouard Dermithe, and Renée Cosima.

May 17: "City Lights" (1931) and "Modern Times" (1936), both silent films, directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

May 18: "A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man" (†) and "Passages from Finnegans Wake." (†)

May 19: "Mr. Klein" (1977; Joseph Losey), with Alain Delon, Jeanne Moreau, and Michel Lonsdale; and "Icy Breasts" (1975; Georges Lautner; in French), with Alain Delon and Mireille Darc.

May 20: "The Mad Miss Manton" (†); and "Annie Oakley" (1935; George Stevens), with Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster.

May 21: "Massacre at Central High" (1976; Renee Daalder), with Derrel Maury and Andrew Stevens; and "American Graffiti." (†)

May 22-23: "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 13: "The Mask of Dimitrios" (1944; Jean Negulesco), with Peter Lorre, Faye Emerson, and Zachary Scott; and "The Verdict" (1946; Donald Siegel), with Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre.

May 14: "Odd Man Out" (1946; Carol Reed), with James Mason, Robert Newton, and Kathleen Ryan; and "Outcast of the Islands" (1952; Carol Reed), with Trevor Howard, Ralph Richardson, Robert Morley, and Wendy Hiller.

May 15-16: "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "One, Two, Three" (1961; Billy Wilder), with James Cagney, Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, Arlene Francis, and Lilo Pulver.

May 17: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Rive and Eiji Okada; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

May 18: "The Menace" (†) and "Platinum Blonde." (†)

May 19: "The Old Dark House" (†) and "Wives Under Suspicion." (†)

May 20: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

May 21: "Mexicali Rose" (†) and "Ten Cents a Dance." (†)

May 22: "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea; and "You Only Live Once" (1937; Fritz Lang), with Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda, Jean Dixon, and Barton MacLane.

May 23: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—The first programs in a series of Japanese films directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with English subtitles: May 14 at 2:30: "The Famous Sword" (1945). . . . May 14 at 6: "The Song of Home" (1925) and "Tokyo March" (1929), both silent films. . . . May 14 at 8:30: "Hometown" (1930), with Yoshie Fujiwara. . . . May 15 at 2:30: "The Song of Home" and "Tokyo March." . . . May 16 at 2:30: "The 47 Ronin of the Genroku Era, Part I" (1941). . . . May 16 at 5: "The 47 Ronin of the Genroku Era, Part II" (1942). . . . May 17 at 2:30: "The Famous Sword" (1945). . . . May 18 at 2:30: "Hometown." . . . May 21 at 2:30: "The 47 Ronin of the Genroku Era, Part I." . . . May 21 at 6: "The Downfall of Osen" (1935), with Isuzu Yamada. . . . May 21 at 8:30: "Oyuki the Madonna" (1935), with Isuzu Yamada. . . . May 22 at 2:30: "The 47 Ronin of the Genroku Era, Part II." . . . May 23 at 2:30: "The Love of Sumako, the Actress" (1947), with Kinuyo Tanaka. . . . May 23 at 5: "The Picture of Madame Yuki" (1950), with Michiyo Kogure. . . . ¶ Other, non-Mizoguchi, films scheduled during this period: May 15 at 6: "Camille 2000" (1969; Radley Metzger), with Danièle Gaubert, Nino Castelnuovo, and Eleonara Rossi; for adults only. . . . May 16 and 17 at noon: "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . May 17 at 5: "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (1968; Tony Richardson), with Trevor Howard, Vanessa Redgrave, and John Gielgud. . . . May 18 at noon: Three short films about architecture—"L'Architecture d'Aujourd'hui" (1931), "House" (1955), and "Antonio Gaudi" (1965). . . . May 18 at 6: A program of films by Takahiko Iimura. . . . May 19 at noon: Three short films about architecture—"Le Corbusier Designs for Harvard" (1966), "Japanese House" (1955), and "Les Mystères de Château du Dé" (1929). . . . May 19 at 2:30: "The Charge of the Light Brigade." . . . May 19 at 6: "Forever Young" (1981; Robin Lehman), a documentary film. . . . May 22 at 6: "Cast a Dark Shadow" (1955; Lewis Gilbert), with Dirk Bogarde, Kathleen Harrison, and Margaret Lockwood. . . . May 23 at 2:30: "Me and My Gal" (1936; Raoul Walsh), with Joan Bennett and Spencer Tracy. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—May 13 at 3: A video program by Edin Velez, Suzanne Tedesko, and Dimitri Devyatkin. . . . ¶ May 13 at 8: "Guerillere Talks" (1978; Vivienne Dick) and "Children of the Golden West" (1974; Lenny Lipton). . . . ¶ May 14 at 8: A program of films by Vito Acconci. . . . ¶ May 14 at 10: "Vermont in 3½ Minutes" (1963; Linda Talbot) and "The Dancing Souls of the Walking People" (1974-78; Paula Gladstone). . . . ¶ May 15 at 8: Three films directed by Ericka Beckman. . . . ¶ May 15 at 10: A program of films by Vito Acconci. . . . ¶ May 16 at 2: A video program by William Wegman. . . . ¶ May 16 at 8: Three films directed by George Kuchar. . . . ¶ May 17 at 8: Films by Janis C. Lipzin, Howard Guttenplan, and Andrej Zdravic. . . . ¶ May 19 at 8: A video program by Bill Viola. . . . ¶ May 20 at 8: Films by Lipzin, Guttenplan, and Zdravic. . . . ¶ May 21 at 3: A video program by Velez, Tedesko, and Devyatkin. . . . ¶ May 21 at 8: A program of films by Ken Jacobs. . . . ¶ May 21 at 10: A program of films by George and Mike Kuchar. . . . ¶ May 22 at 8: "We Stole Away" (1964; Ken Jacobs). . . . ¶ May 22 at 10: Three films directed by Beckman. . . . ¶ May 23 at 2: A video program by Joan Jonas. . . . ¶ May 23 at 8: "Songs 1-22" (1964-65; Stan Brakhage).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsy and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Guild. . . . ¶ Embassy 5; through May 21.)

American Graffiti (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town Northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Thalia; May 21.)

Atlantic City—The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes the director, Louis Malle, a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/81.) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Paramount. No evening performances on Thursday, May 14. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through May 14.)

Bang the Drum Slowly (1973)—A fictional story, with very good offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Harold Clurman; May 21-22.)

The Big Bus (1976)—This slapstick satire of disaster movies is full of gags that seem potentially hilarious, and the script, by Fred Freeman and Lawrence J. Cohen, may have looked really promising, in an all-out sophomoric-surreal way. But only a very few of the gags get their laughs—and when slapstick goes flat, the effect is grim. Right from the start, the tone is uncertain; the director, James Frawley, doesn't stylize the clichés he's parodying, so they remain clichés. Intermittently, some of the actors come through. Joseph Bologna and John Beck are the drivers of a nuclear-powered bus on its maiden run from New York to Denver. Bologna is a remarkably easy, unactorish actor; at times, he's like a smaller Sid Caesar or a deadpan Alan Alda. And the long-chinned Beck knows how to use his dumb-lug face for amiable stupor. But the heroine, Stockard Channing, has an abrasive voice, and it's hard to know how one is meant to respond to her smug whimsicality, or to her eyebrows, or to her crumpled lower face. With Bob Dishy, who wins at least a smile from the audience, and Lynn Redgrave, José Ferrer, Sally Kellerman, Ruth Gordon, René Auberjonois, Harold Gould, Larry Hagman, Ned Beatty, and Richard Mulligan. (Cinema Village; May 20-21.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Manhattan. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through May 14. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Criterion Theatres; through May 21.)

Bloody Mama (1970)—Shelley Winters as incestuous Ma Barker, whose monstrous moronic brood includes a killer (Don Stroud), an addict (Robert De Niro), an alcoholic (Clint Kimbrough), and a masochistic homosexual (Robert Walden). Robert Thom wrote and Roger Corman directed. With Pat Hingle, Bruce Dern, and Diane Varsi. (Harold Clurman; May 23.)

The Blue Dahlia (1946)—This untidily complicated thriller threatens to turn into something, but it never does. The director, George Marshall, doesn't provide a tense atmosphere or a hard-boiled pace, and though the screenplay is by Raymond Chandler, the picture just drags along. The plot involves Alan Ladd as a Navy flier whose adulterous wife (Doris Dowling) is murdered; a night-club proprietor (Howard Da Silva) whose own estranged wife (Veronica Lake) is attracted to the flier; and the flier's psychoneurotic buddy (William Bendix) who can never remember just what he's been up to. There are also voyeurs, blackmailers, baffled cops, and mugs in the pay of the night-club proprietor. Ladd takes many a mauling before he gathers the heroine (Lake) in his arms. With Frank Faylen, Hugh Beaumont, Will Wright, Howard Freeman,

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and Tom Powers. Three of the players—Dowling, Da Silva (who wears a mustache here), and Faylen—had appeared in "The Lost Weekend" the year before, and each had done good, distinctive work, but, like the rest of the cast here, they sink without a trace. The performers' responses are too slow; the acting throughout seems lifeless, narcotized. (Harold Clurman; May 13.)

La Cage aux Folles II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse, and 57th St. Playhouse; through May 14.)

Caveman—With Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach, directed by Carl Gottlieb. (Reviewed in this issue.) (86th St. East. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, Olympia Triplex, and R.K.O. Cinerama; through May 14.)

The Collector (1965)—Terence Stamp captures Samantha Eggar and keeps her locked up in a cellar in England. Stanley Mann's banal script does no service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome, though too dignified, movie. (Mini Cinema; May 19-21.)

The Dance of Death (1968)—This is a film of a British National Theatre production of August Strindberg's play, written in 1901. Laurence Olivier and Geraldine McEwan play the antagonists in a long, bitter marriage. Plot complications and stage mechanics make the second half seem a waste of time, but the first half is worth seeing to watch Olivier at work in a proper part, and maybe for a couple of vampire allusions. (7/30/79) (Regency; May 19-20.)

Deliverance (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 21.)

Excalibur—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. Merlin (Nicol Williamson, who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit of this movie; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. Also with Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Made in Ireland. (4/20/81) (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through May 14. . . . ¶ Beekman, and National; through May 21.)

Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. With Christopher Plummer, Irene Worth, Morgan Freeman, Steven Hill, Pamela Reed, and Kenneth McMillan. (3/23/81) (Gotham Cinema; through May 21.)

Fame (1980)—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. The picture, which was written by Christopher Gore and directed by Alan Parker, is great fun when its attractive, semi-anonymous youngsters are allowed to get on with their hoofing and warbling, but the weight of so much snuffy, pubescent hokum sinks the vehicle about midway through its interminable voyage. With Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody—the last of whom gives a subdued, exemplary performance as a dedicated drama teacher. The music is by Michael Gore, lyrics by Dean Pitchford. (5/26/80) (34th St. East.)

Fort Apache, the Bronx—There's a bloom on everything Paul Newman does in the role of Murphy, a veteran of eighteen years on the New York police force, who has spent most of those years in the rotting Forty-first Precinct, in the South Bronx—the most shattered, crime-ridden section of the city. Murphy and his young partner, Corelli (dark-haired, loose-limbed Ken Wahl), do the best they can in dealing with muggers, arsonists, pimps, pushers, and killers—one of them a fellow-officer, Morgan (Danny Aiello), who throws a Puerto Rican teen-ager off a roof. The film is an attempt to show urban crisis *in extremis*, and it's an expression of disgust at racism. But the director, Daniel Petrie, glides over the action, levelling things out, shooting on the hellhole Bronx locations as if he were making a travelogue. With Rachel Ticotin as a Hispanic nurse, Pam Grier as a stoned hooker, Ed Asner in the tired role of the martinet who takes over as commanding officer at the precinct, Miguel Piñero as a drug dealer, and Kathleen Beller as Corelli's girlfriend. (2/23/81) (Criterion Theatres; through May 21.)

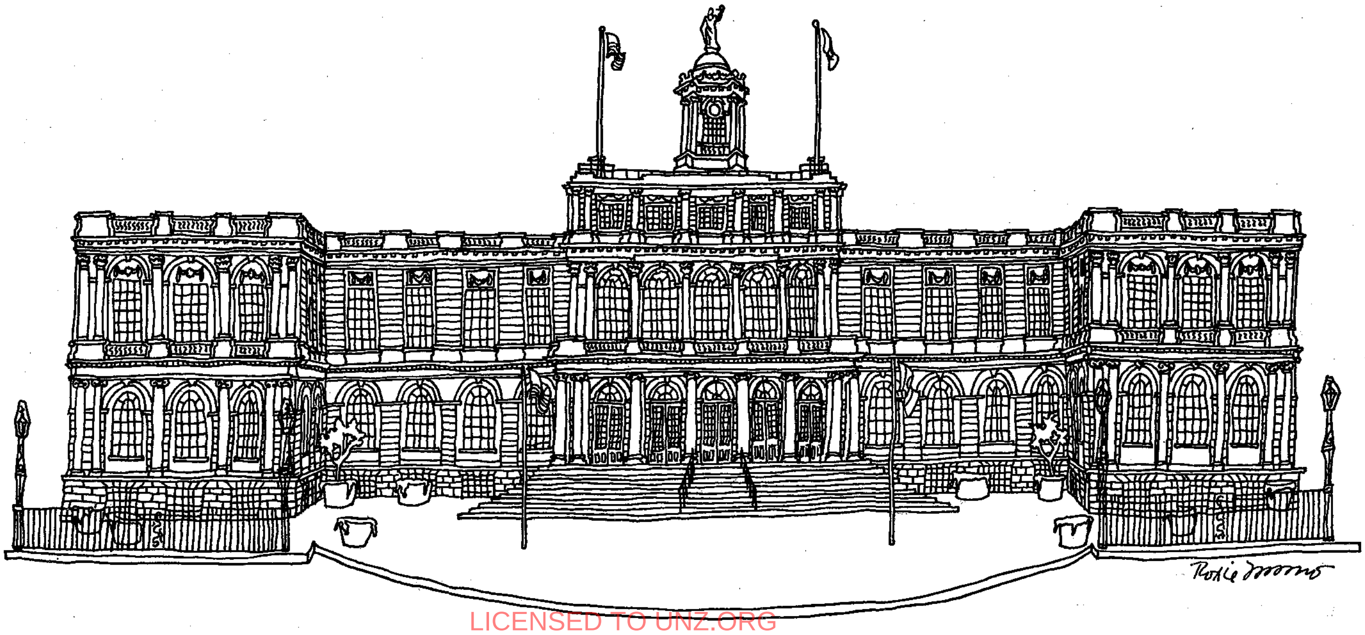
From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (Waverly, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through May 16.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight (1971)—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (Harold Clurman; May 20.)

The Godfather, Part II (1974)—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (Harold Clurman; May 17.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented actors, including Robert De Niro, Gerrit Graham, and Allen Garfield. Directed by Brian De Palma, who made the whole thing on a shoestring of less than forty thousand dollars. (Harold Clurman; May 18-19.)

The Innocent (1976)—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners that seems an almost perfect preparation for a



tragicomedy of jealousy, and Visconti's work is masterly in its expressive turn-of-the-century décor, and in its control. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of energy and turns into a ponderous melodrama. Giannini is far from ideally cast, but he seems acceptable until he remembers to act; toward the end, he's all over the place, acting. Visconti had finished shooting this film when he died in 1976, but he did not complete the editing, and perhaps the maundering second half is partly the fault of others. With Marie Dubois as the Princess, Marc Porel as the novelist, Rina Morelli as Tullio's mother, Claude Mann as the Prince, and Massimo Girotti and Didier Haudepin. From a script by Susi Cecchi D'Amico, Enrico Medioli, and Visconti; cinematography by Pasqualino De Santis; art direction by Mario Garbuglia; costumes by Piero Tosi. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 23.)

INSERTS (1976)—The script, by the young writer-director John Byrum, is a long one-act play, reminiscent of Michael McClure's "The Beard." The action takes place on one set, which represents a house in Hollywood around 1930, where The Boy Wonder (Richard Dreyfuss), a once-famous director, now shoots stag movies. The plot twists are poorly motivated, and the callow dialogue makes the whole thing seem like a kid's show. With Jessica Harper and, as the stag-movie star, the talented Veronica Cartwright, who flings herself into her role in the dissolute, romantic manner of Jeanne Eagels. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 19.)

INTERIORS (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 14. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 16.)

IN THE YEAR OF THE PIG (1969)—Emile de Antonio gathered news footage from many sources for this overview of the background and issues of the Vietnam War. There are some almost forgotten faces, like Emperor Bao Dai's and Madame Nhu's, and some American speeches we might like to forget. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through May 17.)

THE LAST TYCOON (1976)—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. (Harold Clurman; May 15-16.)

THE LONGEST YARD (1974)—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 21.)

THE MAD MISS MANTON (1938)—Screwball comedy mixed with murder mystery—something ground out by writers in a desperate mood. Barbara Stanwyck, miscast as a dizzy débutante, is one of a covey of Junior League girls in fox capes; she walks her dog at three in the morning after a costume ball and finds a corpse in a deserted house. Inspirited by the spectacle, she immediately corrals her flighty friends; in their best party dresses, they scurry about the scene of the crime, squealing and looking for clues. Henry Fonda is the hero; the cast includes Sam Levene, Hattie McDaniel, and Stanley Ridges. Leigh Jason directed. (Thalia; May 20.)

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH (1935)—This Hitchcock thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, Nova Pilbeam as the kidnapped child, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has the director's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but Hitchcock seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes (a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version, which he made in 1955, in color, with James Stewart and Doris Day). (Thalia; May 22-23.)

MEAN STREETS (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie and Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy. (Harold Clurman; May 20-21.)

THE MENACE (1932)—Bette Davis's fourth picture, a corpse-filled thriller (adapted from Edgar Wallace's novel "The Feathered Serpent"), which Davis says was shot in eight days. H. B. Warner, Natalie Moorhead, Walter Byron, and Halliwell Hobbs are in the cast; Roy William Neill directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 18.)

MEXICALI ROSE (1929)—Barbara Stanwyck called the film "an abortion," and she wasn't being too rough on it. Though she had an impressive stage reputation, she was still a novice in movies (she had appeared in a silent in 1927, and then had made her first talkie earlier in 1929), and this picture, in which she's cast as a hip-wiggling tart, almost finished her career. (Her next, Frank Capra's "Ladies of Leisure," was to make her a star.) With Sam Hardy and William Janney. Directed by Erle Kenton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 21.)

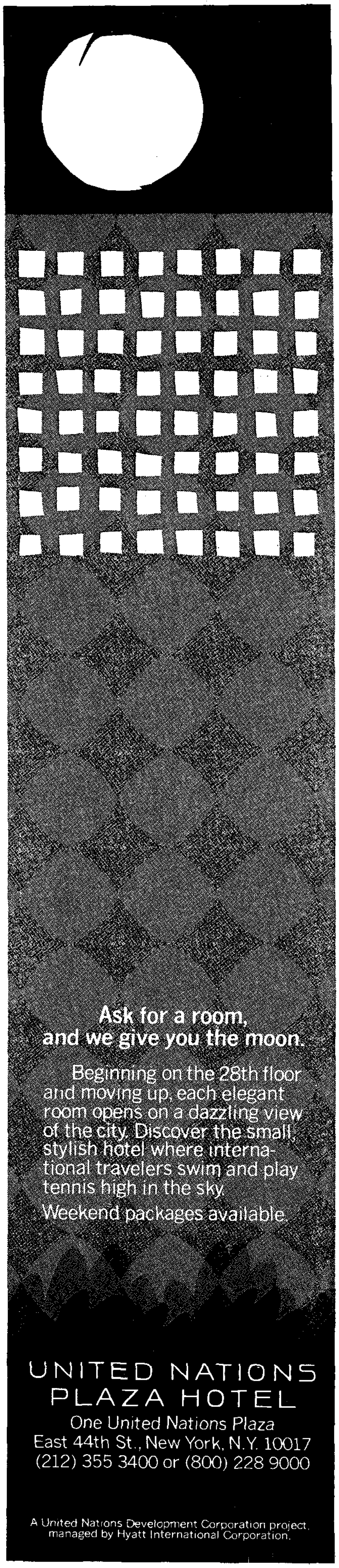
MILDRED PIERCE (1945)—Joan Crawford rises from poverty to affluence and then suffers glamorously in beach house, roadhouse, and mansion from the nasty semi-incestuous goings on of her cad husband (Zachary Scott) and her spoiled daughter (Ann Blyth). Miss Crawford's heavy breathing was certified as acting when she won an Academy Award for her performance here. Michael Curtiz directed this glossy adaptation of the James M. Cain novel. (Harold Clurman; May 13-14.)

MILLHOUSE: A WHITE COMEDY (1971)—A documentary about Richard Nixon, directed by Emile de Antonio. The picture uses the same unscrupulous methods it accuses Nixon of using. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through May 17.)

THE MUSIC LOVERS (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Cinema Village; May 22-23.)

NED KELLY (1970)—Tony Richardson's film about the Australian bandit-hero who roamed the bush in an extraordinary costume of iron-mongery. (Sidney Nolan once did a series of epic paintings that made Kelly look like a medieval man dressed in rather serious saucepans.) Kelly is played here by Mick Jagger; Jocelyn Herbert did the beautiful design. The movie is visually a series of wonderfully pure paintings but is a narrative mess. (Cinema Village; May 17-19.)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a V-J Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who



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gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. (Harold Clurman; May 15-16.)

The Old Dark House (1932)—This wonderful deadpan takeoff of horror plays was directed by the eccentric James Whale in the witty, perverse, and creepy manner he also brought to "The Bride of Frankenstein." Five travellers (Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart, and Lilian Bond) are caught in a storm in Wales. They seek shelter in a gloomy mansion, which is inhabited by a prize collection of monsters and decadent aristocrats: a mute, scarred brute of a butler (Boris Karloff) attends a prissy madman (Ernest Thesiger), his religious-fanatic hag of a sister (Eva Moore), his pyromaniac-dwarf younger brother (Brember Wells), and their father—a hundred-and-two-year-old baronet. (The performer is listed as "John Dudgeon," but the part is actually played by a woman, Elspeth Dudgeon.) Based on J. B. Priestley's novel "Benighted," this camp comedy-fantasy was adapted by Benn W. Levy, with additional dialogue by R. C. Sherriff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 19.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his débu as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (72nd Street East; through May 14.)

Passages from Finnegans Wake (1967)—Not great, certainly, but a pleasant and inoffensive attempt to convey the fun of the jokes and enigmas and metamorphoses of the Joyce dream book. Martin J. Kelley is Finnegan, Peter Haskell is Shem, and Jane Reilly is Anna Livia Plurabelle. Mary Ellen Bute directed; based on the play version by Mary Manning. (Thalia; May 18.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Cinema Village; May 17-19.)

Pickup on South Street (1953)—Richard Widmark as a scroungy petty gangster who sneaks a look into a woman's handbag, turns up some microfilm, and finds himself dealing with Communist agents. Samuel Fuller wrote the script (adapted from Dwight Taylor's story treatment) and directed, in his fast, flashy, essentially empty-minded style. The film isn't boring—there's always something going on—but you come away with nothing. With Jean Peters, Thelma Ritter, Richard Kiley, Murvyn Vye, Milburn Stone, and George E. Stone. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 20-23.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 18.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through May 17.)

A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man (1979)—A film by Joseph Strick (who made "Ulysses" in 1967) of James Joyce's crucial and innovative work. One remembers many things: the beguiling performance by Luke Johnston as the ten-year-old Stephen Dedalus; the keenness of spirit that cuts through the film; the vivacity of thought; the clear air of Joyce's insight into Dublin's fustiness, exemplified by Simon Dedalus. This book is in our bones, and Strick makes us know that Stephen Dedalus is indeed an artist, civilization's lay soothsayer. (Thalia; May 18.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of James M. Cain's hot tabloid novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack Nicholson does a runthrough of his overdeliberate sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" as though still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. With John Colicos as greasy Nick, the husband; Michael Lerner as Katz, the lawyer; and a highly expendable episode that features Anjelica Huston as a lion tamer. The sparse yet maundering script is by David Mamet. (4/6/81) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews New York; through May 14. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; May 15-21.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro). Scorsese tries to turn raw, pulp power into art and loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 14.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech cinematographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 22.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; May 15-21.)

Taxi Driver (1976)—Robert De Niro is in almost every frame of Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cab driver. De Niro's inflamed, brimming eyes are the focal point of the compositions. He's Travis Bickle, an outsider who can't find any point of entry into human society. He drives nights because he can't sleep anyway; surrounded by the night world of the uprooted—whores, pimps, transients—he hates New York with a Biblical fury, and its filth and smut obsess him. This ferociously powerful film is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground." Scorsese achieves the quality of trance in some scenes, and the whole movie has a sense of vertigo. The cinematographer, Michael Chapman, gives the street life a seamy, rich pulpiness. From Paul Schrader's script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, Albert Brooks, and Scorsese himself. (Olympia Triplex 1; May 20-21. . . . ¶ Harold Clurman; May 22-23.)

Ten Cents a Dance (1931)—The hard-boiled sentimentality of many early talkie melodramas could be crackling, and even daring, when a good craftsman was in charge, but here the director, Lionel Barrymore, fails to shape the scenes, and the film drags heavily. In the role of a no-nonsense taxi dancer, Barbara Stanwyck fends off sailors and rough guys and raps out her lines believably; she's a miraculously natural actress, but without a director she doesn't show anything like the gifts she demonstrated in this same period in "Ladies of Leisure" and "The Miracle Woman." The Jo Swerling script isn't much

DELICATESSEN
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help: the girl marries a thieving weakling (Monroe Owsley), and then saves him from prison by borrowing money from a rich (and worthy) gentleman (Ricardo Cortez). When her ungrateful husband turns nasty, she quite sensibly leaves him and goes off to marry the gent. With Sally Blane and Martha Sleeper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 21.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France; cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie.)

Thief—Grandiloquent masochism of the kind an adolescent boy might fantasize. With rain outside and smoke inside, this Chicago-set movie is almost a parody of *film noir:* it's the underworld movies of the forties and fifties made volcanic and abstract and existential. This is the first theatrical feature by the writer-director Michael Mann, and he has designed it like a choo-choo train to the box office. James Caan is the big-time safecracker who wants to take his bundle and retire, marry, have a nice house, and raise a family. But the corrupt System won't let him. The film is hyper-animated by this conception of existential tragedy: the thief—a loner in pain, the embodiment of a macho mystique—must learn that he's free only when he doesn't care about life and has nothing to lose. The film sets up an improbable character in a series of rigged situations and then leaps to universal despairing conclusions. Mann belongs to the pressure-cooker school of filmmaking: Tangerine Dream's synthesized electronic music pulsates like mad, and the cinematography (by Donald Thorin) is so snazzy it overwhelms the action. With Tuesday Weld as the dazed, frizzed-out woman whom Caan marries; Willie Nelson, oozing sincerity as Caan's only friend, who dies; and Robert Prosky and James Belushi. (5/4/81) (Embassy.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 23.)

To Forget Venice (1979)—Bared breasts, purging floods of tears, a dead canary, a naked man in a bridal veil, a beautiful dying diva, a gaga maidservant, homosexual couples of both sexes, extended flashbacks depicting the joys and pains of childhood, extended simultaneous impressions of Visconti and Bergman, and too many helpings of zabaglione—such are the rewards of this overheated, pretentious Italian morality film, which omits nothing except any evidences of spontaneous gesture or human speech. The picture, which is by Franco Brusati, was named the Best Italian Film of 1979 in its native country. As Dante said, "*Figurati un po'!*" ("Go figure it!"). With Mariangela Melato, Erland Josephson, and Hella Petri. In Italian (2/4/80) (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 17.)

Why Not! (1979)—A beautifully generous, funny, emotionally detailed view of a three-sided love affair. Sami Frey, Mario Gonzalez, and Christine Murillo are the decent, loving three; Nicole Jamet has to decide whether to make it four. Written and directed by Coline Serreau, with the same sense of proportion the characters have about themselves; in her world, the uglier forms of unhappiness are becoming impossible. In French. (8/6/79) (Olympia Triplex 1; May 17-19.)

Wives Under Suspicion (1938)—Gail Patrick and Warren William in a negligible melodrama about a district attorney, jealous husbands, murder, and a kiss before a mirror, which is analyzed at some length. James Whale directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 19.)

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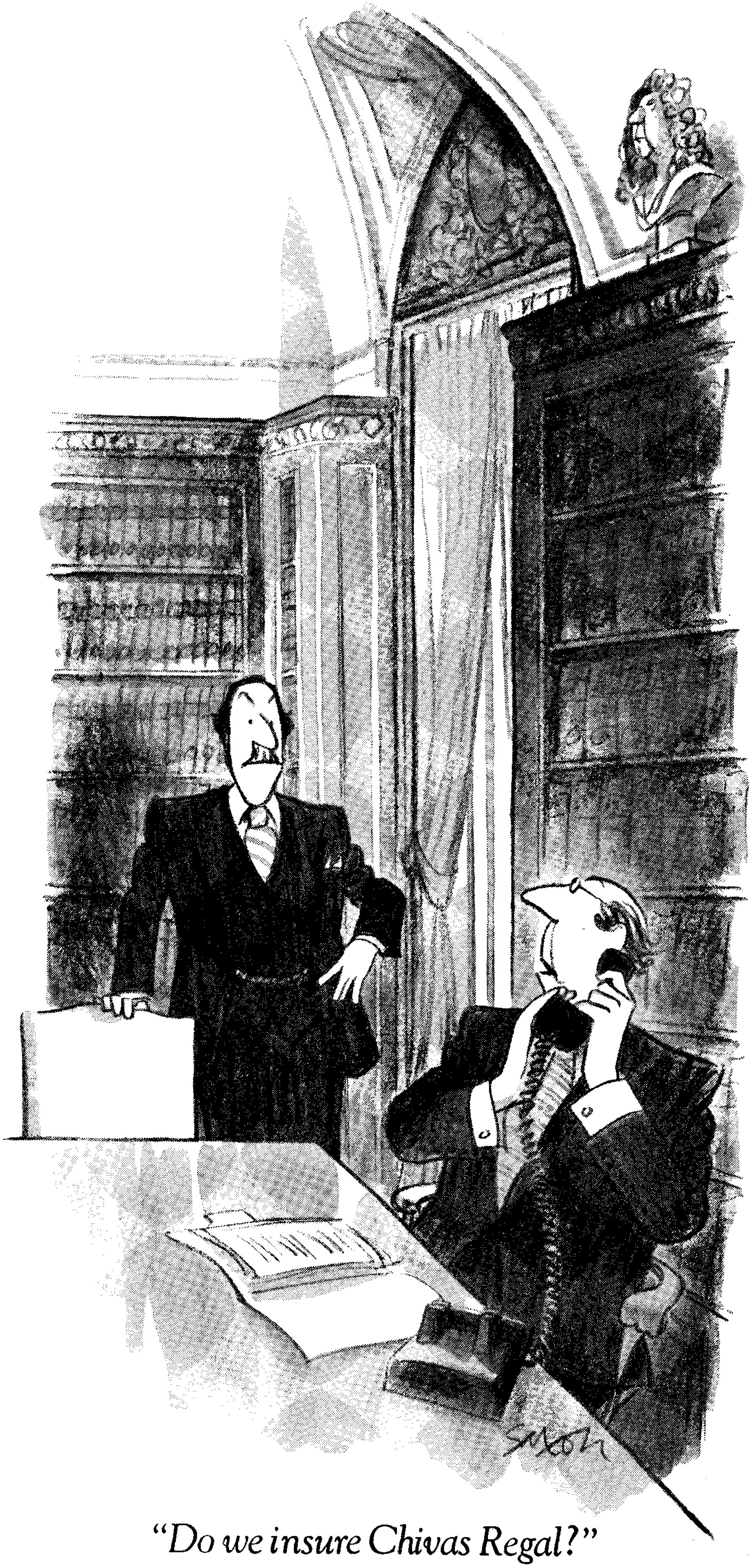

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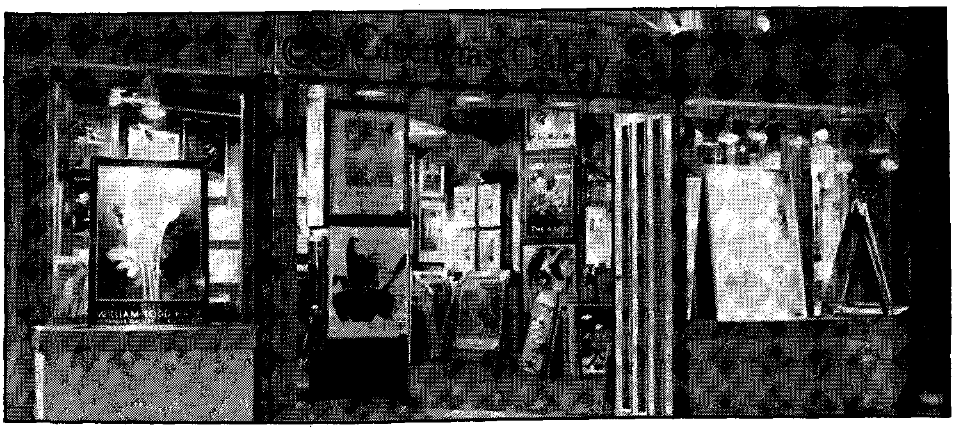

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR a country that has a reputation for pragmatism, the United States has in recent years shown a remarkable susceptibility to abstract ideas. In at least two matters of huge national importance in the last fifteen years or so, the government has let itself be carried away in a fever of theoretical inspiration. On the first occasion, the Democratic Administrations of President Kennedy and President Johnson plunged the nation into Vietnam; and on the second—now in full swing in Washington—the Republican Administration of President Reagan has staked the social policy of the Administration and the economic future of the nation on the untested, newborn concepts of supply-side economics. Back in the Vietnam years, a cold, "rational" style of analysis was in vogue in government. Its great monument, surely, is "The Pentagon Papers"—that immense compilation of intellectually elaborate, disembodied strategic calculations, little of which, regrettably, turned out to have anything to do with what was actually happening on the ground in Vietnam. The time was one of confidence—indeed, of a certain overconfidence—in the powers of reason. Think tanks were flourishing. Professors found their way to Washington, bringing with them the latest academic ideas in "social engineering" or the latest applications of "game theory" to nuclear strategy. The use of technical euphemisms to mask chaotic and unmanageable human reality abounded. One professor, for example, coined the phrase "forced-draft urbanization," meaning the expulsion of Vietnamese from the countryside by American bombing. Things went wrong, apparently, when theory ceased to guide understanding of the facts and came to supplant them—replacing the obtuse actual world with a tempting ideal world, in which the strategists' plans were supposed to come to fruition. At times, it seemed that the strategists had turned to a political application of the philosophy of Platonic idealism, which holds that the world has no independent existence and only ideas are real.

Now the political scene has changed, and right-wing Republicans are in office. The social engineers of the New Frontier and the Great Society have gone back to their classrooms and think tanks, and—in domestic affairs, at any rate—laissez-faire philosophy has become the new orthodoxy. Yet the "Platonic" approach to politics appears to have survived, albeit in a new form. Confidence in the pure intellect has waned, but there are signs that new underpinnings are being found in a politicization of faith. In a book that David Stockman, the Director of the Office of Management and Budget, and himself a former divinity student, has described as "Promethean," the supply-side theorist George Gilder asserts that the driving force behind capitalism is faith. And for Gilder the source of knowledge is not either facts or reason but God. Even science, he believes, is a form of "devotion," and is "mystically dependent on the ideas of others and on the worship, however unconscious, of God." Meanwhile, the Senate has taken up the theological and moral question of when individual life begins, and in the society at large the Darwinian theory of evolution has come under attack by "creationists," who believe in the literal truth of the story of Genesis. President Reagan himself has on occasion introduced religious faith into politics—by saying, for example, that God "intended" the United States to be free. Although the intellectual climate out of which these sentiments have grown is not the rationalism of the secular universities but, rather, a newly political strain of Christian fundamentalism, the short shrift given to humble facts in favor of a more satisfying version of reality is familiar. Nowhere has the prejudice in favor of the supermundane found a more sweeping or startling political expression than in a recent remark by Secretary of the Interior James Watt at a hearing of the House Interior Committee. Asked whether he favored preserving the land for future generations, he replied, "I do not know how many future generations we can count on before the Lord returns." In a novel (but not illogical) amalgam of millenarianism and a sort of generational hedonism which has little to do with traditional religious ideas, Secretary Watt, who wants to open up federal land for commercial exploitation, demoted the whole world into insignificance. On the one hand, believing that the end may be near anyway, he apparently regards the earth as a disposable item—something to be used up and thrown away. On the other hand, he is uncertain of the human future and has his eye fixed on the hereafter. But, unfortunately, it is in this world, not in the next, that he and his colleagues must govern.

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Derby Fever

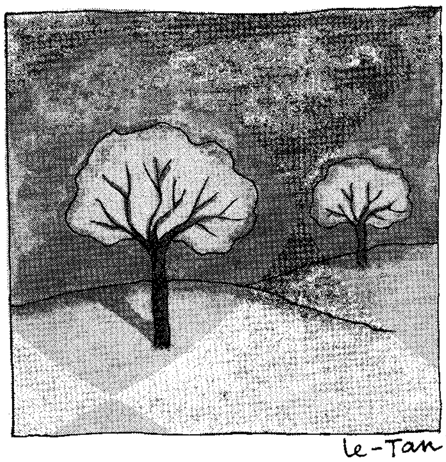
AT the Kentucky Derby this year, the field was crowded—twenty-one horses in all, after a lot of last-minute fuss over whether Flying Nashua and Mythical Ruler would get to run. The infield was crowded, too, as usual. *Everything* was crowded. But the day was lovely, with a sixty-eight-degree high, and the traffic in Louisville was smooth, the taxis and buses whipping right along on special express routes. We took a cab out to Churchill Downs, and the cabdriver told us to bet on Pleasant Colony, but we had no intention of betting at all. In Louisville (the billboard ads around town say "LOOAVULL," which is the way they pronounce it here), they get Derby Fever; it starts a couple of weeks before the race, and it's catching. It's sort of a cross between spring fever and being attacked by horseflies.

Out in the infield, where Derby Fever is always at its highest pitch, the atmosphere was claustrophobic, but in the clubhouse gardens people were more relaxed. They were sunning themselves around the fountains, watching races and video replays on TV screens and the changing odds on a gigantic tote board, or just wandering around, showing off their Derby finery. George Holter, a painting contractor from Prairie Village, Kansas, was wearing what appeared to be Churchill Downs on his head. It was a doll-house-size model of the Twin Spires. "I made it from a photograph," he said. "It took me two months. I painted it with enamel and lacquer, and it sits on a batter's helmet. It's comfortable and light, because it's made from balsa wood. The response to it has been terrific. People have been walking up to me and saying, 'You've done a great job.' Let me just say one more thing. Somewhere between maternity and eternity, everybody, just once in their life, should come to the Kentucky Derby."

George Holter should have got together with Dr. W. M. Hall, of Elizabethtown, Kentucky. Dr. Hall had on a black sports jacket with the name of every Derby winner embroidered on it in white. The Triple Crown winners were lined up on the lapels. "My nephew, who is a radiologist in Bowling Green, had it made for me," he told us. "Every two years, we update it. We don't have Genuine Risk on it yet. You have to take the lining out, so it's hard to do."

In the gardens, venders were rushing around carrying trays of melting juleps with their mint sprigs wilting. Most of the twelve thousand tulips at Churchill Downs were past their prime as well, but they were still stately. We kept walking through photographs people were taking. A woman was having her picture taken with a National Guardsman in a black helmet. An usher was standing on a trash barrel, trying to photograph a horse in the paddock for someone who couldn't get close enough to see it. A tight cluster of flamboyantly dressed people were smoking marijuana and spraying each other with perfume, but on Derby Day the police don't notice things like that. (They did fill thirty dumpsters with confiscated alcoholic beverages, though.) A girl who said she was from Kentuckiana accidentally spilled something pink all over a woman in a khaki pants suit. "The pink stuff is Kool-Aid and grain alcohol—hooch," the girl explained in embarrassment. "We got it in without any trouble. Some friends brought theirs in a Tupperware thing hidden inside a stack of hollowed-out paper plates, but we brought ours inside a bag of potato chips." The woman with the pink stains looked very depressed, and the girl kept apologizing, reiterating some advice about a presoaking solution called Shout. Everywhere, people were talking about Kenny Rogers, the singer, who was at the Derby. Former President Ford was there, and so was Muhammad Ali, but Kenny Rogers was the favorite. It wasn't so clear with the horses.

As post time for the Derby neared, a group of people in the clubhouse gardens spontaneously began singing "My Old Kentucky Home," but they were drowned out by "The Star-Spangled Banner," which was coming over the loudspeakers in preparation for the eighth race—the hundred-and-seventh running of the Kentucky Derby. In the gardens, they saw it on TV. In the infield, they didn't have TV. We went up to the press box, where Linda Barrow, of WHAS-TV, asked us, "Have you seen Kenny Rogers yet? I saw somebody come in surrounded by guards. I knew he had to be Kenny Rogers. He's the biggest celebrity here, don't you think?"

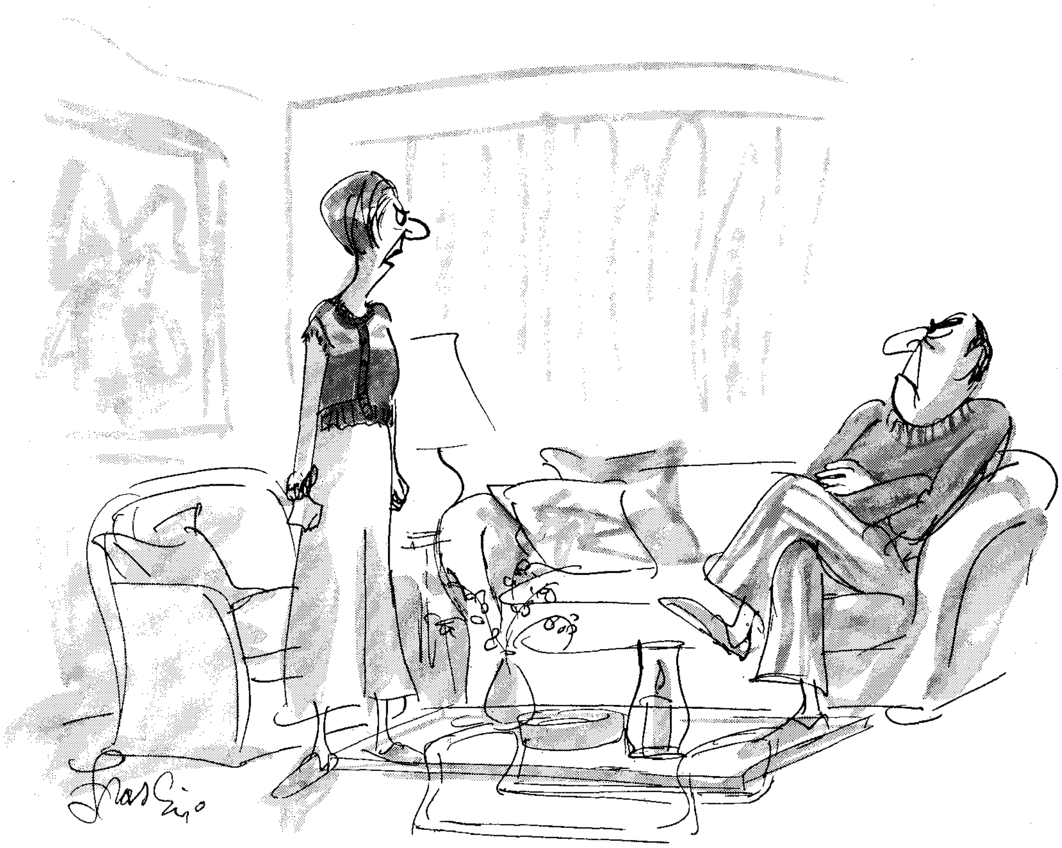


After the Derby, when things had calmed down, we went to the top floor of the clubhouse. Phyllis George Brown, the wife of John Y. Brown, Jr., the governor of Kentucky, pulled her large red hat off, shook her blond hair forward and back, put her hat on again, and then posed for a photographer. "That smile is faded," she said. We asked about her hat, and she pulled it off again and looked at the label. She said, "It says 'Frank Olive—From My Private Collection.' It's a broad-brimmed red straw hat with three poppies on it—silk. And green leaves. It's the biggest hat I've ever worn. Oh, I'm losing my voice." The Governor, who had had six thousand people over for breakfast that morning, was sitting nearby, reading the *Daily Racing Form* and drinking a mint julep. At first, we thought that John Y. Brown, Jr., was wearing an "I ♥ NY" button, but it said "I ♥ KY." "That was Phyllis's idea," he said when we asked about it. "She's promoting it. Now it's spreading all over Kentucky."

We took the elevator down from the clubhouse, and the elevator operator said, "I saw Phyllis George, Debbie Reynolds, Jimmy the Greek, and the governor of New York and his wife. I was standing here talking to Debbie Reynolds and at first I didn't know it was her! Kenny Rogers didn't ride in my elevator, but I saw him. There was a stream of people going by his table in the dining room. Some guy bought all the fourth-floor ushers and the elevator operators ten-dollar tickets on Pleasant Colony, and I won forty-five dollars!"

We went across the track to see the winning horse, in Barn 43, and by the time we got there the crowd had drifted away, and it was quiet. Pleasant Colony's stable hands were working on a trash can filled with bottles of Moët & Chandon which Churchill Downs had given to the horse's owners. Pleasant Colony wasn't showing his face. We could see his valuable forelegs wrapped in what looked like swaddling clothes, fastened with safety pins. He was guarded by a man with a Pinkerton Security Service badge. Pleasant Colony's groom, James Washington, was ecstatic. He told us, "I've been around race horses all my life, and this is the big day I've been waiting for. It's my third trip to the

Derby. I've been with Johnny Campo, Pleasant Colony's trainer, for twelve years, and I worked with this horse nine weeks. I think we'll win the Triple Crown. I'm a poker player, and I get on a winning streak for two or three months. That's why they got me to work with this horse. I'm sort of lucky. I don't see why I'm not rich. Do you want some champagne?"



"What do you say we throw in the towel and say good night?"

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Cultural Roundup

HERE are some of the cultural events that took place in New York last week:

The Whitney has set aside its avant-garde image for two months to put on "The Boston Tradition," an exhibit of seventy-eight paintings which traces the development of proper-Bostonian taste, from elegant, English-inspired portraits of the eighteenth century to Impressionist landscapes of the early nineteen-hundreds. The paintings in the show were chosen, from a gold mine of sixteen hundred American paintings in the collection of Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, for a combination of historical and aesthetic reasons. There is a small group of master painters (Copley, Stuart, Homer, Sargent) who lived and worked in Boston. There are minor eighteenth-century portrait painters (Smibert, Feke, Blackburn, Johnston), whose work provides a vivid account of the comfortable arrogance of Boston's pre-Revolutionary merchant aristocracy. There are minor nineteenth-century Boston painters (Allston and Hunt) who studied abroad and returned home to shape Bostonian taste. And, finally, there are a lot of miscellaneous artists—ranging from the coolly realistic Fitz Hugh Lane to the pseudo-mystical Elihu Vedder—who are represented in the show because nineteenth-century Bostonians liked their work and bought it.

We came to these conclusions after we had walked through the exhibit, pausing to admire an extraordinary Copley portrait of Mrs. Samuel Quincy, a rather bland Stuart likeness of Colonel James Swan, a grim Homer seascape ("The Fog Warning"), a dazzling Sargent society portrait ("Mrs. Fiske Warren and Her Daughter Rachel"), and an odd, anonymous folk painting of a man standing at the foot of a sandy cliff ("Meditation by the Sea") which seemed to anticipate Surrealism. We asked Carol Troyen, who is the assistant curator of American paintings at the Museum of Fine Arts, and who had arranged the show, how the various styles reflected shifts in municipal attitudes. "Eighteenth-century Boston was the artistic center of America," said Miss Troyen, "and the refinement and elegance of British taste strongly influenced the upper classes. Then, in the early nineteenth century, leadership in the arts moved to New York. American painting was dominated by the Hudson River School, while Boston, with its old money and conservative ideas, turned to European masters. Allston and Hunt, who were powerful artistic personalities, brought their enthusiasm for European art back to Boston. Boston collectors bought French paintings of the Barbizon school in the eighteen-sixties, and French Impressionists after the Monet show of 1892. Bostonians did *not* buy Cubism, although they had a good early look at it when the Armory Show of 1913 came to town. Most of the people who acquired these paintings were fairly modest collectors. In Boston, conspicuous wealth is not in good taste. You bought only what your house could hold—no more."

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AT the School of American Ballet, Peter Martins, the tall, blond Danish star of the New York City Ballet, was rehearsing a group of advanced students in "The Magic Flute," a new production that he has devised for the school's annual spring workshop. Since the ballet has an old-fashioned comic plot, the students, who represent the cream of the current crop of Balanchine-trained dancers, were being instructed in the unfamiliar art of mime, in addition to learning the intricate steps that Mr. Martins had invented to show off their talents. We asked Mrs. Nathalie Gleboff, the school's associate director, if this "Magic Flute" had any relationship to the Mozart opera, and she said that the only common link was the fact that both plots involve a flute with supernatural powers. "Peter is re-choreographing a Russian ballet that was originally presented at the Imperial Ballet School, in 1893," she said. "Mr. Balanchine danced in it as a boy, and it was he who suggested it as a good piece for the American school. The music is by Riccardo Drigo, and the story is about a young man who uses a magic flute to keep the parents of the girl he's in love with from marrying her off to an elderly marquis. We double-cast the two leading roles and four other roles, and, while there are never any guarantees, it is safe to say that some of the principals will be taken into the professional company."

We turned our attention to Mr. Martins, who was wearing a white T-shirt and white summer slacks. He was rehearsing a pantomime scene between the village sheriff, who wants the magic-flute player put in jail, and the judge, who thinks that the sheriff is crazy. Standing next to a tall, thin young man, who was playing the judge, Mr. Martins folded his arms, assumed a judicial frown, and stepped pompously through an imaginary door to confront the sheriff. Then, turning himself into the sheriff, he pointed to the flute-playing hero, sketched an imaginary noose around the hero's neck, and pulled an invisible rope. "You say, 'We've caught this rat who forces us to dance with his flute, and we want to hang him,'" he said. Turning back into the judge, Mr. Martins pantomimed a negative. "You say, 'Cool down, let's have a drink together.'" Still playing the judge, Mr. Martins sat down in a chair and pretended to lift a glass. Then, as the rehearsal pianist played a waltz (the magic-flute theme), his feet began to dance, independently of his body, and he pantomimed an expression of amazement. As the music increased in tempo, Mr. Martins rolled out of his chair and danced with the rest of the villagers, encouraging them to jump and turn with broad, clumsy peasant movements. Then he stopped and said, "That's good, folks. Now let's pull this together from the beginning."

We watched the first half of the ballet, which included a lively country dance for the villagers, a comic duet between the amorous marquis and his unwilling fiancée, and a classically romantic pas de deux for two very young lovers. We asked Mr. Martins if his choreography was based on the Russian style of the original. "No," he said. "I've tried to rethink the steps, working directly from the music. But I'm sure there are bits of Balanchine, Bournonville, Petipa, and Ivanov turning up here and there. They have all been my teachers."

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ACROSS Lincoln Center Plaza, in the basement of the Metropolitan Opera House, we found Mikhail Baryshnikov and Natalia Makarova, of American Ballet Theatre, rehearsing several dazzling pas de deux for a forthcoming production of "Swan Lake." Miss Makarova, a tiny, determined blonde in a skintight pink leotard, was breaking in several pairs of new shoes, one after another, with grimaces of displeasure. ("If I am lucky enough to find a really good pair, I will save them like jewels for performance.") Mr. Baryshnikov, who, as artistic director of the company, has acquired a new air of authority, alternated between intense concentration—when he was perfecting some soaring double turns in the air—and impish high spirits, when he was playing jokes on his single-minded partner. At one point, in the Black Swan pas de deux, Miss Makarova ended a series of steps in a perfect arabesque on pointe, with her head thrown back and her arms arched over it. Mr. Baryshnikov, who was holding her at the waist, stepped back and checked an imaginary watch to see how long she could hold the pose unsupported. "Good God, it's disgusting," he said as she hung in the air for what seemed to be a full minute. A bit later, when Miss Makarova, playing a fluttery, terrified Swan Queen, fled from his embrace, Mr. Baryshnikov sketched a rapid, unforgettable portrait of the tragic Prince Siegfried as a mother-dominated crybaby. During the rehearsal, both dancers watched themselves carefully in full-length mirrors and consulted with their coach, Elena Tchernischova (a former member of the Kirov Ballet), on questions of placement and style. Mr. Baryshnikov tried a series of fast spins on one foot—his Act I variation—and stopped, shaking his head. "This is not choreographed for my best side, and I am responsible," he said. He tried the turns a second time, and Miss Tchernischova agreed that his natural inclination was to turn counterclockwise but that he had inadvertently choreographed the step going the wrong way. Miss Makarova worried about a step in which she was pulled by her partner from a half-kneeling position on the floor into a sustained arabesque on pointe. She tried several ways of placing her legs and feet before she found one that was comfortable.

The rehearsal had begun with the White Swan adagio, a romantic dialogue between the Prince and the Swan Queen, and it ended, an hour later, with the electric Black Swan pas de deux, a series of flamboyant encounters between the Prince and the sorcerer's daughter which stretched both dancers to their limits.

"Seven minutes more and you pay me overtime," said Miss Makarova after a particularly difficult series of supported leaps and pirouettes which brought the two dancers diagonally downstage.

"Do they have overtime in Russia?" asked the rehearsal pianist.

"No," said Mr. Baryshnikov, lighting a cigarette. "They work all the time, but they don't dance every night, the way we do here. Now I have to go down the hall and rehearse some new Bluebirds."

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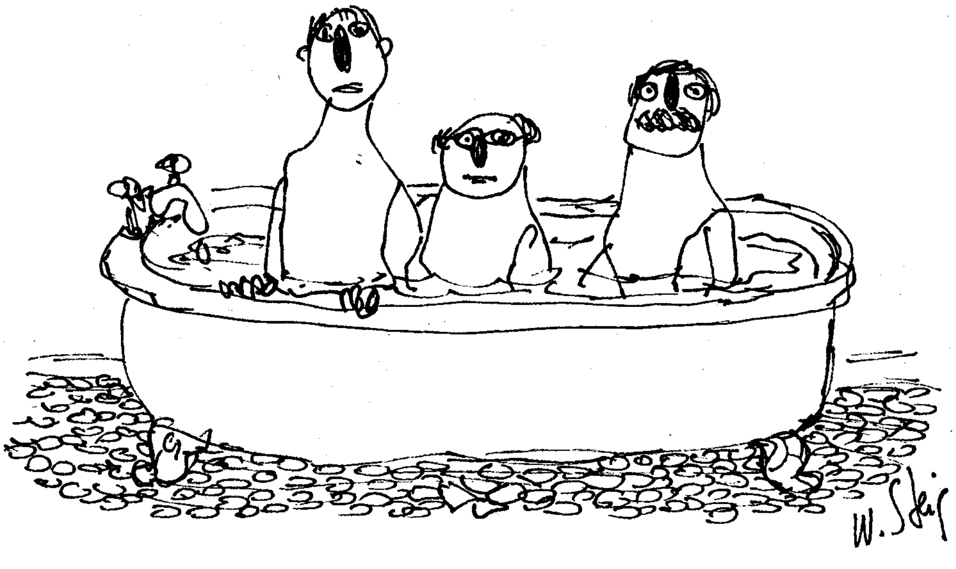
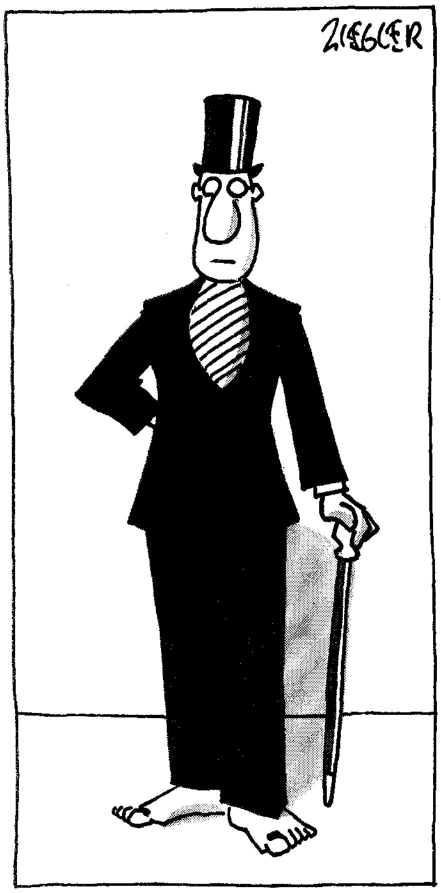
IT was Hector Berlioz week on the concert stage, with two major orchestras—the visiting Chicago



Three Men in a Tub

Symphony and the resident New York Philharmonic—working eight blocks apart on large-scale choral works by the French composer. At Carnegie Hall, the Chicago, propelled by the Hungarian charisma of its music director, Sir Georg Solti, was holding a last-minute run-through of "The Damnation of Faust," a four-part quasi-operatic score for orchestra, chorus, and soloists, in preparation for a performance that evening. At Avery Fisher Hall, the Philharmonic, conducted by the equally charismatic Zubin Mehta, was starting work on the "Te Deum," another monumental composition, which requires a chorus of several hundred voices, a boys' choir, a tenor soloist, and nine extra musicians. The "Te Deum," which Berlioz conceived as music for a great national ceremony, had been played by the Philharmonic at the opening of Carnegie Hall, in 1891, and the orchestra was planning to repeat its original program on May 5th at Carnegie, to celebrate the hall's ninetieth birthday.



MINISTER WITHOUT PORTFOLIO, SHOES, OR SOCKS

The Chicago rehearsal was basically a brushup session (the orchestra had played "Faust" twice at home during the previous week), to enable Sir Georg to correct a few musical details ("At Measure Thirty-three, just before Mephisto's entrance, those brass chords must be fast and sharp—just like fire") and fine-tune the ensemble to the famous Carnegie Hall acoustics. He also spent some time positioning off-stage trumpets, which play distant military fanfares ("That's much too loud," said Sir Georg after the first try. "Since we cannot close the door, could you all move back down the steps and play softer?"), and listening to each of his four soloists—Frederica von Stade, José Van Dam, Malcolm King, and Kenneth Riegel—sing a bit of an aria so that Margaret Hillis, his choral director, could check the balance between voices and orchestra at the back of the hall. Sir Georg also refined some of the more delicate passages in the score to the point of transparency. Toward the end of a gossamer "Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps," he paused and asked the violins to play even more softly during the final presto. "We start three bars before a hundred and two," he said, bending forward in a characteristic crouch that seemed to transmit a current of electricity to the musicians. He swept through the presto—a sparkling melody for two piccolos and a flute, with a light, fast accompaniment of plucked strings—and then signalled a halt. Looking down at the musicians, he said, "Very good." Then he said, "God, what a pleasure it is to play with this orchestra."

At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta was conducting another small army of singers and musicians in his first orchestra-and-chorus reading of the "Te Deum." The stage, stretched forward twenty feet, was able to accommodate three choruses (the Oratorio Society, the Westminster Choir, and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus) and the nine extra musicians, and when the rehearsal started, with a "Te Deum laudamus," the effect was more like a call to battle than a hymn. Mr. Mehta conferred with several colleagues who had been sitting in the auditorium, and then told the singers they were so large a group that there were problems of vocal clarity. "You are so many back there that we don't hear any definition, any sort of bite," he said. "At the moment, the way you're sounding is—you should excuse the expression—mush. We aren't getting clear attacks, and we can't understand the words." Mr. Mehta, who is exceptionally skillful at directing large musical groups, gave the singers a smile of encouragement, and read through the next three sections of the score, mouthing the text along with them to emphasize the need for clarity. Toward the end of the "Christe, rex gloriae," the chorus encountered difficulties with the words "sempiternus Filius," which are repeated rapidly three times in succession. Mr. Mehta stopped and rehearsed the men and women separately, again emphasizing definition. "Sopranos, you must let go of the dotted quarter notes there and *sit* on the eighth notes, or we'll be inventing new words," he said. "Don't rely on your neighbors. Remember, it's everybody's individual effort that will make this piece sound the way it should at Carnegie Hall."

Language

A FRIEND writes:

"Sculpture tools," said the youngster when asked what she wanted for her birthday.

"What kind?" I asked.

She shrugged; didn't know.

I went to a big art store. "Sculpture tools?" I asked.

"What kind?" demanded salesperson.

I shrugged. Salesperson marched off. I walked around store, finally observed large cabinet with many drawers, one of which said: SCULPTURE TOOLS. Yanked drawer open. One mallet inside. Nothing else. Took mallet. Good start; can't sculpt without a mallet. Adjacent drawers were labelled as follows:

STEEL RIFFLERS
WOODEN RIBS
FINDINGS
WAX MODELLERS
ELEPHANT-EAR SPONGES
ITALIAN RASPS
RUBBING WAX
CLAY CUTTERS
TURNING TOOLS
TJANTING NEEDLES
FETTLING KNIVES

Opened and closed drawers for a while; ran into some chisels; took them; paid up; went outside. Saw big sign on Sixth Avenue building:

DANGER
CROSSOVER DEMOLITION

Asked passerby, "What's crossover demolition?"

He shrugged.

SHOTS

"YOUR old man's one of those stick-waving teachers." That was the first thing Jonah Harrell heard the new girl, Mossie Dabney, say to his daughter. As a band instructor, Jonah divides his schedule between two schools in the county—stick waving and counting. "To two, to three, sometimes to four," he says in cheerful self-effacement.

Having worked around children, Jonah believes his daughter, Sandra, at thirteen, is in a pivotal year—"at that stage when their bodies know more than their minds, and every little lad's a drummer boy." The floorboards throb under Sandra's stereo, her laughter pours into the phone, doors slam front and back, rattling the windows. Jonah hears his house vibrate like a percussion instrument. "Bedlam or just normal?" his wife, Reah, asks. "Both," Jonah says.

The new family, the Dabneys, arrived in Worton, Virginia, on a midsummer Saturday. By the afternoon, they'd finished one of the "Adventures in Moving" advertised on the side of their rental trailer. They had unpacked and were completely moved in. A few children rode up on bicycles to see if the girl, who was said to be eleven, was going to be someone to play with. Adults watched from a distance and decided the two little boys must use the same bed. The speculation was: husband and wife in the oak double; the girl, who looked a lot older than eleven, in the queen-size with the rose decal on the headboard; and the small boys sharing the cast-iron frame with the little coil springs that supported a wire mesh under the mattress.

Mrs. Crider, who felt sorry for anyone who was "naked to their last fork and spoon," sent her little boy, Martin, to greet the Dabneys with a welcome basket full of flowers and a loaf of her own oatmeal bread still warm from the oven.

"The woman told me charity's for animals," Martin Crider said, returning with the basket. He told how she had broken the bread and scattered it around the yard. But the little boys were eating it off the ground when their mother wasn't watching. Martin forgot he was supposed to look and see how many rooms they were going to use.

The Dabneys are beyond the church, in the house next to the preacher's. Theirs is the only rental in the village. Sunday, the girl is down at the store. "My name is Mossie Dabney," she says. "I moved here from West Virginia. My father never worked in a coal mine and he's proud of it. Cherry's my favorite soda."

"Children get acquainted so fast," Reah is telling Mrs. Presnell in the store, while outside Mossie explains to Martin how her father has taught her everything about running a car, from the jumper cables to borrowing the license plates. "The girl is certainly pretty," Reah says. "Very developed."

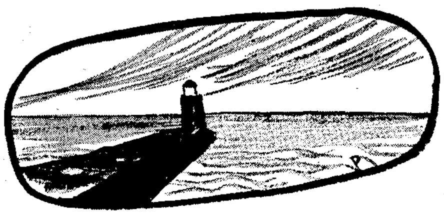
Mrs. Presnell says it's too bad they don't have enough furniture; Mr. Rowland offered them the use of the fourposter that was just collecting mildew in his basement, and the woman looked at him as if she didn't know what he was talking about.

Mossie is telling Martin Crider and Debbie Granger, who has just come from church, about her insect collection. "It goes from a pissant all the way up to a praying mantis and has everything in between except for the ladybug, which my brothers lost." She hardly ever has to smack her brothers, Mossie says, "because they better do what I tell them." Their names are Handel and Presslie, aged five and four. She's going to race them tomorrow, she says, but hasn't time to explain, because her father is shouting to her from the car.

"They use food stamps, you know," Mrs. Presnell says.

What Paula Rowland has heard is that the mother works cleaning houses, and that sometimes she'll leave the girl to babysit the little ones all day. "What Mr. Rowland's going to do," Paula says, "is take one of the cots out of the attic and leave it by the dump, so whoever takes it won't feel beholden."

ALMOST from the start Mossie Dabney has been leader of her age group and of some boys quite a bit older. One week, whoever brought her the most wineberries was going to be a partner in her frozen-fruit business and alone with her in the shed sometimes with the door shut and the windows covered. Mossie has been making rules for a lot of games. There are baseball players in the village who will let her set narrow foul lines for an afternoon session of three o' cat. But pitchers take nothing off their fastball when she comes to bat.



The Dabneys had come from West Virginia without any school or medical records. As a volunteer driver of the social-services van, Reah was the one who took Mossie around to the health and administrative offices to get her officially enrolled and her house put on the school-bus map. The worst was getting the inoculations. Mossie had to go twice for that, and the second time she had to be held still. There's always a moment alone in a treatment room before the doctor comes in. Reah believes that's when Mossie got her hypodermic needle. It was for her insect collection. "I make up this juice," she said, "and shoot it into them. And they throw a fit and die, so you don't have to squash them."

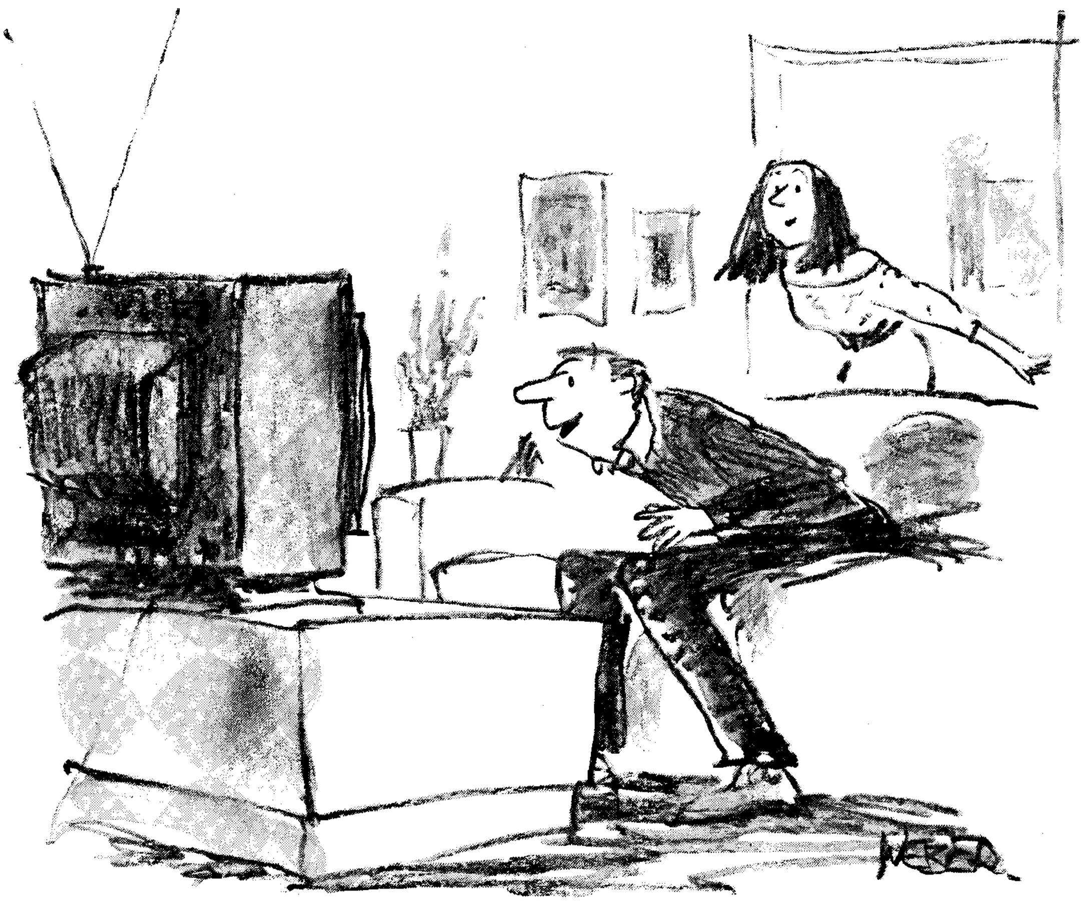
BY the time school starts, a lot of the community has heard about Mossie's preference for boys who know how to get tingling lips but don't necessarily want to touch tongues. First day on the bus the boys are arguing John Deere versus Ford tractors, so Mossie spends most of the ride home to Worton picking at the wart on the back of her thumb.

"Don't," Sandra says. "Oh, gross."

The little flap of tissue is loose, and Mossie is trying to slice it in half. "It's like a tick," she says. "It's hard to cut it with your fingernail."

IT'S not just the kissing business Reah worries about but all the unchaperoned hours. Besides, she knows the Dabney children are allowed to sip beer on special occasions like birthdays and all of Labor Day weekend.

Mossie puts her brothers in races, the chubby Handel on foot against the younger Presslie on his Big Wheel, which makes it close. You pay Mossie a nickel to bet on one of them. Then, too, she has collected some change here and there by making Presslie get under a blanket in the Harrells' pram and letting some of the girls push him up and down the road. She's taught him how to cry and then be pacified



"Oh, my God—'The Best of Carson'! Honey, I'm excited!"

• •

by the paying mothers.

Mrs. Crider, who wants to do the right thing, and Paula Rowland have called Reah over to look at a petition to the Dabneys' landlord.

"You expect me to sign that?" Reah says.

"Well, I didn't think you would," Paula admits. "But we can't just ignore them," and she begins to tick off grievances:

- The loss of sand from the pile Mr. Rowland was saving for mortar. She happens to know the two little boys have been carrying it by the baseball-capful to their own yard.
- The noise on Sundays, with them yelling right under the church windows.
- The danger they present to themselves, playing in the road, no matter how many times they've been told.
- The ruined rectory flower bed.
- The screaming up and down the road and the dreadful way their father yells at them.

"You know what they did with the cot, don't you?"

Reah knows. Mossie painted colored circles on the cot's canvas, set it up in front of a hay bale, and has been using it for back-yard archery practice. Stray arrows have hit the church.

"It's shot full of holes," Paula adds. When she starts to discuss the girl, Reah walks out of the meeting. "Lord knows what kind of jumbled-up sleeping arrangements they have," Paula calls after her.

"None of her damn business," Reah says under her breath.

At home she tells Jonah how Paula wants to send the Dabneys on another "adventure in moving." And Jonah says next time the Dabneys' neighbors ought to wipe that slogan off their rental trailer and replace it with "Give this family a berth. A wide one."

MOSSIE has said something awful to Sandra—something really filthy. And she called Jonah a "stick-waving teacher" again. Sandra says she tries to ignore it but she can't, because Mossie sits right beside her on the bus. Yesterday Mossie had her insect collection with her in a shoebox. It was going to be her science project, and she was demonstrating for Sandra how the head of the praying mantis could be rotated.

"It will pass," Reah predicts. Jonah, annoyed with that kind of useless wisdom, thinks not. He has begun to spy on Mossie at school, watching her through the one-way glass of the classroom doors, observing her on the playground. He's on the lookout for the furtive shove, the surreptitious glance of a troublemaker, the roving fingers of a thief.

At bells between classes Mossie's clique gathers around her—bright, happy girls, who follow her through the halls. Her clothes and grammar, which seem a little tawdry in Worton, blend nicely in the school building, where ancient denim is no disgrace and "ain't" is the ordinary citizen's negative. It's Sandra, a little too correct, who stands out.

Without permission, against regulations, Jonah examines Mossie's school file. A note explains her arrival from West Virginia without birth certificate. The parents were unable to provide her school history. A Mrs. Jonah Harrell helped with the application. Mossie scored reasonably well on her aptitude tests and her grades are average. A science teacher has commended her initiative. Scanning her medical sheet, Jonah is relieved, even a little surprised, to see proof that Mossie is not yet a woman. He moves down to the common childhood diseases. She has had them.

"Her age at onset isn't our concern," Reah reproaches Jonah later. "*Or* how many beds her family sleeps in."

MOSSIE announces a slumber party, and Reah has to laugh at herself when she says, "But, my God, what will they all sleep on?" Sandra insists she's going to the party, though Reah has told her she isn't. Then, when Paula Rowland asks if she'd let a daughter of hers spend a night in that house, Reah *reverses herself* and says yes.

At one point Mossie says she never invited Sandra in the first place. Reah thinks it's because her feelings were hurt when Sandra said she wasn't sure she could come. Later, when Mossie says yes, she's invited, Sandra isn't sure she wants to go anymore. Mossie has been telling people at school that Jonah is weird, that he watches her, that he ought to just wave his stick, like he's paid to do.

The night of the party, it is too cold for the cotton nightshirt Sandra planned to wear. "Bathrobe and slipper socks or you're not going at all," Reah tells her. Listening in on the upstairs phone, Sandra hears her mother make Mrs. Granger promise that Debbie will take her bathrobe, too. "We'll look like freaks," Sandra shouts down the stairs. Mrs. Crider has called twice; first to say the Dabneys' electricity has been cut off, then to tell Reah there are mattresses all over the living-room floor.

With Sandra gone, Jonah is reading late. His eyes are skipping forward and back of his comprehension. Reah taps on the floor over his den, then calls through the vent, "What are you *waiting* up *for?* She's *not* coming home."

Jonah is wondering why they've condescended to offer their daughter up to the Dabneys and their lightless house. He stirs himself to climb the stairs and argue.

"You call me patronizing?" Reah says when he tells her what he thinks. "You, with your little educational sessions?" She means times like Halloween, when Jonah read to Mossie from the encyclopedia. "Was it to keep your tires from going flat on mischief night, or what?"

"It was after Halloween," Jonah says. He remembers because the faces on leftover pumpkins in the village had begun to collapse, like old men with their false teeth out. He'd been reading to Mossie and Sandra about All Saints' Day, trying to invest the night of their sugar greed and toilet-papered branches with the religious fervor of its origin. And he'd failed. Mossie had shrugged and gone back to swapping from her depleted candy bag.

"Mossie was tricked out as a *woman*," Jonah says. "Not that it took much trickery. And you felt the same way I did when she knocked on the door—surprised to see a woman begging candy."

"It's the rings under her eyes," Reah says. "That comes from not getting enough sleep. Maybe not getting to sleep in her own bed."

"Bed," Jonah says and nods.

But Reah isn't finished. "Her mother calls her 'slut' in front of the neighbors. Her father yells at her to keep the little boys out of the road. Is it so wrong to let our children share one night with her?"

"Patron, patron, patron." Jonah's soft singsong in Reah's ear poisons another embrace. "So tell me, what do you do at a slumber party?"

"What you do," Reah says, "is get a punch bowl, fill it with two quarts of ice cream, pour ginger ale over it, and everybody sips it through their own straw. You talk about why you don't like your boyfriend. You show where you put adhesive tape on your leg so your suntan surrounds his initials. Maybe your hair is up in curlers." Unable to imagine any of these things happening at Mossie's house, Reah relents. "Sandra has to learn for herself," she says. "Has to build up her own resistance."

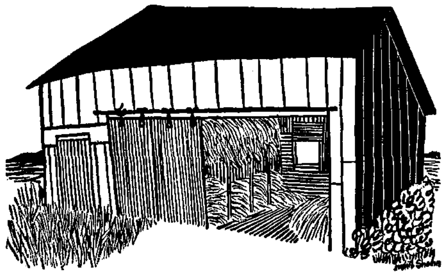
Jonah is trying to hold Sandra still. She's frantic, screaming. Reah tells him to get out of the room—that she'll do the looking. Sandra's legs are covered with flea bites; the needle hole must be hidden among them. "Where is it, darling?" she asks.

"It itches all over," Sandra whimpers. "We didn't sleep at all." Reah, going for witch hazel, whispers to Jonah in the hall. She wants him to phone the Grangers and ask if Debbie's all right. It's 3 A.M.

"They already called," Jonah says. "They're taking her in as soon as the doctor's office opens. The Kearns girl is O.K. Her mother doesn't think anything happened to her. The Dabneys aren't home. An ambulance came for one of the little boys, and the rest of the family got in their car and followed to the hospital."

Sandra says she doesn't know why she took the shot. She says Mossie kept saying it was for "the immunity." But there was nothing in the needle. Now she knows that "nothing" could have been more dangerous than the sugar water Mossie let Debbie inject in her arm to prove it wouldn't hurt, or whatever it was Mossie had put in her brother Presslie's thigh.

Jonah thinks it must have been too dark in the candlelit house for the



TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY HOUSE

The leaded, wiggly glass lives in its human length
as the squall, unpredicted, slams me down late
at night to see what in the world goes on wailing.
We have no lights. Lightning like a girl's grin
stands me dead center of the parlor. It's maples.

This house has its jitters yet. It's unreconstructed—
two claw-footed bathtubs, taps that won't turn off,
doors refusing their frames. Often they danced here.
Stars on the tin roof marked the place from near hills,

settling as thick as a shawl on a woman shaken awake.
It was only memory, but she woke her sisters anyway.
They stood on linoleum. Glass rattled and pipes clanged.
A bad storm, couldn't they see that? Ice, then snow.

The maples no one could bear cutting down, dangerous now,
raked the roof. Stars turned to ice, blinding the glass.
Can you see them, trying to sing as you would? Cold
swirls at the feet, dull yellow, naked as planked maple.
Water in the pipes forms red-streaked and pearl nails.

—Dave Smith

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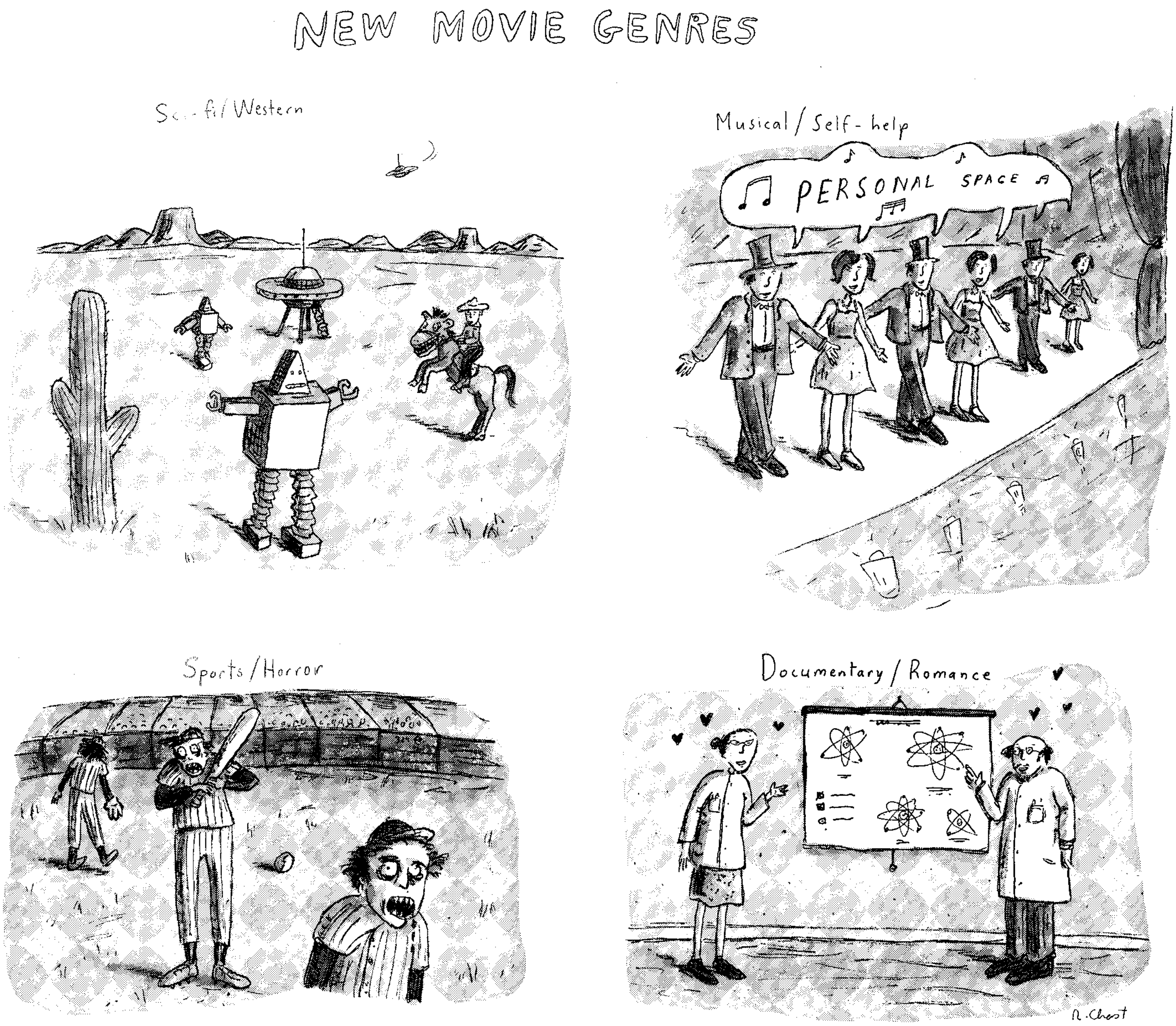


children to be sure what was happening. Mossie playing doctor might have casually snuck the needle under their skins more than once, perhaps after some of them had dozed off.

Later that morning, they hear little Presslie is alive, though the doctors say it's a wonder, because the child's heart stopped beating twice—once for a whole minute. Odd, they thought, that the needle could have found a vein. Even more surprising that enough air could have been injected to hurt him.

"Alive," Jonah says later the same day, watching from his window. "And racing down the middle of the road on his tricycle, trying to get himself killed."

SANDRA, in her room, is refusing to go to school and wondering if there's an air bubble locked away in one of her veins, waiting to attack her heart.

"She's not mad at you," Reah tells Jonah. "It's the shot she's ashamed of. Letting herself be tricked that way, and then finding out it might have killed her. She's eating again. She'll get over it."

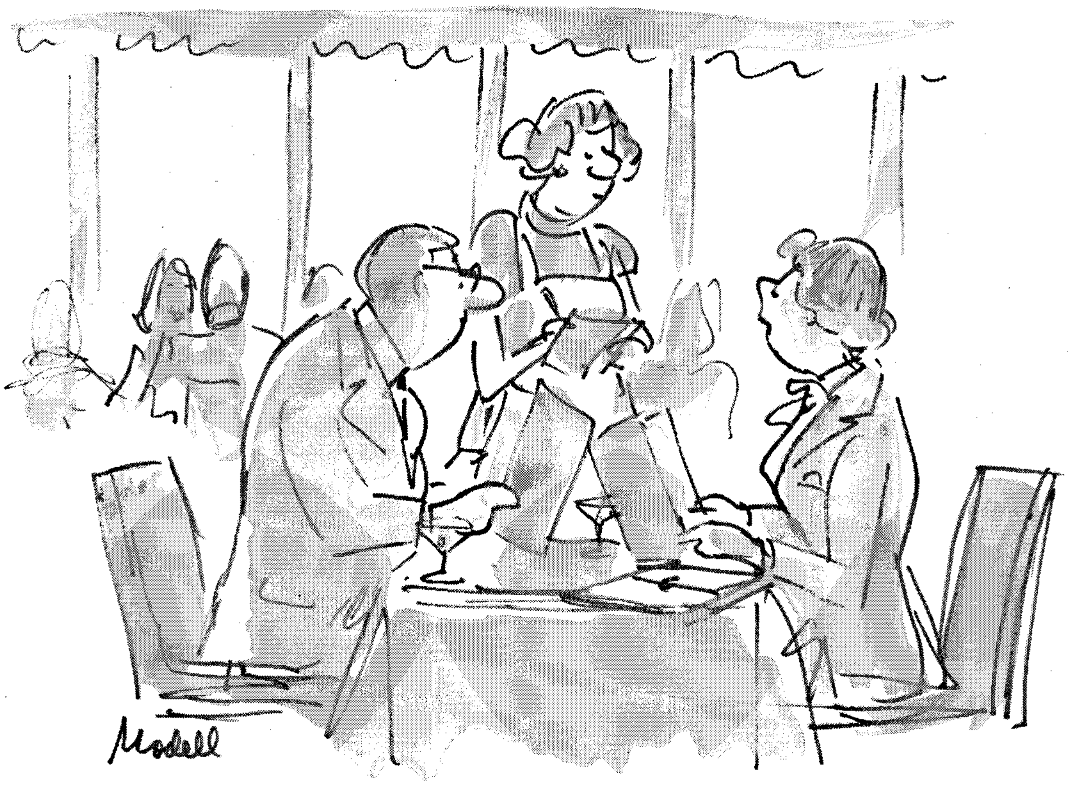
Jonah likes thinking of it this way—Sandra taking nourishment in her brown study, immunized and building antibodies. Too quick a recovery would only mean the inoculation hadn't taken. He thinks her complaint of itchiness between the fingers could very well be scabies contracted at the slumber party. Reah has put out the medicated soap and shampoo, just in case.

NOW Sandra has everyone worried again. Pale and haggard in the face, she's broken out with a rash on her chest. Hives is Reah's first thought—maybe an emotional reaction to all that's happened.

"What we're waiting for here," Jonah reminds her, "is a hepatitis epidemic."

There's a little fever, and the doctor has been called again. A wave of red is advancing up Sandra's neck and down her arms. It's apparent on her upper legs, too. If you look closely, what you see is hundreds of tiny red circles, dark in the middle, like so many needle pricks. Moving from the center of the spots, the color fades to pink. Over a large surface the effect is an alarming dappled russet. The doctor is calling it measles. Sandra is staying home whether she wants to or not, and children are going to have to stay away from her room.

Mrs. Granger calls to say Debbie has it, and the Kearns girl, too. The



"I'll have the business woman's lunch."

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Dabneys have been told, but their children are still loose in the village. From the kitchen, Jonah and Reah can see them preparing for another activity. Mossie has blocked off a section of road with Mr. Rowland's sawhorses. Obstacles are placed between the barriers for a skateboard slalom.

MR. ROWLAND says he isn't accusing anyone of stealing the sawhorses, he just wants them returned. But they sit in the ditch by the road for a day—until they belong to no one, and Mossie carries them up to her yard. When Mr. Rowland hears about it, it's too late. The trestles have been dismantled and their legs have become the legs of something else Mossie is building.

Her lumber, not all of it scrap, is coming from several back yards. The full sheet of plywood that used to be tacked against the Harrells' shed happened to be more like part of the wall than a discard, but Jonah isn't going to say anything about it.

"It's a bed. She's making a bed!" Reah exclaims as they're driving past the Dabneys' yard. "That takes gumption. Look, she's got some of the boys helping her."

"Plywood is four by eight." Jonah calculates. "Thirty-two square feet of bed. She'll never get it up the stairs." But next day the new bed is somewhere inside the house.

BEFORE Sandra has fully recovered, there's a rumor the Dabneys are leaving Worton. Not true. They *are* having a house-and-yard sale, but they're not moving—just raising grocery money. The sale is to be Sunday. But what will they sell?

"Odds and ends the children have 'found' around the village," Jonah suggests.

"Don't be like that," Reah tells him.

Sunday, almost everyone is at the sale—even Mrs. Crider's mother, who can't get up and down stairs. Reah, looking for the hypodermic, is going to steal it back if she gets the chance. She thinks someone—the police or Mossie's parents—should have confiscated it before now. People aren't being very subtle, she's afraid. Mrs. Dabney must have overheard Paula Rowland say the garden shears on the table outside looked just like the ones she'd lost.

Upstairs, a group is standing around the little iron bed. The brass knobs have been polished, and it's agreed the price is reasonable for what certainly looks like an antique. "But if they're selling it," Mr. Rowland says, "they're right back where they started. Five bodies, three beds."

People are still circulating through the rooms, and there are a few in the yard. Reah has found the needle; it's in her purse now. She can hear Mrs. Crider's mother in the front hall repeating, "She's a better housekeeper than I ever imagined." Mrs. Crider can't hush her.

Suddenly Mossie appears in the front door. "There's a thief in this house!" she announces. "Nobody leaves until he puts back what he stole." She spreads her arms wide as people make ready to leave right away. Mr. and Mrs. Dabney come out of the kitchen, where they have been standing in shy retreat by the cashbox, and Mossie has to give up her blockade of the doorway.

At home, Jonah wants to know what Reah intends to do with it. The needle, she says, is already under the sink in a plastic trash bag done up with a twist tie. Tomorrow she's going to throw the bag on the garbage truck herself.

"Look," Jonah says, at the window. "Here they come again." Mossie—her brothers in tow—is coming down the road; she's stopping at each door, asking something.

"What does she want this time?" Reah wonders.

"What are you going to tell her?" Jonah asks.

From far down the road they can hear Mossie's father yelling at her. "Get those children back here. There's measles all over down there."

Mossie is riding Sandra's two-wheeler now, pedalling through the village, watching Jonah and his neighbors retreat into their quarantined homes.

—JOHN ROLFE GARDINER

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"The point is that it's all relative to what is the norm. Thirty thousand a week in this industry is not a high salary. There is no pension plan for actors, no security in the cocktail hours of their lives. You have to build a nest egg while you can."—*The Times.*

Could you make that a devilled egg, to go with the drink?

TIME ALONE

“I DON'T want to be your friend. I fear your influence on me. Your misanthropy is frightening, as is the glass booth in which you live.”

“As *is*? In *which*?” Garnet said. “Are you reading this?”

“I have it memorized,” Norma said. Norma was Garnet's law partner. She was speaking to Garnet from Santa Barbara on long-distance telephone.

Garnet was in her kitchen in East Providence, Rhode Island, propped against her sink counter in a terry robe with a shredded hem and shredded cuffs. She was thirty-seven years old. She said, “This has happened to me other times, of course, but never so early in the morning. People don't yell at me before my coffee. And did you have to go three thousand miles away to unload these things?”

“It's just dawn here,” Norma said, after a pause.

“It's goodbye here,” Garnet said, and holstered the receiver of the wall phone. “Hurry up,” she said to her Mr. Coffee machine.

While she waited for the drip brewer to fill its glass pot, she studied her new renters from the kitchen window. They were in her back yard. The big husband was in a metal lawn chair, putting a spit shine on wingtip shoes. He was a prosecutor whom Garnet had met at the statehouse. The wife renter was plump. She fastened some wet shirts on a clothesline. Both of them wore bathing suits, and had sunburns, freckles, and red hair.

A buzzer sounded in the metal box over the stove, loud enough to be heard in all three stories of the house. Someone was at the front door. The wall phone rang beside Garnet, and she picked it up.

“I've hired the tanks already. I'll be there at nine,” Reid Small said on the telephone. He and Garnet were going scuba diving off the breakers of Newport Beach.

“Don't come at nine. I just got up and I haven't even looked at my gear,” Garnet said. The door signal went off again, and she clenched her teeth. “Because I was up all night, listening to my third-floor people fight.”

“Evict them,” Reid Small said.

“You're right, but come at ten-thirty anyway.”

“Answer your door,” Reid said.

Garnet settled the phone and went through her parlor. A man in his seventies, in work shirt and snap-brim hat, was on the front porch. He said, “Would the Wymans be here?”

“Out back. You can't get there today on either side of the house. Next door's being painted, and ladders and things are blocking the one walk. On the other side, my gate's locked because I have a dog.”

“Well, that makes it tough,” the old man said. He waited.

“They have an entrance with stairs at the other end of the porch—” Garnet began.

“No one answers.”

“I was going to say no one would answer at their entrance, since they're both out back.”

“Out back,” said the man, and nodded and waited.

Garnet said, “Then there's always me. I could go and get them for you, if I had two minutes. If I saw fit. If they want to talk to you. Who are you?”

“They don't want to talk to me.” The man laughed. “I'm Mrs. Wyman's father. Mr. Wyman's father-in-law.”

“No, they don't,” Garnet said. “Come in and sit on the couch, where it's ten degrees cooler.”

IN the back yard, Ross Wyman seemed happy to see Garnet. He twisted in his aluminum chair, making it creak, and held out a large shoe. He had beaten a fancy gloss onto the maroon leather.

“Lovely,” Garnet said.

Ross said, “Man, I'm sweating already. All clothes feel like wool blankets this week, and it's not cooling down any at night. Really blazing in our penthouse . . . insufferable.”

“I warned you,” Garnet said. “I told you you'd need an air-conditioner to live up there. It's almost August.”

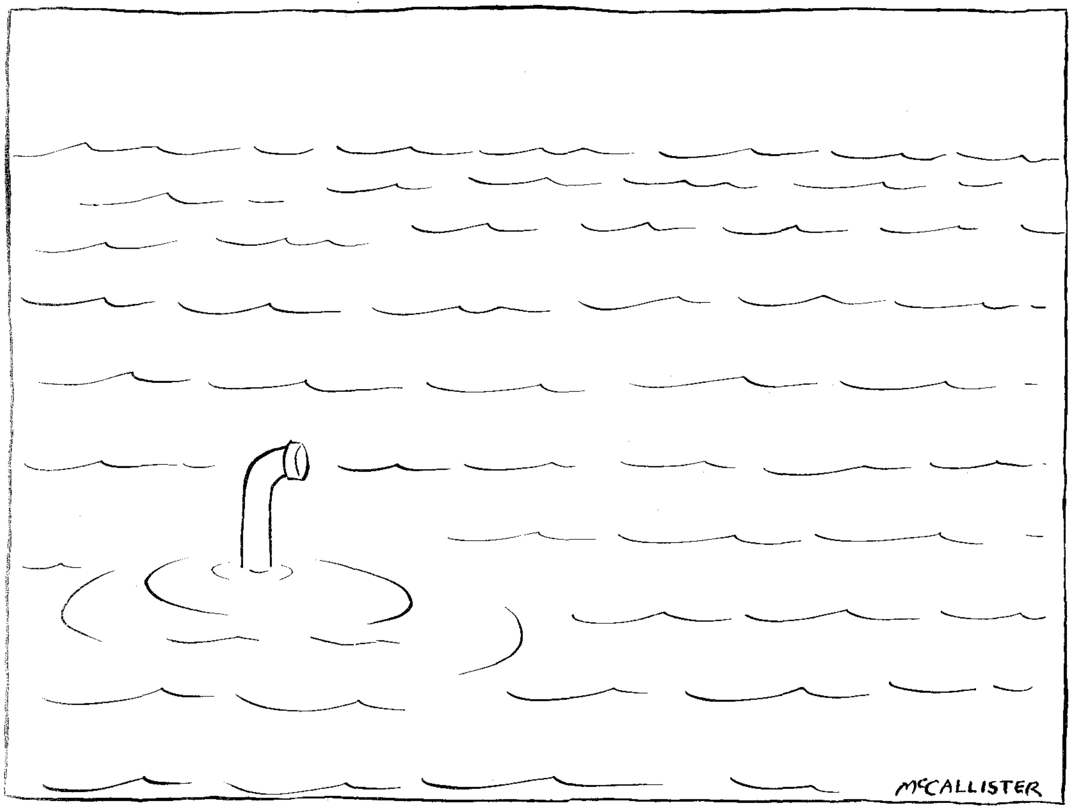
“I beg him for one,” Liz Wyman said, talking around the clothespins in her mouth.

“Your dad's on my couch,” Garnet said to her.

Ross dropped the shoe, slumped over his knees, and dangled his hands. “All I need,” he said.

“I parked him on the couch in the living room,” Garnet said.

Liz finished with the clothespins



“It's the ‘Love Boat,’ sir. Shall we let her have it?”

and came over to Garnet, frowning. Her nose had peeling skin and droplets of sweat. Her long, coppery hair was styled in corkscrew shapes.

"You've got to come, too, Ross," Liz said. "You will?"

"I'll say hello. That's all."

"Ross-ey," she said, making his name sound like a complaint.

"We're having real trouble with him," Ross explained.

"We can't control him," Liz said.

"I know. You've mentioned it," Garnet said.

"Go see him," Ross told his wife. "I'll get on pants."

Liz Wyman blew out her cheeks but went through the kitchen door. Ross stood and puffed up his biceps and arched his back. "He ought to have called first," he said. He looked down at himself.

"He can't call. Your phone's not installed yet," Garnet said.

"I meant he could call you. He's got your number here. But he's non compos mentis. He wants to get married."

"Then he *is* crazy."

"Well, it's sad. He has no business getting married. He's sick and broke. I wish he had called and given me a shot at the shower. I need a shave."

Garnet moved away, saying, "On Saturdays, Counsel, even us lawyers don't have to shave."

"Well, you're one who doesn't . . . or maybe you do."

"I want breakfast," Garnet said.

Ross trailed her. "You can't imagine what this does to Liz and me."

"I heard you. All last night."

"Going round the rosebush? I'm sorry. We fight about him."

"I hate it," Garnet said, turning to face him.

Ross laughed. He collapsed at the waist and tried to flatten his palms on the grass. He groaned. With his head upside down, he said, "The thing about Nate is, he's broke. I can just afford to support him, and Liz, *and* my first wife, *and* my ex-children. I don't need a new client on my welfare roll."

Garnet went inside, with Ross following. The kitchen was a long, high-ceilinged room, painted two shades of yellow and decorated with a hardware-store calendar.

Garnet had coffee and melon. Ross watched her eat. He chewed gum, rolling his jaw and bunching his jaw muscles. His temples throbbed as he chewed. He had his big hands on his hips as he watched Garnet.

"This show is about over," she said. "Go see your father-in-law. I'm heading down to the cellar in a minute."

"For your diving things?" Ross said, and Garnet nodded. "You and Reid going on a salvage?"

"Hardly. We haven't been underwater for two months, and it's likely our hoses are cracked, or I've outgrown my wet-suit. All we're doing today is seeing if our equipment wants to drown us."

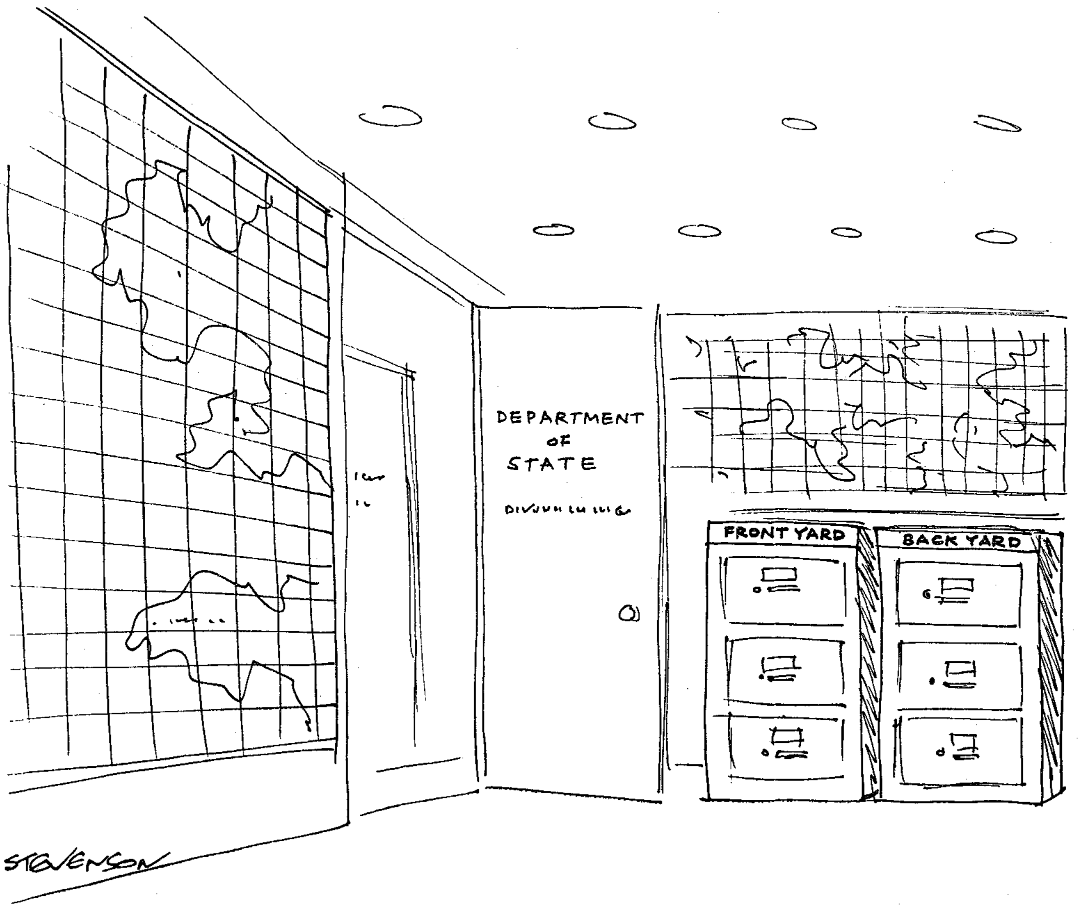
"Nate's been a widower, though, for twenty-two years," Ross said.

The kitchen had a pine workbench for a breakfast table. Under the bench, an old beagle was asleep with its chin on its front paws. "What's its name?" Ross asked. He squatted on his haunches and lifted one of the dog's silky ears. "What's your name?" he said.

"I call him by making here-dog sounds. I just click or whistle."

"But he's got a name," Ross said.

"It used to be Bud. But that was my husband's idea." Garnet's husband had died in the service, ten years earlier, when he was on a rest leave in Asia. Garnet had been told that he choked on a fishbone in a Hong Kong restaurant. She finished her coffee, now cool enough to gulp.



Ross held Bud's muzzle in thick fingers and peered into the dog's face. "What's wrong with him? Age?"

"Well, I think he's going blind," Garnet said. "Let go of his nose."

Ross got under the bench and lay on his side. The beagle rose and sidled hesitantly out of the kitchen. "Doesn't like people? Is that why we've been here a week and I've never seen him?"

Voices carried back from the living room, where Liz and her father were fighting. Garnet switched on a noisy counter-top fan. She ringed the inside of the melon husk with a spoon and ate the scrapings.

"It's cool on this floor," Ross said.

"Go help your wife, Wyman."

Ross said, "Right,"

but stayed under the workbench.

Garnet pulled out a tool drawer and rummaged for pliers. Liz Wyman joined them in the kitchen. "Where's my husband?" she said.

"Cowering," Ross said, at her feet.

Liz asked Garnet if she could have some coffee for her father. "He smelled coffee," she added.

"Help yourself," Garnet said.

"Iced? He'd like it iced."

"Help yourself to ice, for God's sake."

"Me, too," Ross said. His wife stooped to look at him. She shuddered and sucked a breath, as if warding off a bout of sobs.

"What's going on now?" Ross said.

Liz, still stooped over, said, "What'll we do? I just can't make him listen. All of a sudden, he's turned mean."

Garnet jingled tools in the deep drawer, shoving them around. The wall phone rang and she answered it.

"Is Liz Wyman at home?" a young male voice asked.

"He was apoplectic," Liz was saying.

"Out for the day," Garnet told the caller, and hung up.

"I'd swear he even wanted to hit at me," Liz said.

"Good gravy," Ross said from the floor.

"He's a terrible brat," Liz said. She looked at Garnet, forcing a smile, her eyes wet. She placed herself at the end of the kitchen, a foot from the refrigerator. Her back was to them. Garnet softly kicked Ross, who rolled out from under the bench and went to his wife.

"I just hate to hate him," Liz said.

"It's hard on you," Ross said.

"I'm getting dressed or something," Garnet said, and left.

IN the living room, Nate was posed in a lazy attitude on the davenport. He raised his eyebrows when Garnet passed. His legs were carelessly crossed, with his snap-brim settled on his knee. The skin of his tall forehead was bunched. "Excuse me," he said to Garnet. "Is someone crying?"

"Liz, a little. It won't kill her."

"That's right," Nate said. He worked on a cigar with a big windproof lighter. He offered Garnet a cigarette.

"I want to get out of this muumuu," Garnet said, and shook the skirt of her old bathrobe. She walked by the davenport and started up the staircase.

"Aren't you sorry you rented to those two?" Nate said.

"I'm just sorry I rented. I wanted the money, I thought." Garnet paused on the landing for a moment.

"Ross tells me you're a lawyer, too—like him," Nate said. "I used to be a lawyer. Everybody's a lawyer these days, and nobody's a client."

Garnet's bedroom was her dead grandmother's room, on the second floor. She had inherited the house from her grandmother. She hadn't changed the bedroom in her two years there; hadn't even moved the Kodaks in their standup frames from the mahogany dresser. They were pictures of aunts and uncles and cousins she mostly didn't know, who looked bleached and startled by flash-cube explosions. Garnet's wardrobe was in three neat piles on the stripped wood floor. She stuffed a cotton jersey, denim shorts, and socks into a backpack, along with those pieces of diving equipment she kept upstairs: a capillary depth gauge that looked like a huge wristwatch, and a steel diver's knife in a rubber sheath. She put on a stretchy swimsuit, and the bedroom phone rang.

"Is this the Wyman residence?" a female voice, cracked with age, said.

"It seems to be this morning. Which Wyman did you want?"

"Actually, I wanted Nate Reimerschmidt. I was just wondering if he was there."

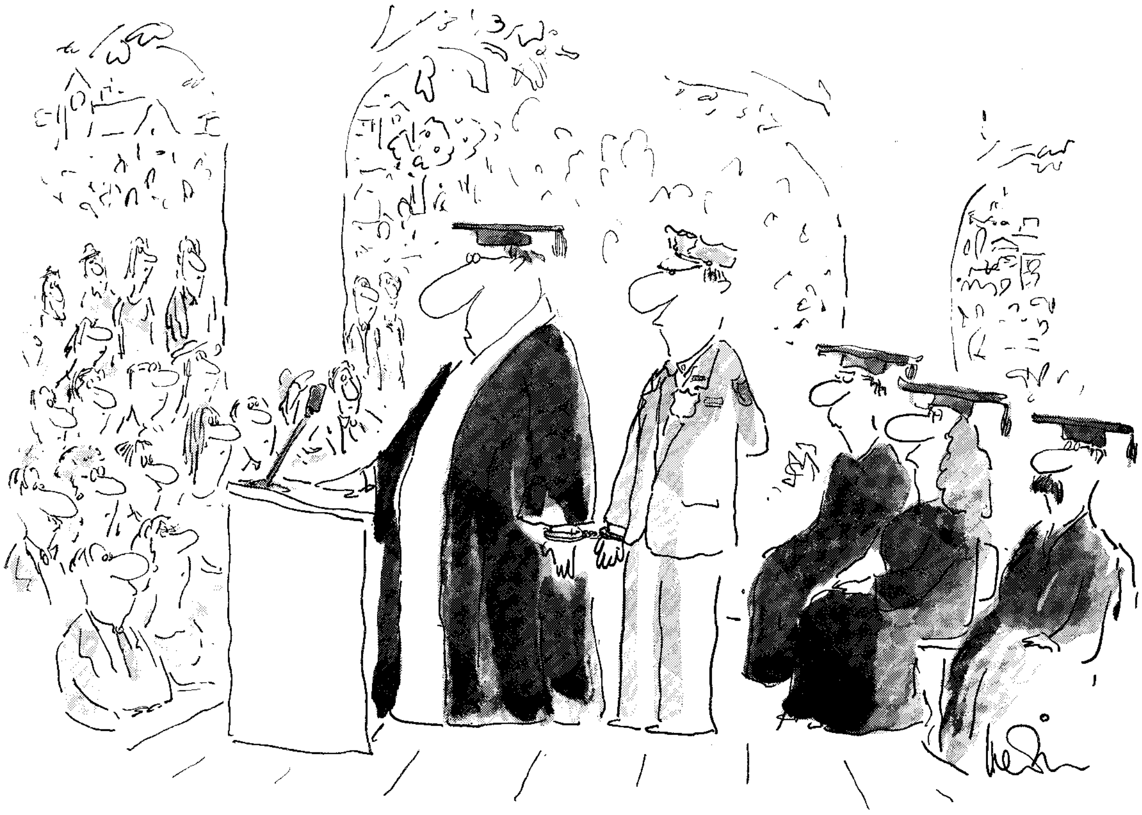
Garnet had to think for a few moments, and then she said, "He's here, too. Are you his bride-to-be?"

"Uh-huh, yes, I am. I hope. This isn't Liz, is it?"

"Just hang on," Garnet said. She went to the landing and called down the steps for Nate.

Ross appeared below and said, "Who's calling?"

"Just tell Nate Rhymer-Hymer to pick up the parlor extension, which is by the radio, by the window," Garnet



"Most of you are aware that colleges today are in deep trouble."

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said. She went back to the bedroom, hung up the phone, sat at a slender-legged maple desk, also from her grandmother, and drafted a new will. She left her house and all her belongings to Reid Small. In her old will, everything had gone to her law partner, Norma.

DOWNSTAIRS, they were all waiting for her. "Well, Nate's fiancée is coming over to join this mess," Ross said.

"I'll be gone," Garnet said.

"Whoa, hold on," Nate said, and Garnet plopped her fat knapsack between her feet.

"We can go upstairs to their rooms for this—even though it's too hot—or go to the Pancake House, if you want. We don't have to stay here," Nate said.

"We know it's terrible to have someone else come," Liz said. The Wymans were sitting in matching overstuffed chairs that faced Nate, who was still on the sofa. "Tell the complete truth," Liz said. "You mind another visitor, don't you?"

"No, not really. In fact, I don't. I'll be gone," Garnet said.

"She really does mind," Ross said.

IN the kitchen, the Mr. Coffee pot was empty, so Garnet cracked open a Coke can and took it with her to the basement. It was cool and dry there, and smelled of powdered soap for the washing machine and, slightly, of the oil furnace. She dragged a decal-covered steamer trunk from her grandmother's collection over to high plywood shelving and pulled down some nylon duffels. She sat on the trunk, beside twin water heaters, and unpacked the first bag. It had her chrome-plated regulator, with rubber hoses that looked solid. She fitted the mouthpiece under her lips and fought the impulse to grin.

A while later, there was a fumbling noise on the basement steps and Garnet, who was wearing a fish-eye diver's mask and a bright-orange buoyancy vest, waved at her beagle. "It's so good to see you, baby," she said.

GARNET brought up her last load of equipment to the kitchen. The room was hot, with the kettle clattering on one of the gas burners and jetting steam. She shut down the flame as Ross wandered in. He hopped onto a counter top and perched there like a sidesaddle rider, one leg folded up. He rubbed the corners of his eyes with the balls of his thumbs.

Nate's voice was droning, fading in and out, from the living room.

"I could take it for a while, but I've had too much," Ross said. "The hot water's for iced tea. Nate's girlfriend wants iced tea. She's here."

"Damned pliers," Garnet said, and began going through drawers again.

"Nate's far gone," Ross said.

"You should all be far gone," Garnet said, and Ross laughed.

He said, "When this is over, I'm taking you out for shrimp some night, and all the beer you can hold. I know we're being terrible. But this is a one time only. And you should go in there and listen to him."

d. ehrenberg

"I don't want to," Garnet said.

"If that's what getting old is, I hope I don't make it."

Garnet found her pliers at last. She said, "Look, why don't you leave him alone? He seems fine to me, and it's his life, and he'll survive without your money, and your wife is much too old to be jealous of her daddy's new lady friend. Honestly, you sound as if you're wanting him to die or something."

Ross stopped swinging his foot and made a throat-clearing noise. He smiled uneasily at Garnet, who took a head of lettuce from the refrigerator. She bit into the leaves, ate two or three cherry tomatoes, and then tilted back her head and tapped salt into her mouth from a tiny disposable shaker.

Ross hopped down and left, and a few minutes later Liz came in. Garnet was munching food.

"I think we're moving out," Liz said evenly.

Garnet bobbed her head yes three times.

"We won't ask for a refund for the rest of the month."

Garnet shrugged.

"I think we at least deserve back our security deposit, though," Liz said.

HUNTING THE PASSIVE

The air's pushing 80. Open all the windows!
Dust off those glorious clichés about a new life,
Redemption, etc. In my living room tall windows
Decant so much light I wear sunglasses on the couch.

A nap's in order to snap me out of this rapture.
It's why, I suppose, spring comes only once a year—
Just often enough to salt that sweet wound
And leave me wistful, repentant, eager to disremember

What my mentors so painfully attempted to instill.
In my old age I hope I learn to stand in a vast
Wheat field and not look for any distant edge.
The sky, of course, would be completely blue

And a breeze would fan the stalks of grain kneeling
In the heat. Neither sight nor thought of a silo,
Barn, or house. And when I sat down there'd be
The constant hum of insects praying to all that wheat,

The hum of shade churning like farm machinery.
It's simply inescapable. Dying, I'd have the curious
Sensation I was a boy again, uncomfortable in
A wooden seat—my father slowly clipping my hair.

—JOHN PIJEWSKI

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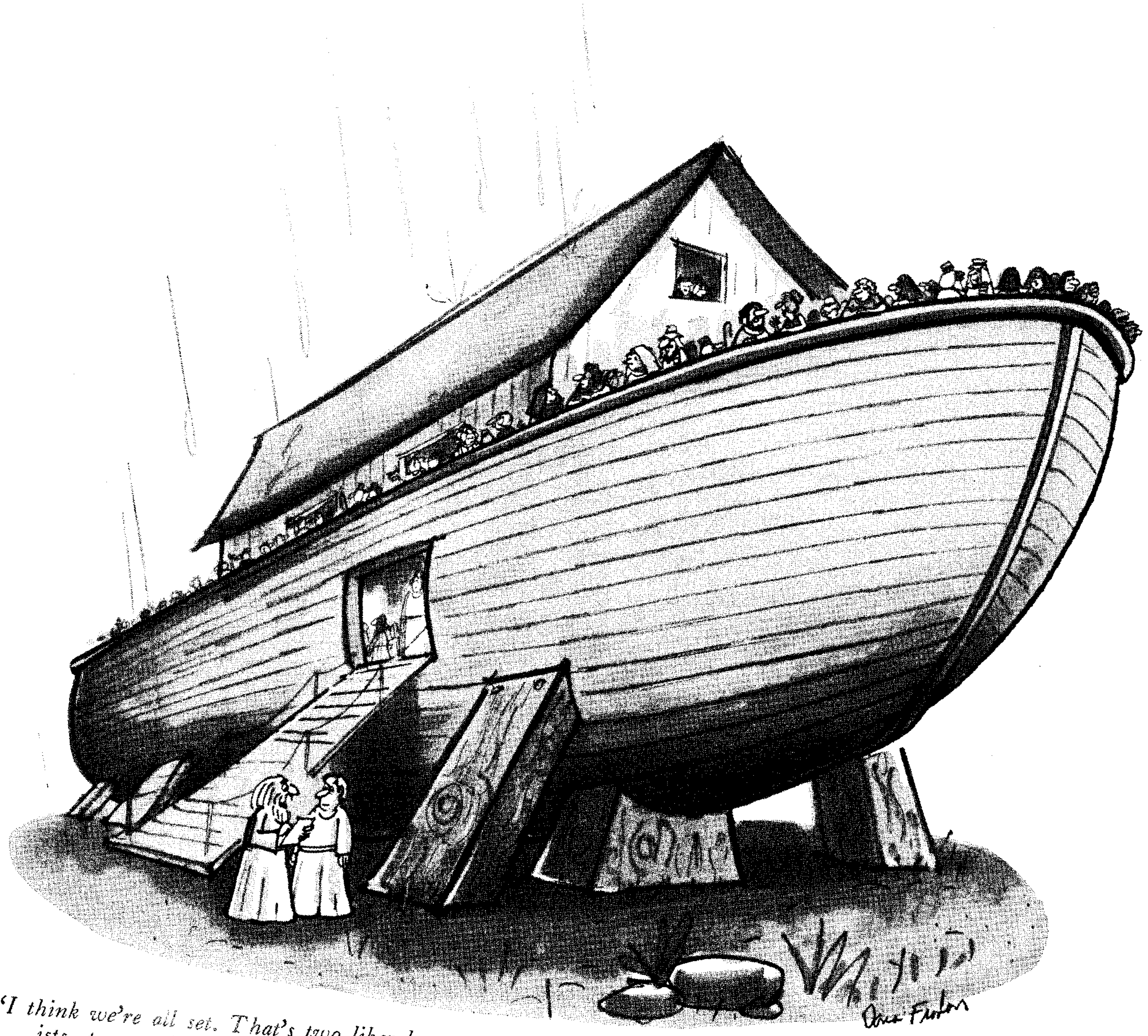

"I think we're all set. That's two liberals, two conservatives, two Communists, two Fascists, two Socialists, two capitalists, two neo-Fascists, two pseudo-liberals, two apoliticals, two anarchists . . ."

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Garnet swallowed mightily. "Any time," she said.

Liz turned on her heel and disappeared.

Garnet checked her quartz watch and sat down on a straight-backed chair. She crossed her bare ankles on the workbench. She cracked a carrot in two and ate half of it.

A tanned woman in a bright-red dress stepped into the kitchen doorway. "The Wymans are out of your downstairs," the woman said.

"So soon?" Garnet said.

"They're up in their rooms. I believe I talked to you today on the phone. I'm Hilda Spitz."

"You're the betrothed? Congratulations."

"I'm on my way out with Nate, but I had to thank you for your living room, and for what you said to Ross."

"He told you?" Garnet said. "*What* did I say?"

"He told us all. They do want Nate dead," Hilda said.

"I've got more words for Ross, if he wants to hear them," Garnet said.

"I agree. Not to be unkind, but he and Liz oughtn't be such buttinskies. It's not their place."

"It's my place," Garnet said.

"I'm sorry you're upset," Hilda said.

"I'm not. It's the carrot I'm eating. My husband used to say people get smart-alecky eating carrots because of Bugs Bunny."

"But I can see that you're angry," Hilda said.

Garnet took down her feet and sighed. "Please, I'm not. I'm just hot and I can't seem to find time to digest food today, which I must do soon. I'm aching to get about eighty fathoms underwater. And I'm just used to being alone. I mean, I like it. I'm good company for myself, but not for anyone else."

"I've been alone lately, and I know the trick, too," Hilda said. "It's important to know . . . how to be alone."

"The Wymans have been here a week and I hate it."

"Makes you salty," Hilda said.

"They are trouble," Garnet said.

"Burrs under your saddle," Hilda said.

Garnet nodded. After a pause, she said, "Well . . ."

"I could just brain that Liz," Hilda said.

"Well, forget about her and Ross, and I will, too. Have a happy wedding and a great life." She ate some more of her carrot.

"Now, I taught grammar school for thirty years," Hilda said.

"That's something," Garnet said.

"Nate reminds me of one of my old charges. I can just picture him as a child, can't you?"

"Here we go," Garnet whispered. She looked at her fingernails and then at her watch.

Nate Reimerschmidt joined them. His shirt was wet on his shoulders and chest. There was a great deal of color on his freckled cheeks, but around his eyes the flesh was blanched. "Sweetheart," he said to Hilda.

"Sweetheart, I was just telling this girl that we're leaving," Hilda said.

"Let's give her some money," Nate said. He took a floppy billfold from his hip pocket and batted it on his palm five or six times.

"She doesn't want money," Hilda said, "do you?" She looked at Garnet and made a quick conspiratorial wink.

"Did Hilda tell you she had a twin sister?" Nate said.

"I had a sister four minutes younger than myself," Hilda said.

Garnet said, "Oh, really? Where is she? Why isn't she here in the kitchen with us?"

The two older people laughed. "Why, she's dead," Hilda said.

"Dead and moldering," Nate said cheerfully.

"Moldering, too?" Garnet said.

"She died in October." Hilda's voice was low. "We two had an almost symbiotic relationship. It was spiritual, and it was spooky."

"It was uncanny. One would say, 'Ahh,' and the other would say, 'Choo,' " Nate said.

Hilda smiled. "I have a disconnected feeling now. I have a deep loneliness that a non-twin can't know. I think to be completely alone is a risk."

"I don't know," Garnet said. "It sounds pretty safe to me, at the moment."

Hilda said, "I'm to lecture tomorrow, at the Marriott downtown, to a luncheon gathering of mothers of twins. They'll want to know what it's like to have an identical sibling. I have no idea what I'll tell them."

"Wouldn't you like to come to the Marriott and listen?" Nate said. "Where do you like to go out to eat?" He began to beat his wallet on his palm again.

Garnet said, "I would just like to eat right here, in my home. It would be a real novelty."

The old people laughed again. "Ross and Liz," Nate explained to Hilda.

"I'm so thankful to Nate," Hilda said. She gently touched his temple where a little stream of perspiration ran. "It's crucial to me, with my sister gone, to have a target for all my feelings. I call him my share partner. We have to share everything."

"I want you to take this," Nate said. He folded a five-dollar bill lengthwise and held it out to Garnet.

Hilda took the money from Nate and winked again. "That's inappropriate," she said.

"Hell. I'm only being grateful in a way that means something," Nate said.

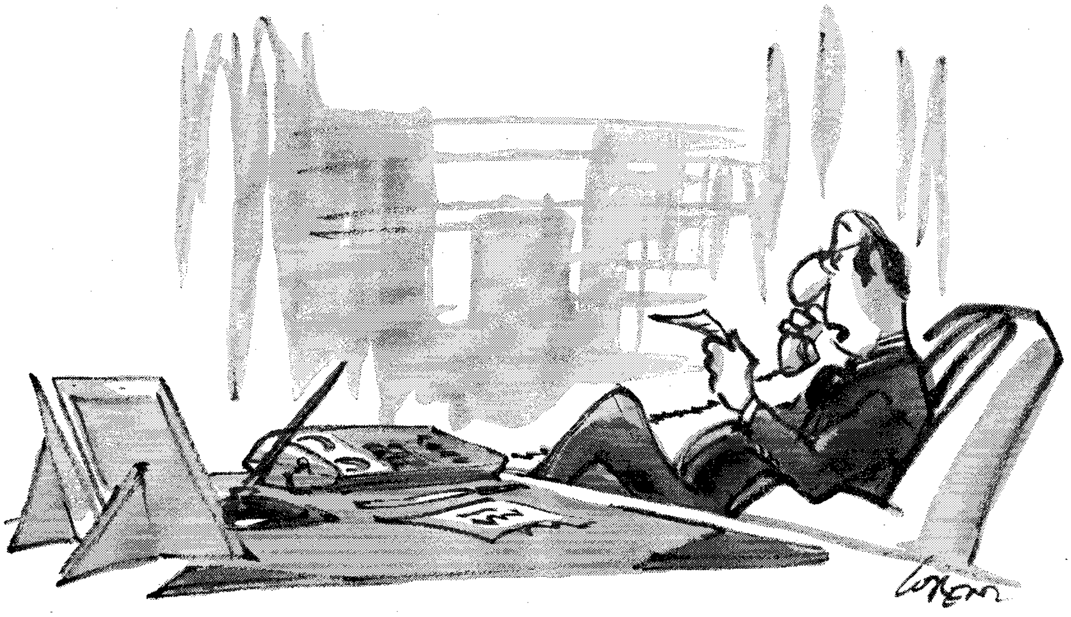
Out in the driveway, a car horn popped and Garnet heard Reid Small. He yelled, "Shake it up in there."

As soon as the Wymans moved out of Garnet's house, the weather reversed and became stormy and unseasonably cool. Garnet cleaned the third-floor rooms, taking a couple of weekends to do it. On a rainy Sunday, she brought the last of her brooms, sponges, and buckets down the back steps. She went into the downstairs parlor and rolled the tuning knob on her inherited wooden-cased, round-shouldered radio. She fixed on a Boston station. The front-door alarm sounded.

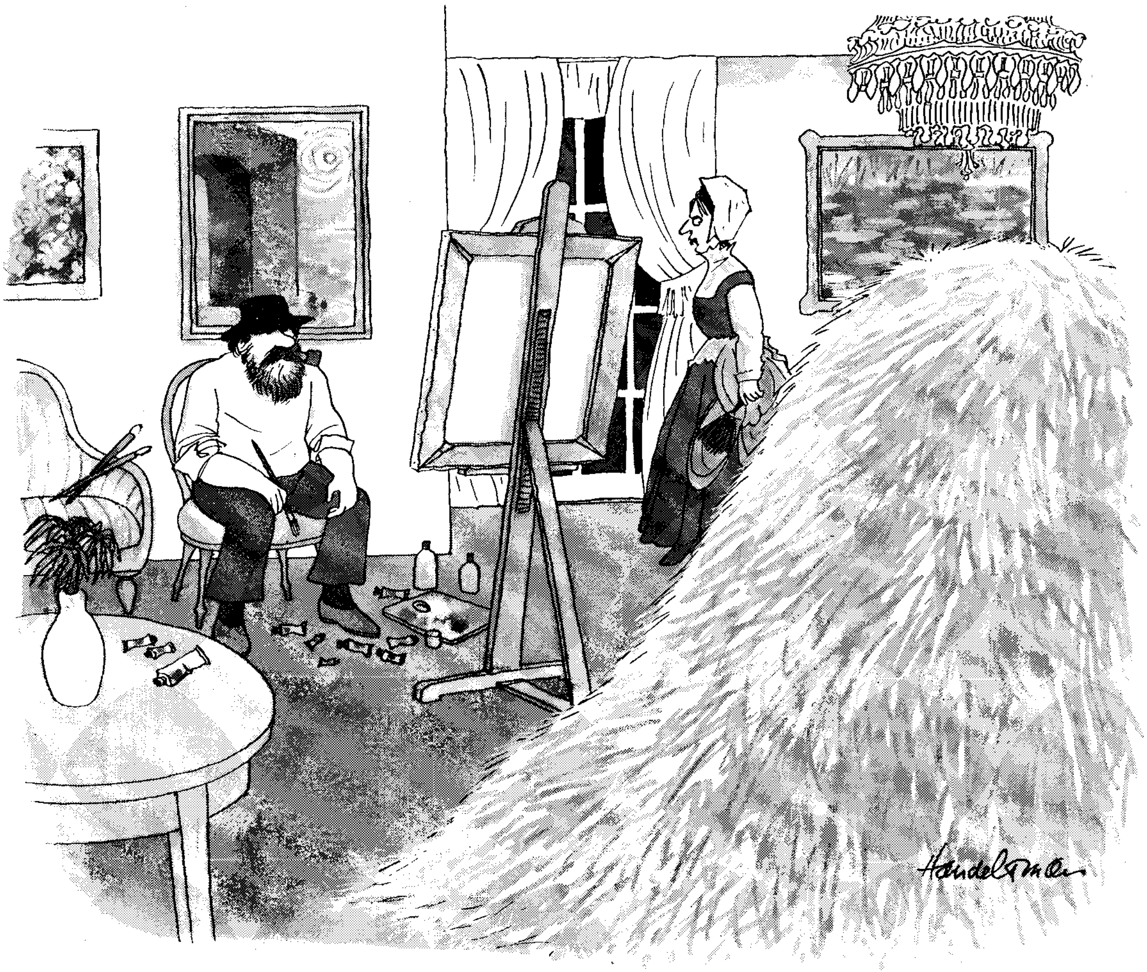
Liz Wyman was on the deep porch, wearing a slicker with its hood turned up.

"Hello, Liz," Garnet said. "Did you forget something?"

"This is crazy. I'm on my way to the Star Market, and I pass this place and I can't stop myself. I try to just whoosh by, but



"Rossiter? This is Burton. I have here a handwritten communication, addressed to me and signed by you, outlining a proposed course of action. Are you trying to send me a message?"



DECISIVE MOMENTS IN ART

Monet discovers that a haystack is not at its best under artificial light. In a moment, he will take it outside again.

• • •

I can't. I gotta come up here and yell at you."

"Make it quick," Garnet said.

"That's what I *mean*," Liz said. "Who are you, do you think, to dismiss me that way? It makes me furious, the way you dismissed us, when we were having bad problems. And we never liked you a bit, to boot." Water was dripping from the turned-up cowl of the slicker into Liz's eyes.

"Would you like to come in and have a quick cup of coffee?" Garnet said.

"What I'd like is to tell you how *we* feel." She seemed to search for words.

"Please," Garnet said. "Why don't you come in? It's raining in your face."

"You might be interested to know that my dad is in a rest home. It's a sanatorium, really. It's Birch Hill, in Vermont, and it wasn't our idea or our doing, but his. We're paying for it, though. The best place we could find, and where he wanted to go most. He went with Hilda's blessing. He said he was very tired, and Hilda agreed."

"I'm sorry," Garnet said. She felt something brush her calf. Her beagle stood quietly by her leg.

"And that's the other thing," Liz said. "Your dog. Ross told me what he thinks you're doing to your dog. Don't you know it's mean to keep him suffering? Don't you think he's in a little pain? Are you too far out of touch to notice that?"

Garnet closed the door, gently, on Liz Wyman, who said, "I'm not finished."

Garnet went to one of the matching chairs and sat. There was a Brahms piece on the Motorola—a brooding piece that seemed all strings to her. The music went nicely with the sound of rain in the shrubs outside the parlor's screens. She watched her beagle, who hadn't moved from the foyer, who stood as still as a piece of furniture. She listened to the music and to the angry, stuttering, repeated bursts of her doorbell.

Not long after Liz Wyman left the porch, Garnet's phone rang. "It's past noon," Reid Small said. "That was your deadline. You didn't call me."

"I lost track."

"What's your answer?" he said. "I need to know by September 1."

"You can have the third floor, Reid. That's all I know for now. Is that O.K.?"

"Yeah, but I mean, that's not really an answer. I mean, I *have* an apartment, Garnet. I want a life with you."

"Maybe you should stay there. You do have a very good apartment, full of good things. Is that an answer?"

"If you're making it one," Reid said.

Garnet said, "Listen, I'm leaning on the hands of a clock and they're sagging under my weight. Does that sound stupid? I keep waiting for them to break under my weight. That's how I feel."

"All right," Reid Small said.

Garnet held the phone and waited. She could hear a news broadcast on Reid's television, in his apartment across the city. She said, "Oh, hell. Come here, then, and live. Yes."

"Yes? I better hang up and pack before you change your mind," Reid said.

He rang off, but not before Garnet had changed her mind, only before she had a chance to say so.

—JAMES ROBISON

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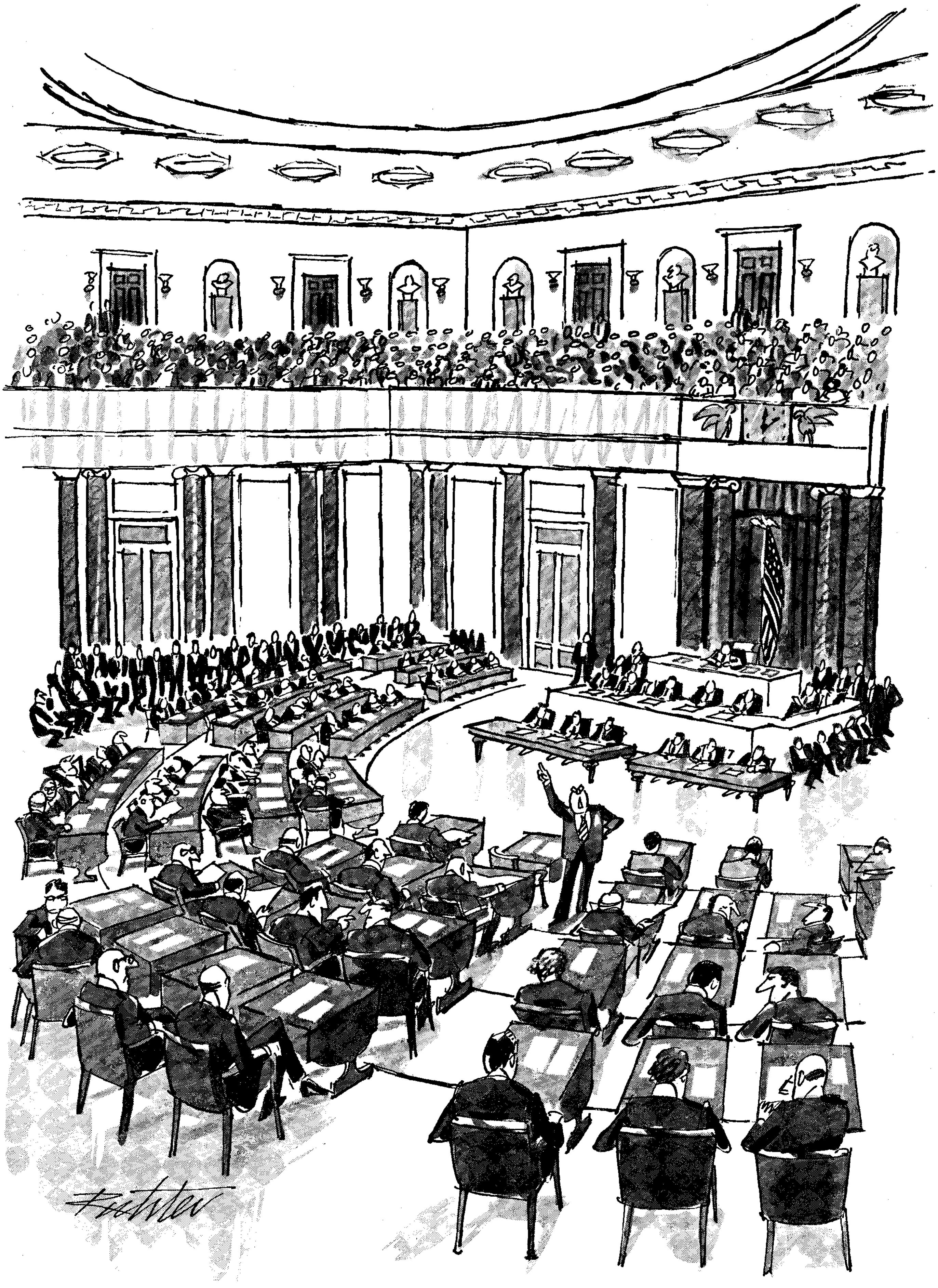
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Lee Winfrey in the Boston Globe*]

When NBC hired Silverman away from ABC in 1978, very few doubted that he was less than the very best.



"And as the ant said to the grasshopper . . ."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

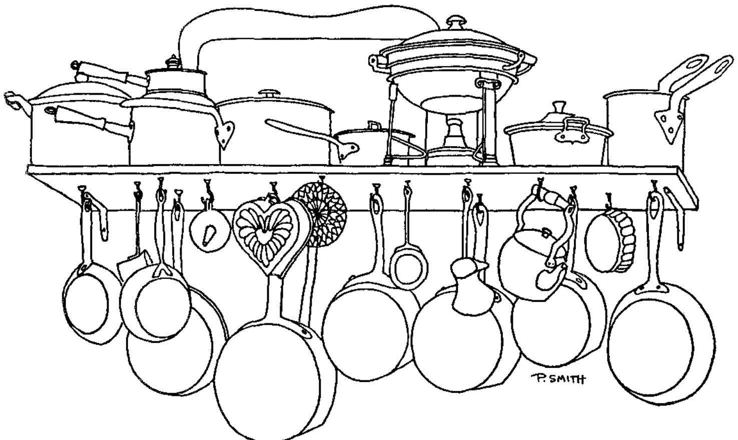
A DISCIPLINED, CHARGING ARMY

ON October 3, 1980, just a month before his victory in the Presidential election, Ronald Reagan stopped in Lynchburg, Virginia, to address a convention of the National Religious Broadcasters, whose host was the Reverend Jerry Falwell, pastor of the Thomas Road Baptist Church in Lynchburg and the president of the Moral Majority. On arriving at the airport, Reagan said, in answer to a question, that he was "quite sure" God heard the prayers of Jews. At the convention, he told an audience of pastors, students, and Lynchburg citizens that he believed in the separation of church and state. He also said that he supported voluntary, nonsectarian prayer in the public schools. "I don't think we should have ever expelled God from the classroom," he told the cheering audience. Reagan's statements received national news coverage, for there was then some uncertainty about his theological views. In mid-August, at a convention of evangelical pastors in Dallas, he had confessed to having grave doubts about the theory of evolution, and asserted that the Bible contained the answers to all of the world's problems. At that time, he had condemned the use of the separation of church and state as a means of keeping religious values out of government.

About a hundred members of the national press corps had arrived in Lynchburg two days before Reagan's visit, in order to attend the whole of the religious broadcasters' convention. They had hoped to be able to interview a number of the star television evangelists, but they were disappointed, for few of the stars showed up. Pat Robertson and Jim Bakker did not come, although they lived only a few counties away. Even Jerry Falwell was not much in evidence, because he had a son in the hospital and there was a concurrent meeting of the state chairmen of the Moral Majority to attend. Falwell did, however, hold a press conference, at which he denounced abortion, homosexuality, and pornography and called for increased American support to Israel and a stronger national defense. There was nothing much new in it: Falwell's purpose was to assure the press that the Moral Majority was not a sinister organization with a "medieval mentality," as some had alleged. The members of the press went away from the convention with the view that Reagan had moderated his theological position and Falwell had moderated his approach to politics.

About a year before, the press had begun to report on a campaign, already under way, to mold conservative Christians into a political voting bloc. The leaders of the campaign—a number of political organizers for conservative causes and a number of television evangelists—claimed a constituency of fifty million Protestant evangelicals and thirty million "morally conservative" Catholics, as well as a few million Mormons and Orthodox Jews. The political organizers did not, in spite of their public statements, really expect to enlist this whole constituency or to create a Christian political party. What they expected was that a campaign focussed on such concerns as abortion, homosexuality, and the proposed Equal Rights Amendment might swing sufficient numbers of Catholics and Protestant evangelicals to change the normal voting patterns and the election results. And by October of 1980 their expectation seemed a reasonable one. The new organizations—the Moral Majority, the Christian Voice—had grown apace; pastors, working at a local level through the churches, had registered impressive numbers of new voters and had raised money and volunteers for conservative, and against liberal, candidates in a number of states. In Alaska, for example, Moral Majority members had packed the Republican caucuses, and so, at the state convention, Ronald Reagan won all nineteen of Alaska's delegates to the National Convention; they had also campaigned successfully to secure the Republican senatorial nomination for the conservative Frank Murkowski. The Moral Majority had had similar victories in Alabama and Iowa. In many other states, the organizations of evangelicals, in combination with Right-to-Life groups and conservative political-action committees, had defeated liberals and nominated those on the right wing of their Party in the Republican primaries. In many states, the relative influence of these various groups was difficult to measure, because the secular and the religious organizations tended to support the same candidates and espouse the same goals. The main issues continued to be abortion and "the family," but the secular conservative groups also spoke out for prayer in the schools, and the pastors increasingly spoke out on the defense and foreign-policy issues of the right, such as the SALT II and Panama Canal treaties.

By October, the question was whether this conservative alliance might actually come to dominate the Republican Party. The Republican platform embodied the views of the alliance on a number of issues, including abortion, school prayers, gun control, and the need for military superiority; the Party also dropped its past commitment to the E.R.A. Though the organizers had initially favored John Connally to win the Presidential nomination, Reagan had proved sympathetic to many of their causes. True, he had rejected their candidate for the Vice-Presidency, Senator Jesse Helms, and had chosen a running mate whom they had specifically opposed. But he had selected Robert Billings, the former executive director of the Moral Majority, as his liaison with the religious groups. And after the Convention he had taken a number of positions espoused almost exclusively by the pastors and other members of the alliance—such as the desirability of America's



"Well, here we go again, Dusty. The Red Sox are trailing the Yankees, the Dodgers are rolling, and the Mets are headed for the cellar."

• •

reëstablishing an official relationship with Taiwan. His appearance at the convention of religious broadcasters in Lynchburg seemed to testify to his accord with the pastors—and to the influence of Jerry Falwell.

Few journalists who visited Lynchburg for the convention had ever heard of Falwell until a few months before. That in itself was a curious fact, for by the summer of 1980 Falwell was well known to millions of Americans through the very media that many of the journalists themselves used: radio and television. On Sunday mornings, his religious television program, "The Old-Time Gospel Hour," was broadcast on network affiliates and other VHF stations across the country; it was, according to Falwell, more widely distributed than the Johnny Carson show. Falwell was not the most popular evangelist on television, but he was one of a handful who in the nineteen-seventies had developed a nationwide audience and had been bringing in over thirty million dollars a year in contributions from that audience. As such, he was a part of a phenomenon.

In the nineteen-fifties and early sixties, most religious broadcasters on television were main-line clergymen—Catholics, Jews, and Protestants—who received free public-service air time. Billy Graham, Oral Roberts, and Rex Humbard had been on television since the nineteen-fifties, but by the nineteen-seventies a host of newcomers had taken over—men in their thirties and forties who created their own organizations to buy time on the air and acquired their own systems of distribution via satellite and cable networks. Many of them were charismatics, who preached the power of the Holy Spirit to heal and to work miracles; they tended to be fundamentalist and politically conservative. Along with the older evangelists, Pat Robertson, Jim Bakker, James Robison, Jerry Falwell, and others bought up most of the public-service time on Sunday-morning TV, pushing much of the main-line religious programming off the air and making television evangelism a big business for the first time. In the nineteen-seventies, the annual expenditure of TV ministries for air time went from around fifty million dollars to six hundred million; by the end of the decade, there were thirty religiously oriented TV stations, more than a thousand religious radio stations, and four religious networks—all of them supported by audience contributions.

The sudden and dramatic success of the so-called electric church resulted in part from changes within the media themselves. Television had begun as a highly centralized medium: the local stations were controlled by the networks, and the networks by Federal Communications Commission regulations. Because the F.C.C. demanded it, all stations had to allocate a certain amount of public-service time for religious programming. Because of network policy, many of the affiliates could not accept paid religious broadcasting. By the nineteen-seventies, this situation had changed. The networks no longer dominated their affiliates, and the F.C.C. had ruled that it would consider paid religious broadcasts as satisfying the public-service requirement; therefore, one affiliate after another had begun to sell off its Sunday-morning hours. Since there was—initially—little competition for the "religious ghetto" hours on Sunday morning, the evangelists could buy this time cheaply. The new technology of television—cable systems, communications satellites, and UHF stations—made air time even more available. And it made it even cheaper, too, since many cable stations would pick up the religious broadcasts free to fill their programming schedules. Thus, even in fiscal 1979 it cost Falwell only nine million dollars a year to broadcast his daily radio and weekly television programs all over the country. In addition, new computer technology (or the new availability of it) permitted independent evangelists to establish sophisticated "feedback loops" through telephone banks and direct-mail services with "personalized" letters and solicitations. These feedback loops were, in a sense, the key to the evangelists' operations, for it took relatively few people giving ten or twenty dollars a month to keep the

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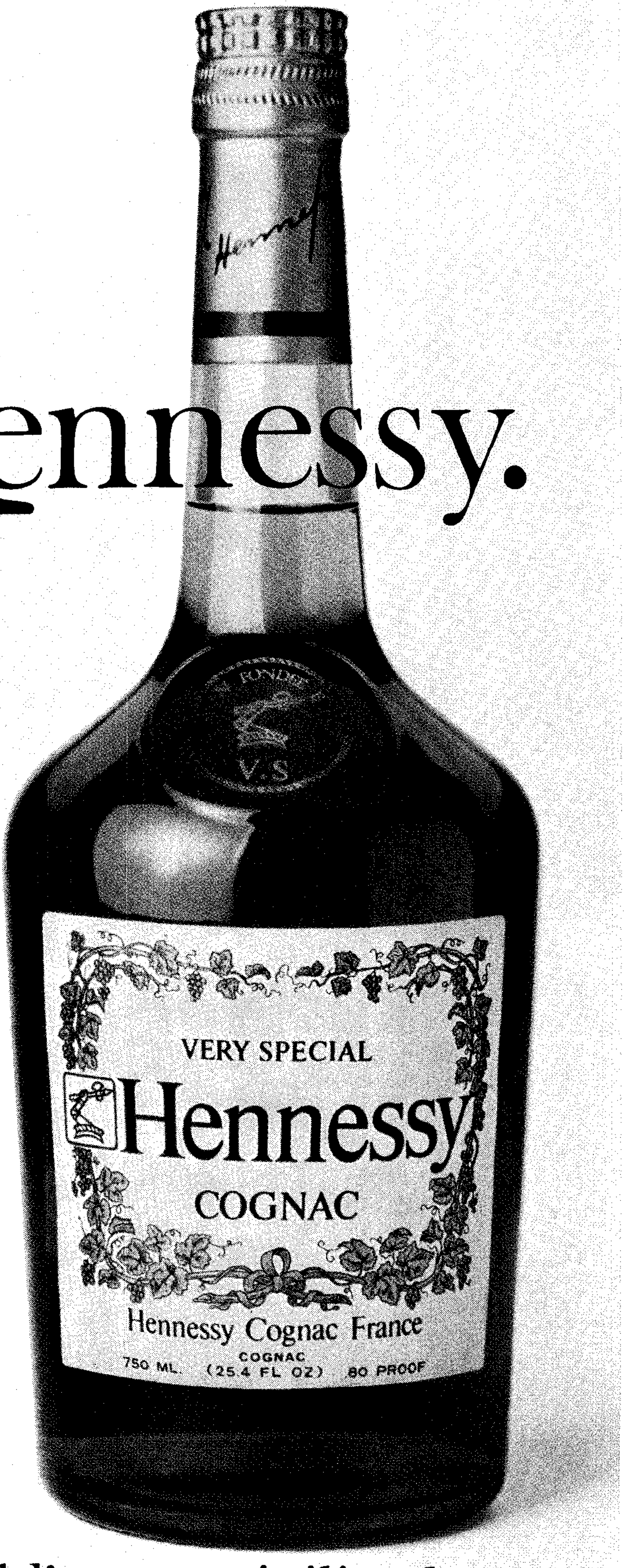
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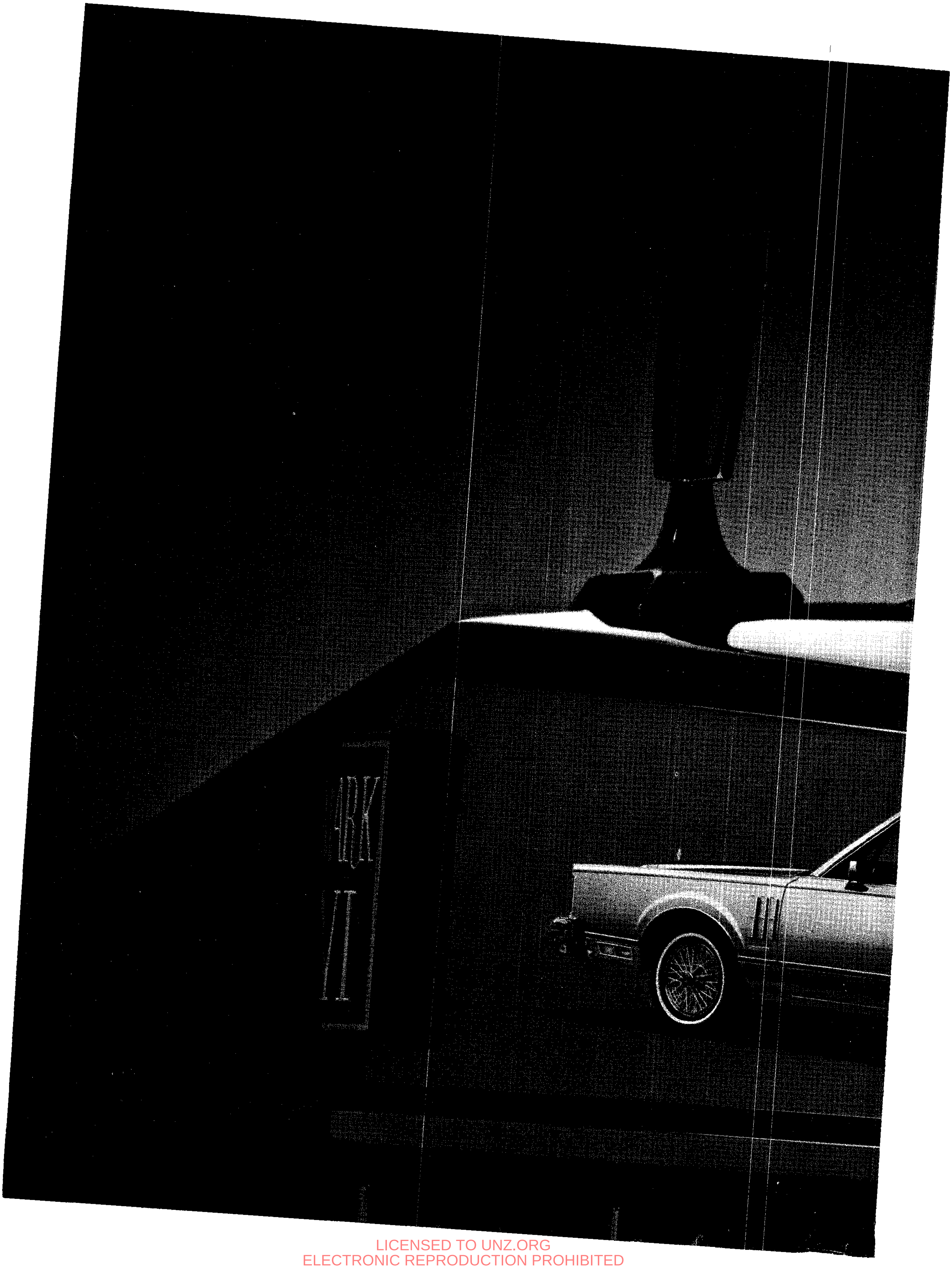
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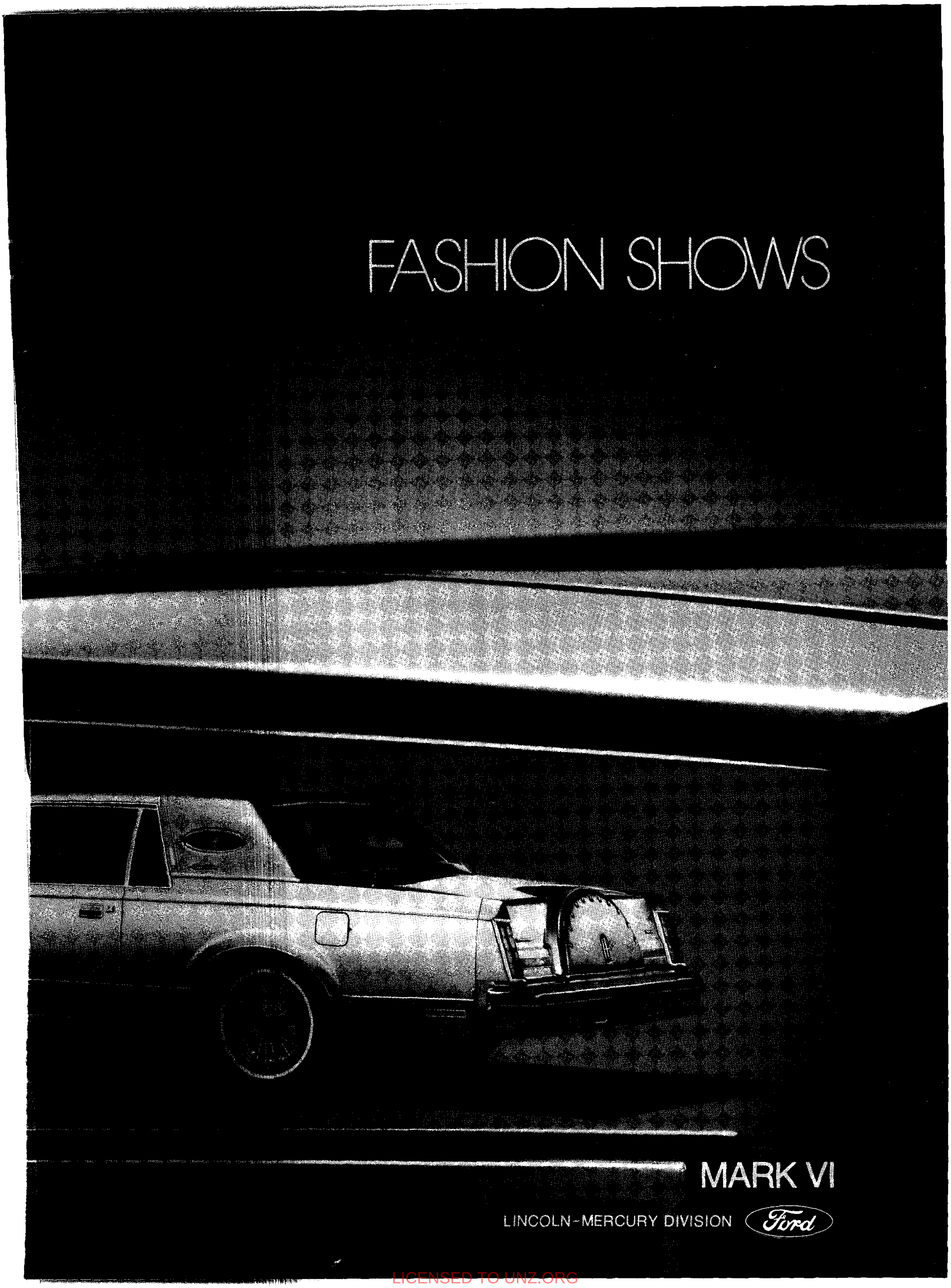
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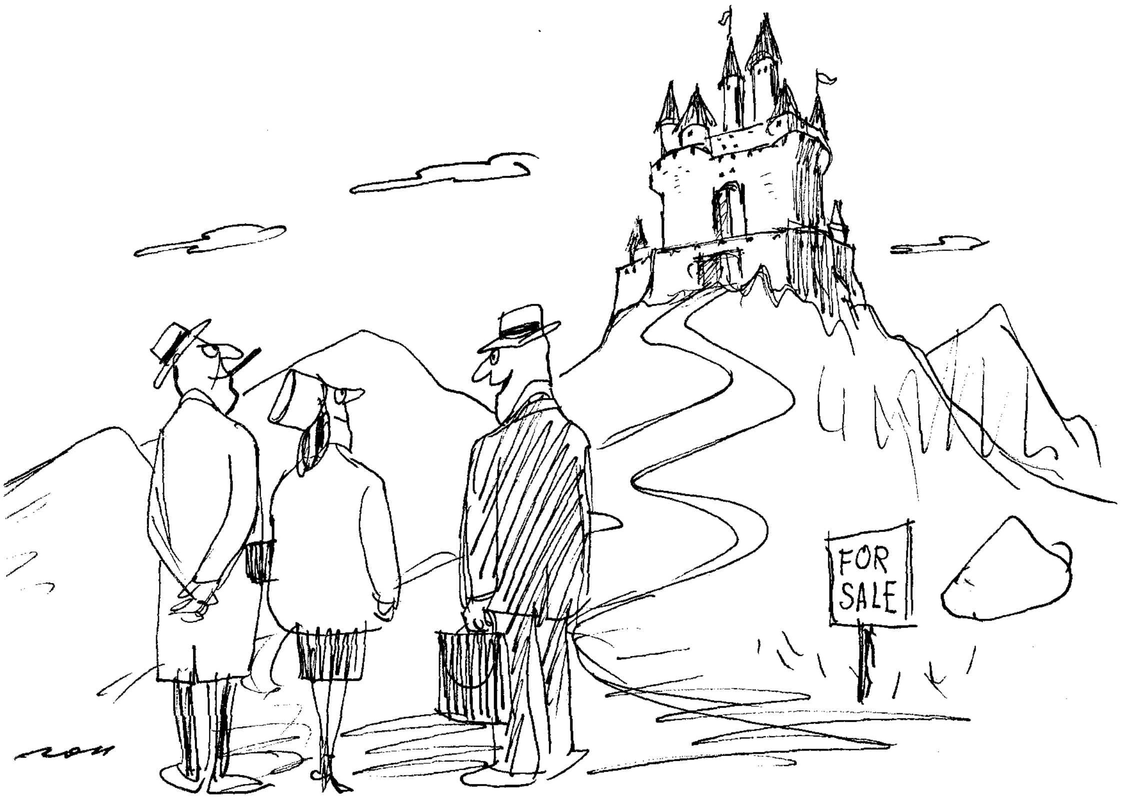


"Another terrific feature—it's impregnable."

• •

The main-line clergy—who worried a great deal about this use of television—insisted upon the minority status of these evangelists, and pointed to ratings showing that Oral Roberts reached only two per cent of American households each week and that most of them, including Robertson, Bakker, and Falwell, reached less than one per cent. (National television ratings, however, do not take into account the cable channels, so these figures are in fact significantly higher.) The main-line clergy also pointed out that the audiences for these programs consisted mainly of women over forty-five in relatively low income brackets. They said that while many of the programs of major churches had far larger ratings, this meant nothing to the television stations, since the major churches could not pay for the air time (and would not solicit contributions). The local stations, by selling off their Sunday-morning air time, had permitted those evangelists with no scruples about commercializing religion to drive much of the other clergy—Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish—off the air. In 1980, ninety per cent of all religion on television was commercial, and most of it was controlled by right-wing fundamentalist groups. In the view of the mainstream clergy, this represented a distortion of the medium and a great injustice to the majority of Americans.

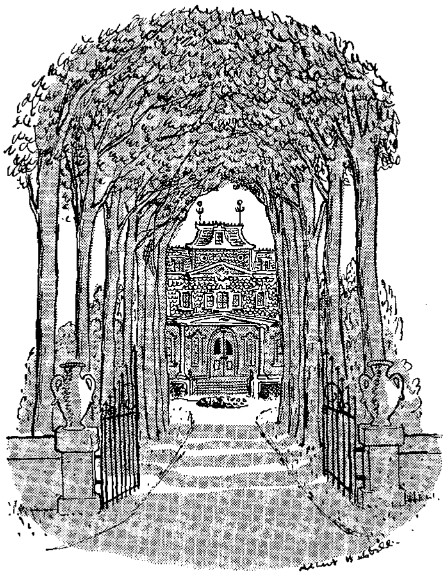
All the same, the mainstream clergy had to admit that the television evangelists had come along at a time of change in the religious life of the country. During the nineteen-seventies, they had watched a decline in the membership of liberal churches and a rather dramatic rise in the membership of conservative churches. In 1976, the year of Jimmy Carter's election, the Gallup organization had found that there were fifty million "born-again Christians" in the country. About half of them were fundamentalists, and not even all of the fundamentalists were consistently conservative on social and political issues. Still, as the political mood of the country was shifting toward the right the religious trend was away from the social gospel and toward the pietistic and the privatistic. The liberal clergy feared that the capture of the media by conservative evangelists had increased this trend, and that in the end the evangelists might succeed in changing the structure of religious life in the country.

Theologically speaking, it is easy to see why conservative evangelists should be attracted to television as a medium: for those who believe that salvation can be achieved by a sudden, spontaneous leap to faith, television serves as the equivalent of a vast revival tent, offering immediate mass escape from eternal damnation. But why a mass television audience should be attracted to a specifically fundamentalist theology is—in the abstract—less understandable. From a doctrinal point of view, fundamentalism is, after all, a gloomy and demanding enterprise that goes against much of what has long been assumed to be the American grain: faith in science, faith in human nature, and faith that man can improve the conditions of life on earth. Fundamentalism runs through a number of Protestant denominations (there are Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist fundamentalists in addition to Holiness and Pentecostal fundamentalists), but at its core is the doctrine of Biblical inerrancy. Fundamentalists believe that every word in the Bible is—literally—the Word of God. Many of them also believe that creation occurred in exactly six days around ten thousand years ago, and that human history will end fairly soon with the coming of the Antichrist, and after that most of mankind will have to endure a terrible period of tribulation before Christ returns to the earth and installs his millennial reign of peace and justice (the doctrine of premillennialism). The world is now full of sin and suffering, but even Christians can do little to improve matters, since man's very nature is evil. The sole task for a Christian is to bring as many others as possible to Christ, so that they can escape the tribulation to come.

This dour message was not, however, much in evidence on the television airwaves—and certainly not in the programming of the big-time evangelists. Anyone who turned on the tube of a Sunday morning would see a lot of well-washed, smiling faces and hear the only two pieces of good news in fundamentalist theology: the certainty of salvation for the believer, and the willingness of God to intervene directly in the believer's life. On the "700 Club," sleek, good-looking Pat Robertson would interview a celebrity guest, such as Charles Colson, then, minutes later, fall to his knees, lift his hands to Heaven, and say, "There's a woman in Philadelphia who has cancer—cancer of the lymph nodes. It hasn't been diagnosed yet, but God has just cured her of it!" On the James Robison show, Robison, who looks like a combination of James Dean and Burt Lancaster, would thunder on about sexual perversion and "secular humanism," then introduce a lovely woman singer—or perhaps the lovely Mr. and Mrs. Cullen Davis, newly brought to Christ. The Oral Roberts show has grand vistas and large multitudes. Standing tall against the skyline of his new hospital and university complex, in Tulsa, Roberts directs banked choirs in inspirational singing or calls students out of the huge auditorium to pray over the mountains of mail he receives. The message that comes through clearest from all these shows is that God pays particular attention to the health and financial prosperity of those who send in contributions to religious TV shows.

Fundamentalist evangelists have traditionally preached the American civil religion; that is, reverence for the flag, for freedom, for the armed forces, and for the American way of life. Most of the television evangelists have thus been addressing political and social issues for some time. Still, it was somewhat surprising that they would launch themselves directly into electoral politics—that was a break with tradition. And not all of them did join the fray. Oral Roberts, a paternal and politically moderate figure, kept out of it altogether—as did Billy Graham and Rex Humbard. It was the younger men who stepped forward: Pat Robertson, the host of a talk show and the director of a religious network in Virginia Beach, Virginia; Jim Bakker, a former protégé of Robertson's, who has duplicated Robertson's success with his own talk show and his own religious network, in North Carolina; James Robison, in Fort Worth; and Jerry Falwell, in Lynchburg. Initially, it was Pat Robertson who showed the greatest enthusiasm for politics. In the fall of 1979, he brought politicians onto his talk show, endorsed candidates all over the map, and told the press, "We have enough votes to run the country." Jim Bakker was not far behind. In November of 1979, he told a reporter, "Our goal is to influence all viable [Presidential] candidates on issues important to the church. We want answers. We want appointments in government." In the late spring of 1980, however, both Robertson and Bakker retreated from the political arena, having apparently decided that the risks of political involvement were too great. (Hence, perhaps, their decision not to attend the broadcasters' convention where Reagan would speak.) In the end, only two of the superstars—Robison and Falwell—remained in the fight. Interestingly, unlike Bakker and Robertson, they were not charismatics: Robison was a Southern Baptist, and Falwell the pastor of an independent Baptist church. Falwell was the senior of the two, with the larger television audience, and, as head of the Moral Majority, he took a more active role than Robison. By the end of the campaign, he had become for the press the symbolic head of the whole fundamentalist political movement. "We are fighting a holy war," Falwell had said, "and this time we are going to win."

By comparison with the other evangelists (who were his competitors in what became a fierce and expensive competition for Sunday-morning air time), Falwell is the most sober and conventional of preachers. His program, "The Old-Time Gospel Hour," is simply a videotape recording of the eleven-o'clock service in the Thomas Road Baptist Church. (The tape is edited, and extra footage is occasionally added.) The choir behind him sings traditional Baptist hymns, and he, strong-jawed and portly of figure, wearing a thick three-piece black suit, looks every inch the Baptist preacher of the pre-television era. True, there is a good deal of showmanship in his services. The female members of one of his singing groups, the Sounds of Liberty, wear Charlie's Angels hairdos and seem to snuggle up against their virile-looking male counterparts. Don Norman, one of the resident soloists and a pastor of the church, has a distinctly television-era pouf to his silver-gray hair. Another resident soloist, a cherub-faced young man called Robbie Hiner, provides comic relief by joking with Falwell and by wearing, on occasion, a bright-green suit, which contrasts strikingly with the baby-blue carpeting of the church. The "inspirational" singing involves a good deal of heavy breathing and a good many references to heavenly riches. Falwell does not, however, actually say that financial rewards will accrue to those who send him money. And, unlike many of the evangelists, he quite often mentions the problems of leading a Christian life in a sinful world.



In a sense, it was not surprising that Falwell decided to go into politics. No mystical, otherworldly type of Baptist, he is most characteristically an organizer and a promoter. In 1956, he founded the Thomas Road Baptist Church with thirty-five people in an old factory building. Twenty-five years later, he has by far the biggest church in Lynchburg. It holds four thousand people and is jammed for every service on Sundays. He has a school, Lynchburg Christian Academy, from kindergarten through the twelfth grade, for the children of his parishioners; he has a home for alcoholics, a summer camp for children, a Bible institute and correspondence course, a seminary, and Liberty Baptist College, which is accredited and for which he is engaged in building a campus. He has a few wealthy backers, but most of his funds come from small contributors in Lynchburg and around the country. Businessmen in Lynchburg say he is a born leader and the best salesman they have ever seen.

But Falwell is also, as he has said, a "separatist, premillennialist, pre-tribulationist sort of fellow." He believes, he has said, that "this is the terminal generation before Jesus comes." And in 1965 he eloquently argued the doctrine of separation from the world in a sermon called "Ministers and Marchers":

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>
> While we are told to “render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s,” in the true interpretation, we have very few ties on this earth. We pay our taxes, cast our votes as a responsibility of citizenship, obey the laws of the land, and other things demanded of us by the society in which we live. But, at the same time, we are cognizant that our only purpose on this earth is to know Christ and to make Him known. Believing the Bible as I do, I would find it impossible to stop preaching the pure saving gospel of Jesus Christ, and begin doing anything else—including fighting Communism, or participating in civil-rights reforms.

At his press conference at the broadcasters’ convention, Falwell repudiated this sermon as “false prophecy.” Last summer, he had moved a hundred and eighty degrees from his former position by vowing to undertake civil disobedience if Congress voted to draft women into the armed forces.

Why Falwell changed his mind is an interesting question, and, in view of the fact that great numbers of fundamentalist pastors and lay people around the country went through the same transformation in the nineteen-seventies, it is also an important one. In the nineteen-sixties, fundamentalists had been one of the least politicized groups in the country; as Falwell discovered, very few of them were even registered to vote. Whether or not their numbers were on the increase, by the mid-seventies they had begun to make their voices heard. In 1974, for instance, fundamentalist pastors and parents in Kanawha County, West Virginia, had closed the schools down in protest against the introduction of schoolbooks that they said were un-Christian, unpatriotic, and destructive of the family and constituted an incitement to racial violence. A committee of the National Education Association investigated what became a prolonged series of demonstrations, and concluded that the trouble resulted in part from the cultural gap between the school board and the isolated mountain communities it served. The Kanawha County incident itself, however, turned out to be far from isolated. In the mid-seventies, groups of “concerned citizens” in many parts of the country, including the Northeast and the Midwest, attempted to purge their schools of similar books, protested against sex education, lobbied for the teaching of “scientific creationism” in biology courses, and called for the return of the old pedagogy of rote work. In hundreds of other communities—principally but not exclusively in the South—parents pulled their children out of the public schools and helped their pastors to build “Christian academies.” According to Falwell, there were fourteen hundred “Christian” schools in the early sixties and sixteen thousand in October of 1980, with new ones going into construction at the rate of one every seven hours. The same period saw the growth of statewide, then nationwide campaigns against abortion, gay rights, and the E.R.A. Supported by fundamentalist pastors—such as Falwell—these campaigns had considerable success in state referenda and in state legislatures. Fundamentalists were not the only constituency for these movements (Anita Bryant is a fundamentalist, while Phyllis Schlafly is a Catholic), but they were an important one, and their pastors had influence with other conservative evangelicals. By 1978, a Washington-based group of political organizers on the right—a group that included Richard Viguerie, the direct-mail specialist; Howard Phillips, the director of the Conservative Caucus; Terry Dolan, of the National Conservative Political Action Committee; and Paul Weyrich, of the Heritage Foundation and the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress—had identified the fundamentalist pastors as a strategic element in the building of a new coalition, which they called the New Right.

There was something extraordinary about all this. At the time of the Scopes trial, in 1925, most educated people had considered fundamentalism outmoded and irrelevant—a mere reaction to the advances in science and to modernity in general. Since then, American historians have tended to neglect the fundamentalist constituency or to see it as vestigial—the last cry of the still backwaters of the South against the modern world. But now fundamentalism was the religion of television and a part of the evangelical revival of the nineteen-seventies and eighties. The oldest right in America had become the New Right of 1980. Instead of being typified by a businessman on the golf links, the Republican Party leadership was now looking more and more like William Jennings Bryan in a double knit and television makeup. Pastors who once counselled withdrawal from the world of sin—and specifically the evils of politics—now bargained with politicians in the back rooms of Congress and gave sermons on defense policy.

Falwell's own explanation for these things, as one might imagine, has to do with the increasingly parlous state of the nation and the sense of crisis he and other Americans began to feel in the mid-seventies. That crisis, he says, now extends across the board, from the forty per cent divorce rate to the growth of the pornography industry to the feminist movement, the widespread use of drugs, social-worker intervention in the family, sex education, abortion on demand, the "abandonment" of Taiwan and the "loss" of the Panama Canal, Internal Revenue Service interference with "Christian" schools, rampant homosexuality, the notion of children's rights, and the spread of "secular humanism." In his view, all these things have corrupted the moral fibre of the country and destroyed its will to resist Communism. In his view, the country is in far worse shape than it was thirty, or even ten, years ago. In his view, moral Americans—Catholics, Protestants, Mormons, and Jews—finally woke up to this fact and realized that they must do something about it.

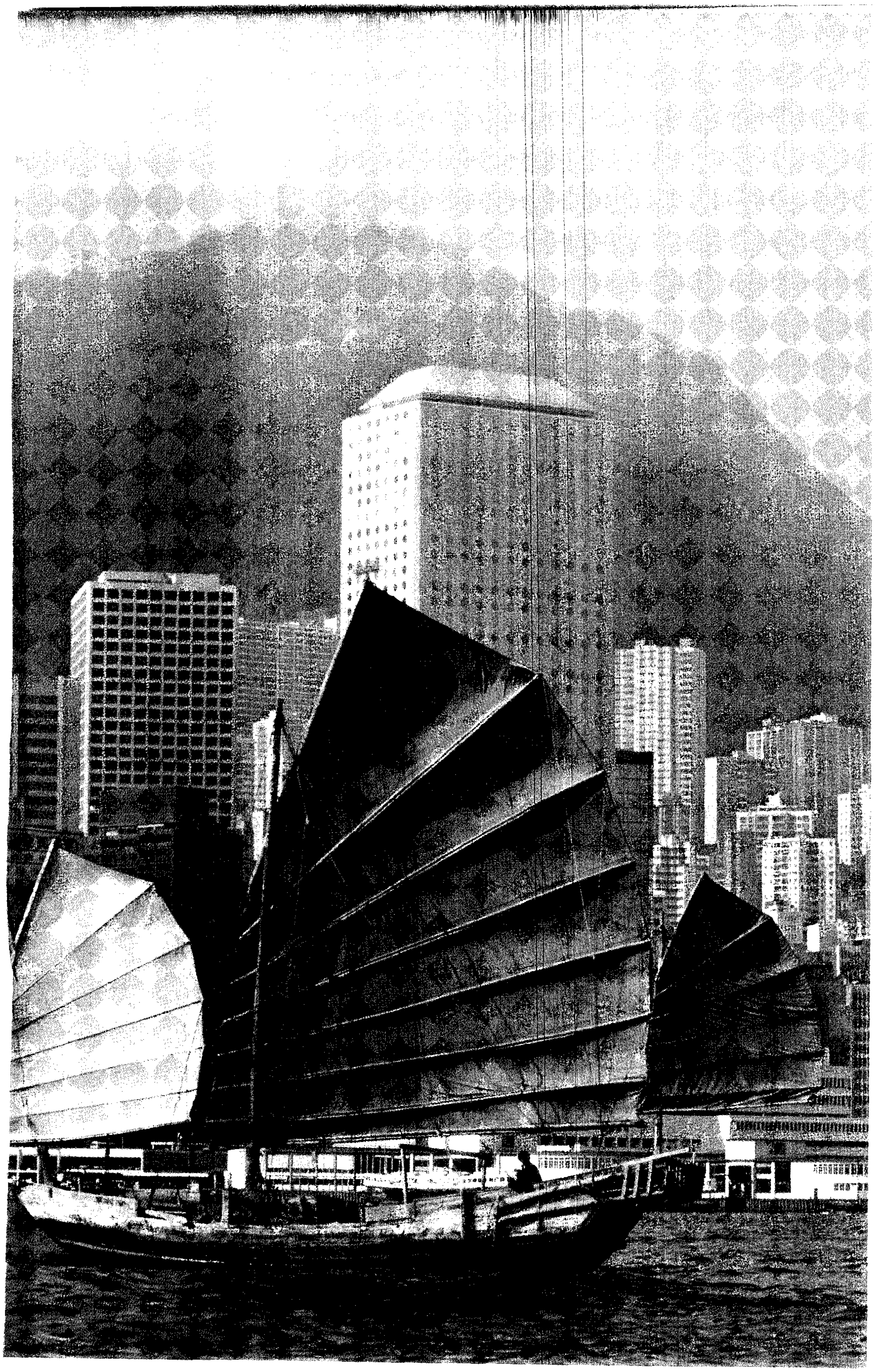
It is a theory, and, like most theories about American society, it is difficult to test on the national level. It cannot be proved by Nielsen ratings, voting statistics, or public-opinion polls—certainly not by the polls that Falwell sends his supporters, which ask such questions as "Do you approve of the American flag being burned in liberal and radical anti-American demonstrations?" and "Do you approve of the ratification of the E.R.A., which could well lead to homosexual marriages, unisexual bathrooms, and, of course, the mandatory drafting of women for military combat?" It is a theory, and it may be the correct one. Yet it is a theory that seems singularly farfetched in the context of Lynchburg, Virginia, for a more stable, tranquil, family-oriented city would be hard to find. But Lynchburg is the city where Falwell grew up and where he found his congregation.

LYNCHBURG lies on the James River, in a country of small farms and wooded, rolling hills at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. A hundred and sixty miles southwest of Washington, it is beyond the gentleman-farming, horse-breeding country and more than halfway to Appalachia. It's a small city—only sixty-seven thousand people—far from any major urban center. All the same, it is enterprising and not wholly provincial. Several large American corporations have plants in Lynchburg, and its nearly two hundred small factories turn out a great variety of goods, including paper products, medical supplies, children's clothing, and shoes. Because of the diversity of its manufactures, business journals sometimes use it for a Middletown or a model of the national economy as a whole. It is an old manufacturing city—one of the oldest in the South, according to its Chamber of Commerce—but it does not look it, for there are few belching smokestacks. The vista from the top of its one twenty-story building is mainly of trees and a bend in the river. It does not rival Charlottesville—sixty miles to the north—as a cultural center; yet it is perhaps best known in the South for two women's colleges, Randolph-Macon and Sweet Briar, which have turned out generations of Southern débutantes.

Lynchburg was founded—fairly recently, for Virginia—in the late eighteenth century, by John Lynch, an Irish-American tobacco farmer. During the Revolutionary War, John's brother Colonel Charles Lynch set up an informal military court on his property and sentenced Tories to hanging by their thumbs—thus the origin of the word "lynching." Lynchburg began as a tobacco-trading center and an agricultural market town. In the nineteenth century, new settlers—many of them Scotch-Irish Methodists and Presbyterians—moved in to build grain mills, an iron foundry, and small manufacturing enterprises. During the Civil War, it served as a staging area and hospital center for the Confederate Army of northern Virginia. After the war, its small tobacco farms grew less profitable, but its manufacturers prospered. When the industrial revolution came along, the Lynchburg merchants had the capital to build new foundries, cotton mills, and textile mills and a shoe factory. They used white labor almost exclusively, the blacks remaining on small, poor farms in the countryside.

In 1950, Lynchburg was still a mill town, most of its factories old-fashioned and its society hidebound, stratified, and segregated. But in the mid-fifties the town underwent the kind of transformation that was taking place in communities all across the South. A number of major national corporations began to arrive in town, attracted by low property taxes, nonunion labor, and relatively low pay scales. Among them were Babcock & Wilcox, the manufacturer of nuclear reactors; General Electric, which built a radio-assembly plant; and Meredith/Burda, a printing enterprise. The national corporations stimulated local industry and attracted other large manufacturers, from the North and from West Germany. Lynchburg businessmen now point with pride to the healthy diversity of the economy and to high levels of employment, even in recession times. In fact, the unemployment rate is usually lower than the national average; still, the median family income in Lynchburg is below that of Virginia as a whole. But the town has changed in other ways since 1950, for the big industries brought new money into town and new faces into the boardrooms and the country clubs. The colleges flourished. And in the mid-sixties, when the black ministers and their congregations conducted a series of sit-ins and demonstrations, they found that the white community was not immovable. Under pressure, the companies hired black workers, and the city's segregation ordinances were stricken from the books.

Lynchburg calls itself a city, but it is really a collection of suburbs, its population spread out over fifty square miles. In the nineteen-fifties, its old downtown was supplanted by a series of shopping plazas, leaving it with no real center. There's a good deal of variety to its neighborhoods. Along the James River, in a section called Rivermont, stately nineteenth-century mansions look out over wooded parks and lawns. Behind them are streets of white-shingled Victorian houses and, behind *them*, tracts of comfortable post-Second World War developer-



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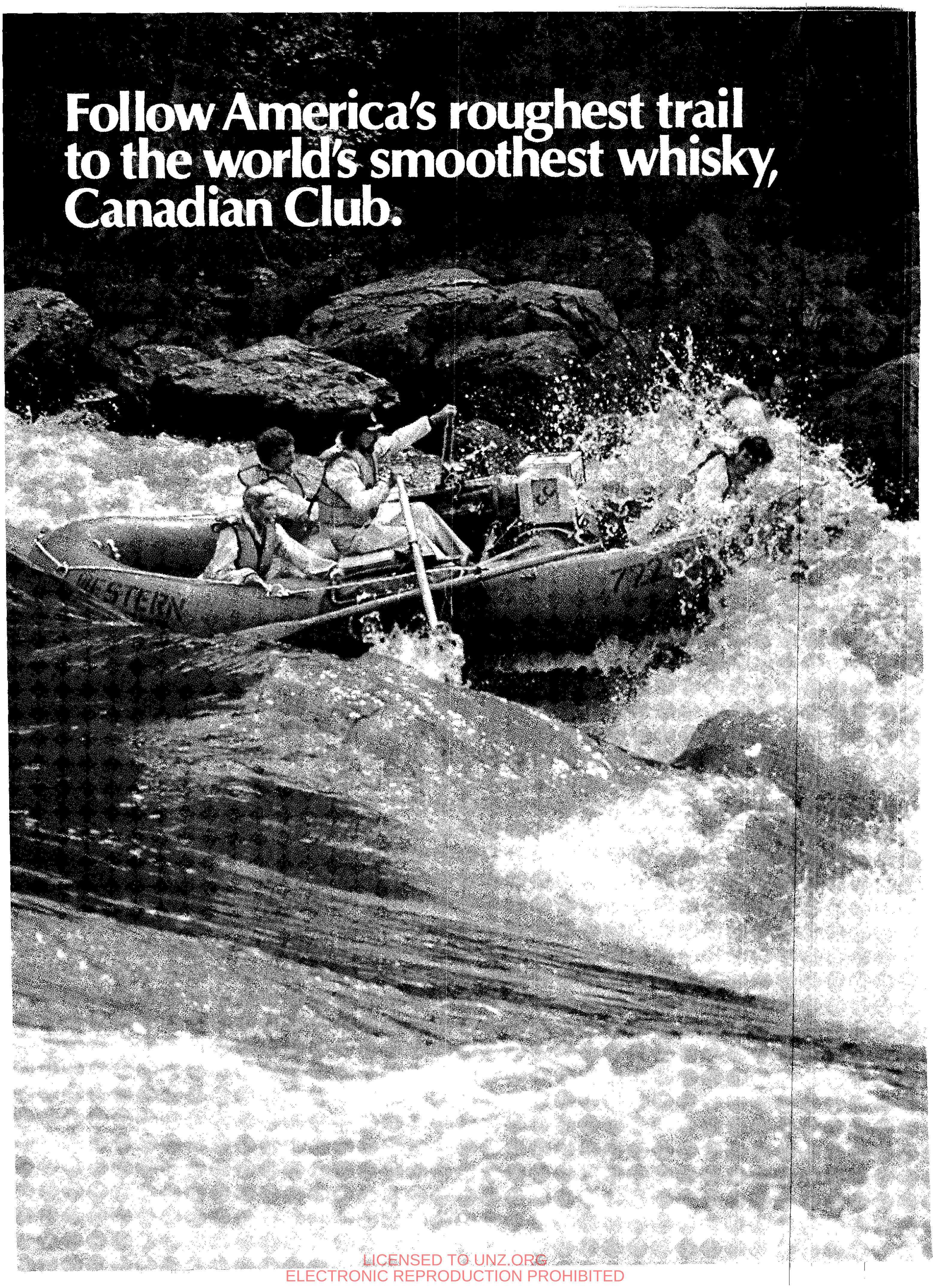
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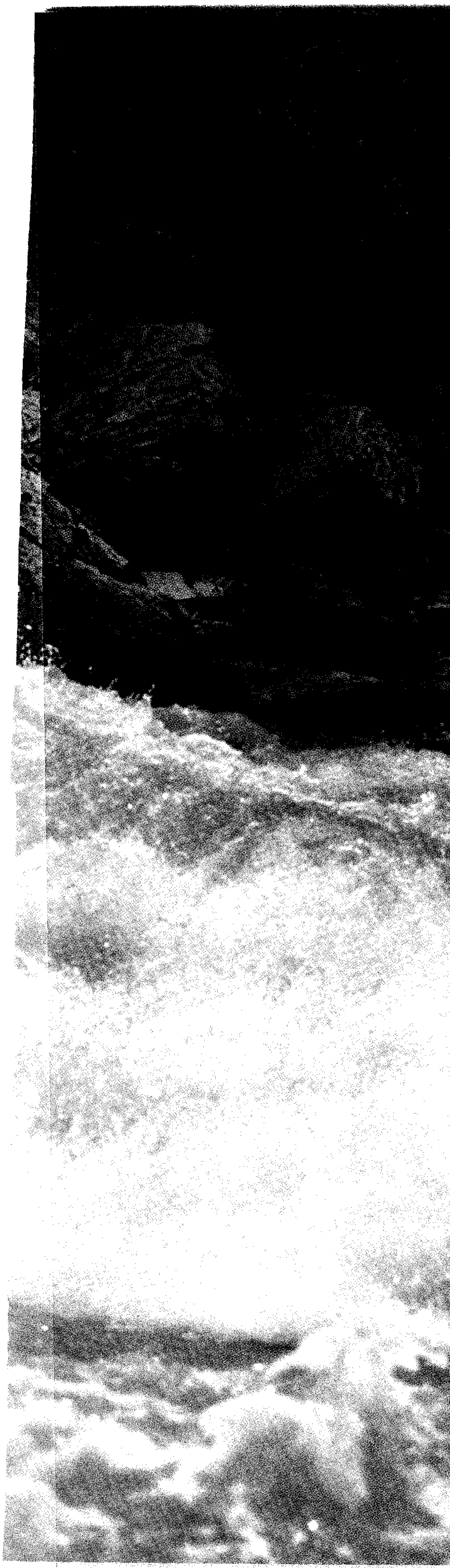

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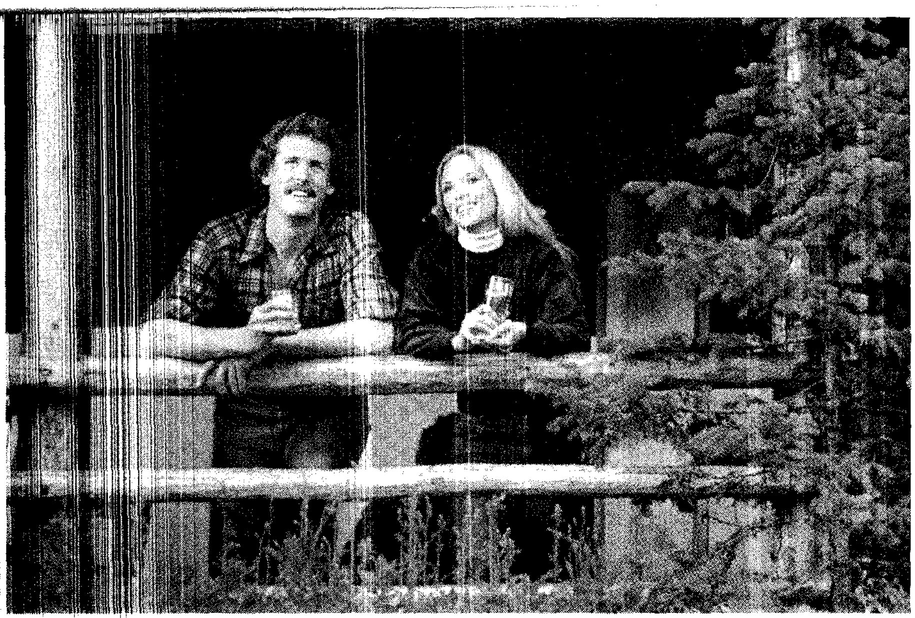

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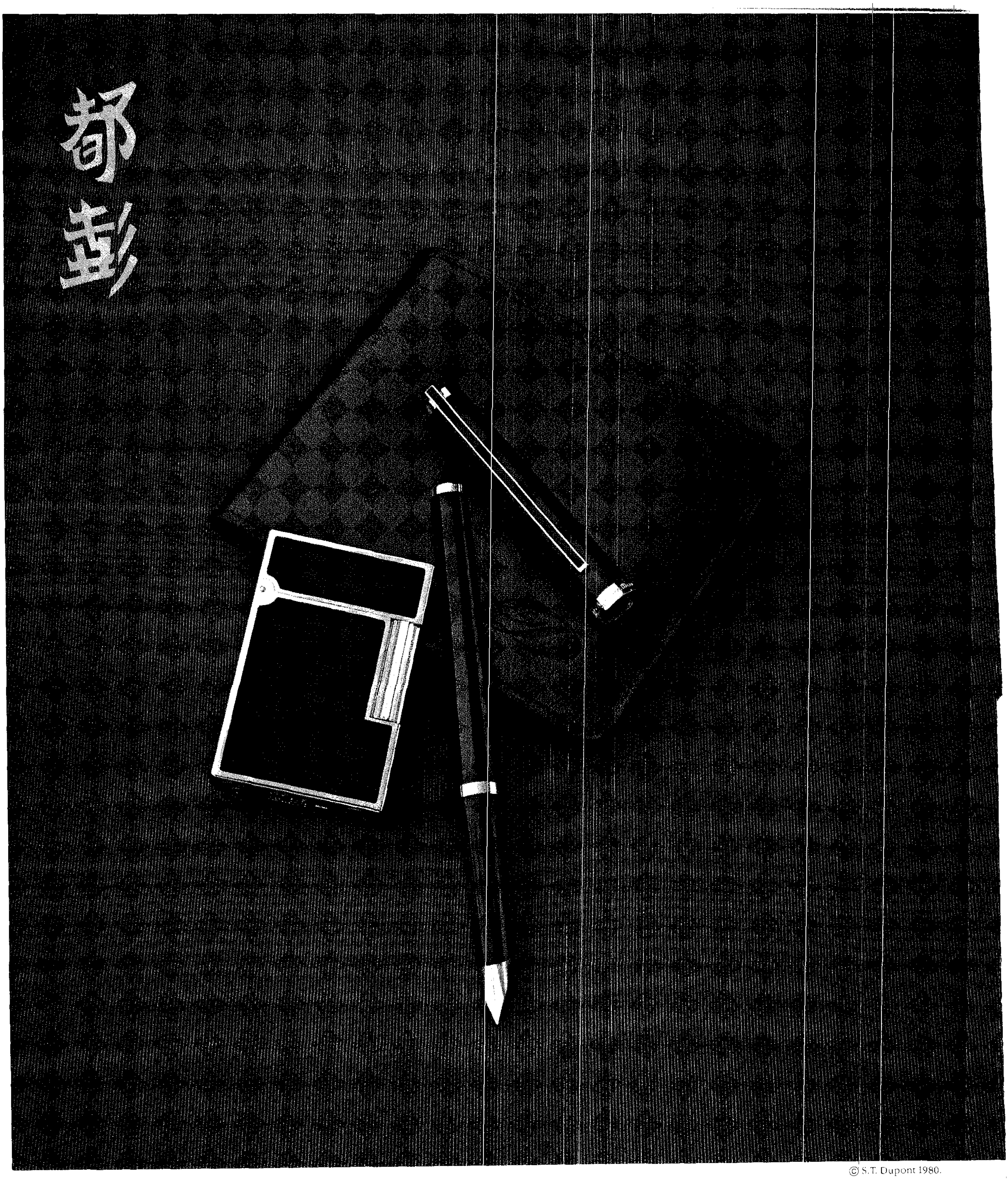

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built Capes and Colonials. At the edges of town, the developers are still at work, and streets with such names as Crestview and Forest Park run through sections of half-acre lots before dead-ending in the woods. There are poor neighborhoods in Lynchburg—neighborhoods where cocks crow in the back yards of trembling wooden houses—and a part of the old downtown is a depressed area of abandoned factories and boarded-up shops. But there are no real slums. The city has used federal funds to build low-cost housing, and it is now having some success in revitalizing the old downtown.

Lynchburg is not a graceful city. The automobile has cut too many swaths across it, leaving gasoline stations and fast-food places to spring up in parking-lot wastelands. But it is a clean city, full of quiet streets and shade trees. Even the factories are clean; the new ones are windowless buildings with landscaped lawns. It's a safe city and a comfortable place to live. There's not much crime or juvenile delinquency. The medical services are good. The public schools are handsome, well equipped, and good enough to send sixty-three per cent of their students on to college. They are also racially integrated and free of racial tension. As for the things Falwell spends so much time denouncing—pornography, drugs, "the homosexual life style"—Lynchburg harbors these things quietly if it harbors them at all. You can find *Playboy* in a few magazine racks, but the movie theatres rarely play even an R-rated film. There are a number of bar-restaurants and discos. But the hottest band in town is probably the combo that plays nightly in the lounge of the Sheraton Inn. At night, young people can go to the skating rink or to night games of the New York Mets farm team, held at the Lynchburg Municipal Stadium. If there is a single public nuisance for the young in this town, it is surely boredom.

Lynchburg is a city of churches—it has over a hundred of them—and the first question people ask of new acquaintances is not what they do but what church they attend. At church time on Sunday, the streets are empty and quiet, with almost all the cars in town parked near the churches. Dominated by its churches and by its business community, it is a conservative place in most respects. Traditionally a Byrd Democrat town, it has turned Republican in recent years, voting for Gerald Ford in 1976—while remaining faithful to Harry Byrd. Still, it has its liberal element. The population is twenty-five per cent black, and the civil-rights movement left a well-organized black community. And, besides Liberty Baptist College, Randolph-Macon, and Sweet Briar, it has another liberal-arts college: Lynchburg College, which is coeducational. These colleges do not generate much intellectual ferment or political radicalism, but they and their graduates do provide the city with other voices and a useful degree of political flexibility. The seven-member city council includes at least four moderate liberals, among them a woman and a black man. These liberals now belong. They participate in the humane and amicable consensus that runs the city. When they speak to outsiders, it is in the complacent tone of the Chamber of Commerce.

Falwell's church, on Thomas Road, is a block or two away from Lynchburg College, in one of the older middle-class sections. From the outside, it is not much to look at: a large, octagonal brick building fronting the street, with a three-story brick school behind it. The parking lot beside it is, however, supermarket-size, and on Sundays the cars jam up the street for blocks trying to fit into it beside the school buses. In summer, many of the cars come from out of state, for families from all over the country like to visit the church they watch on television. In winter, the cars and school buses bring Liberty Baptist College students and visitors from small rural churches in the area as well as the regular church members.

Winter and summer, the congregation looks like nothing more or less than the solid midsection of this town. It consists mainly of couples with two or three children, but there are a number of young adults and a number of elderly people. The men wear double-knit suits and sport gold wedding bands or heavy brass rings stamped with mottoes; the women, their hair neatly coiffed and lacquered, wear demure print dresses and single-diamond engagement rings. The young women and the high-school girls are far more fashionable. Their flowered print dresses fall to mid-calf but are cut low on the bodice and worn with ankle-strap high heels. They wear their hair long, loose, and—almost uniformly—flipped and curled in Charlie's Angels style. Like the boys with their white shirts, narrow-fitted pants, and close-cropped hair, they look fresh-faced and extraordinarily clean. The members of the congregation look, in other words, much like Robbie Hiner, Don Norman, and the other singers who appear on "The Old-Time Gospel Hour." There are proportionately about the same number of blacks in the congregation as there are in the choir—which is to say, very few. (The television cameras tend to pan in on the two black choir members, thus making them more conspicuous to the television audience than they are to the congregation in the church.) What is startling about the congregation is its uniform aspect.

As it turns out, a number of the Thomas Road Church members live in the new, developer-built houses on the edges of town: comfortable suburban-style houses set on half-acre lawns, with central air-conditioning and kitchens like the ones that appear in detergent advertisements on television—and just as clean. To these houses, the Thomas Road families have added shag rugs and wallpaper or chintz curtains. A woman I visited, Nancy James, had just bought a living-room suite, and another, Jackie Gould, had ordered a new set of kitchen cabinets and had them installed without—she says, giggling—consulting her husband. One family had not only a living room but a family room, with a Naugahyde pouf, a twenty-four-inch television set, and a sliding glass door looking out over a stone-paved terrace. On a Sunday evening while I was there, this couple gave a potluck supper for twenty neighbors and fellow church members. The man of the house—resplendent in a fitted white shirt, cream-colored trousers, and white shoes—watched a boxing match on television with the other men while his wife organized the dishes of ham, baked beans, candied squash, and potato salad the other women had brought with them. At dinner, around a lace-covered table, the guests joked and made small talk about their gardens, the water system in Lynchburg, the problems of giving a Tupperware party, and the advantages of building one's own house. After dinner, the men and women separated, the men going into the living room and the women upstairs for an hour or so of Bible reading and prayers.

In such circumstances, it was difficult to see how Falwell could complain so much about moral decay, sex, drink, drugs, the decline of the family, and so on. Conversely, it was difficult to imagine why such people would be drawn to a preacher who spent so much time denouncing drink and pornography. On the face of it, these people would seem far better suited to a tolerant, easygoing church whose pastor would not make a point—as Falwell once did—of forbidding his congregants to watch "Charlie's Angels." Of course, not all Thomas Road Church members live in such order and comfort. To go with its pastors on their rounds is to see that the Sunday-morning impression of the congregation is to some degree misleading—or in the nature of a Platonic ideal. A number of its members live in government-sponsored housing projects or in neighborhoods of old wooden houses. In one thin-walled apartment, I saw a woman sitting with her head in her hands gazing dejectedly at four squalling children under the age of nine—the baby crawling naked across the linoleum floor. (The pastor prissily told the older girl to put some underpants on the baby.) At a church-sponsored flea market, I found a number of women with worn faces buying and selling children's used clothing while their husbands squatted in a circle under a nearby tree and talked about boot camp and "Nam." According to one pastor, many of the elderly people in the church are single women who live on Social Security allowances of four or five thousand dollars a year. And most of them, according to the pastor, have never travelled outside the state of Virginia.

What is more, to talk to the people who live in the comfortable suburban-style houses is to discover that many of them did not grow up in such middle-class circumstances. William Sheehan, chairman of the church's Division of Prayer, became a lawyer late in life. He ran away from home and a drunken father at the age of eighteen and lived for a year with his grandfather in the boiler room of a school in Montana. He held various jobs, married at the age of twenty-one, and had nine children. His family responsibilities kept him hard at work at manual or clerical jobs. Only when he was in his forties did he have the time to study. He then took night courses in law, passed the state bar exam, apprenticed himself to an older lawyer, and eventually inherited a practice in a small Montana town. In conversation, Sheehan thanks God in every other sentence and gives the Lord credit for everything that he has ever done or that has ever happened to him. He never drank, he said, but he was able to stop cursing when he accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour, at the age of nineteen.

Most of Falwell's parishioners came from closer to home, but a lot of them came from the countryside and the small towns of southern Virginia and West Virginia. One guest at the potluck supper talked about his childhood in a narrow coal-mining valley of Appalachia, where the preachers handled poisonous snakes and spoke in tongues. He has never got used to the Lynchburg traffic, he said, for where he had lived the sound of a car on the road meant that you picked up your shotgun and left by the back door.

To talk to Falwell's parishioners is to see that the geography of Lynchburg is symbolic in terms of their lives. As the city stands between Appalachia and Washington, D.C., so the arrival of new industry over the past twenty-five years made it the transfer point between the Old and the New South, between the technologically backward and the technologically modern parts of the society. Many current Lynchburg residents, including many Thomas Road members, literally made the journey between the underdeveloped countryside and the city. Many others, however, made a similar journey without moving at all. In the early fifties, Lynchburg had a relatively unskilled work force and a very small middle class; today, it has a highly skilled work force and a much larger middle class. Falwell's parishioners stand, as it were, on the cusp of this new middle class. They are clerical workers, technicians, and small businessmen, and skilled and semiskilled workers in the new factories.

Among the church members and the students at Liberty Baptist are many who grew up in fundamentalist Christian families and have never known any other way of life. Those who came from the small towns of Virginia or West Virginia think of Lynchburg as a sophisticated city; and those who came from big cities like Philadelphia think of it as a refuge from the anar-

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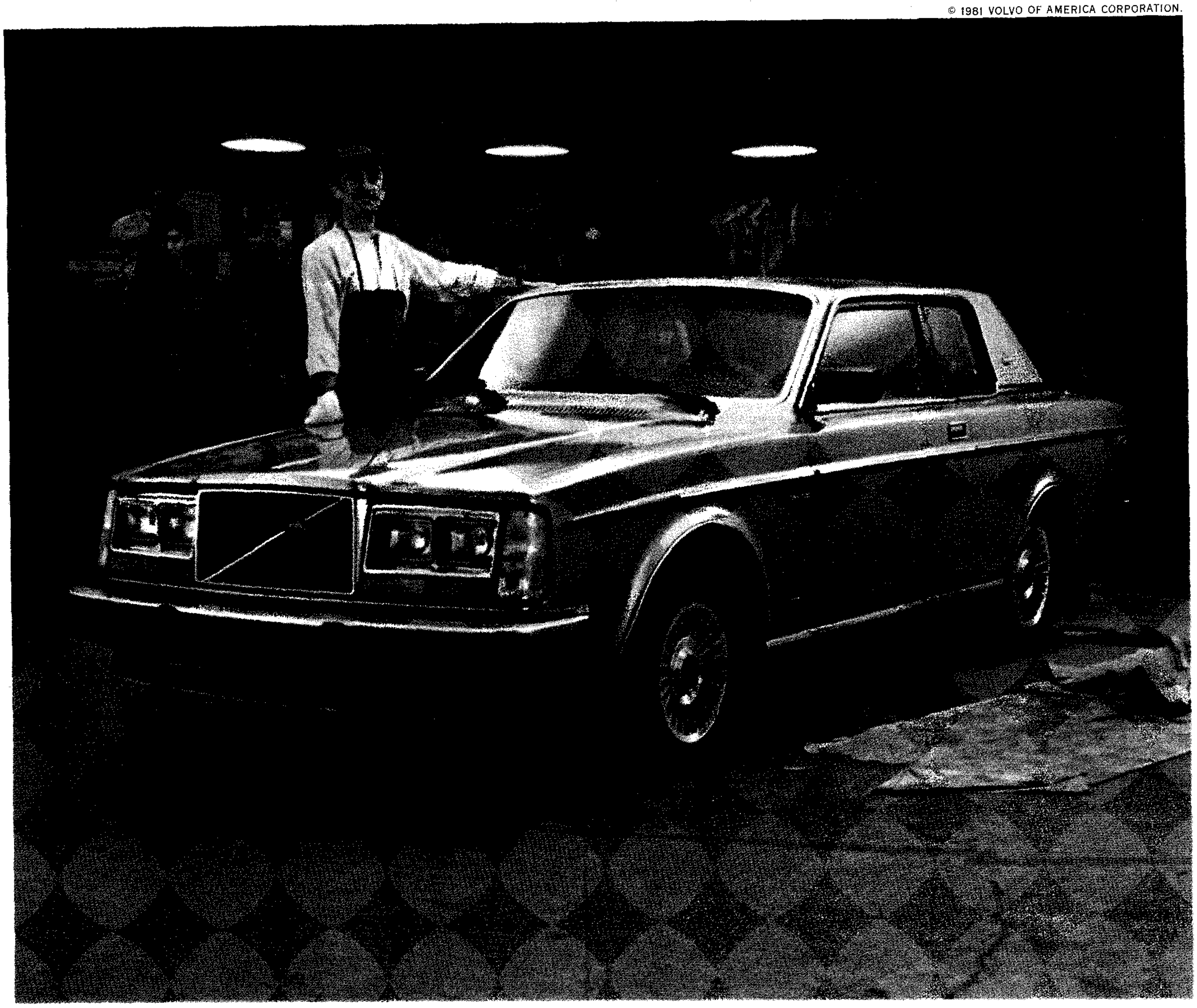

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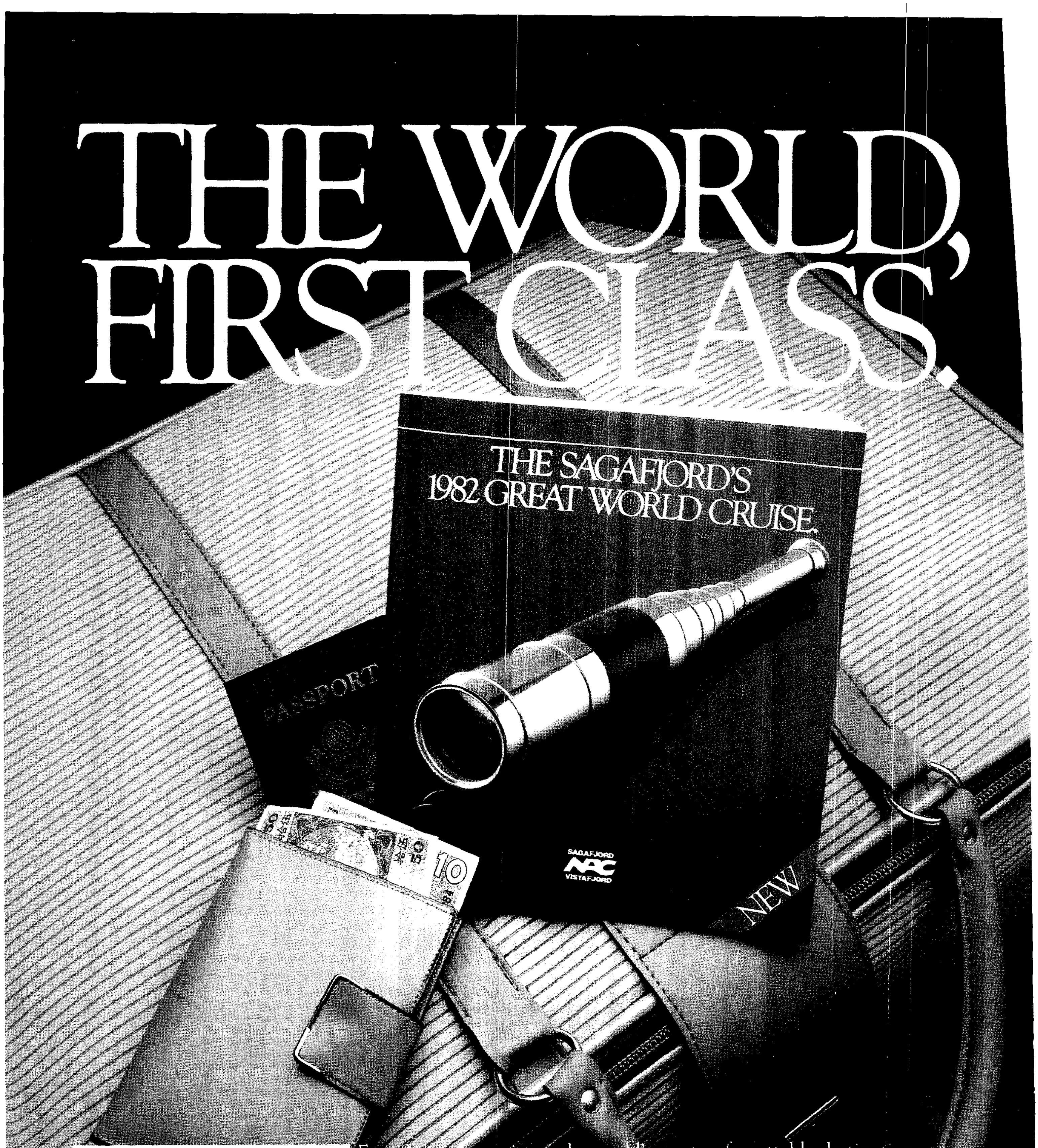
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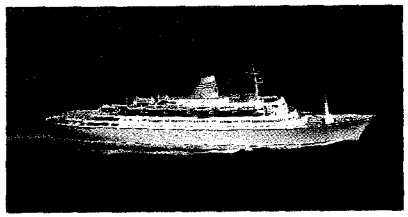

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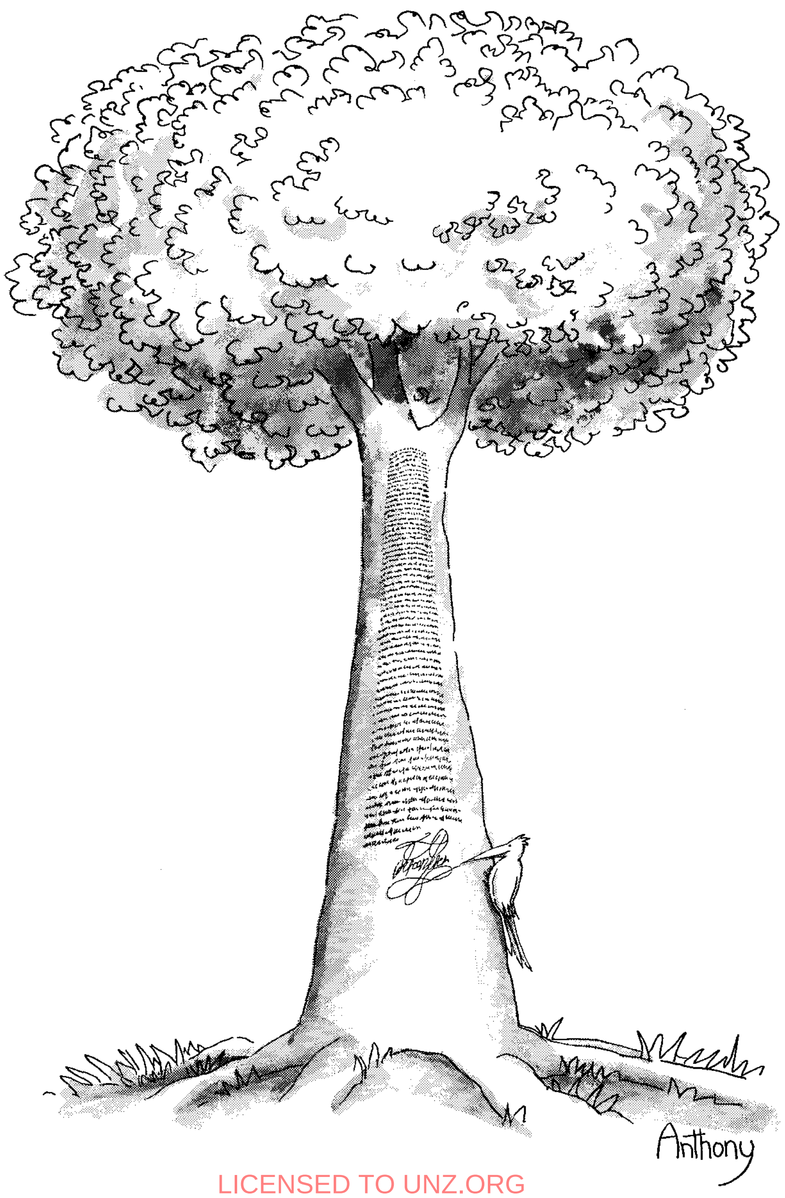
chy of modern America. Among those who do not have a fundamentalist background, a high proportion seem to have had difficult, disorganized childhoods—family histories of alcoholism, physical violence, or trouble with the law. They had—or so they say—to struggle out of their families and then to struggle with themselves. They credit the Lord with their success, and they date their success from the moment they were, as they say, "saved."

Falwell's parishioners do not give the Thomas Road Baptist Church—or any other church—credit for the changes in their lives, because in their theology it is an error (specifically, a Catholic error) to suppose that institutions stand between man and God. There is some irony in this belief, for the Thomas Road Church is a great deal more than a house for prayers. It is a vast and mighty institution, with some sixty pastors and about a thousand volunteer helpers and trainees. It has Lynchburg Christian Academy, the summer camp, and Liberty Baptist College, whose students worship and work in the church. In addition, it has separate ministries for children, young people, adults, elderly people, the deaf, the retarded, and the imprisoned. Last year, it added a ministry for divorced people and another one for unmarried young adults. On Sundays, the church holds three general services and has Sunday-school classes for children of every age group, from the nursery on up. But it is a center of activity every day of the week. There is a general prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Then, every week each ministry offers a program of activities for its age group, including Bible-study classes, lectures, trips, sports outings, and picnics. The ministries also organize groups of volunteers to visit hospitals, nursing homes, and prisons and to proselytize in the community. The organization is so comprehensive that any Thomas Road member, old or young, could spend all his or her time in church or in church-related activities. In fact, many church members do just that.

Eldridge Dunn, a former tool-and-die-maker for General Electric, runs one of the largest and busiest of the church organizations, the Children's Ministry. Dunn explained to me that the purpose of his ministry is to provide a total environment for children—a society apart from the world. "Our philosophy is that children should not have to go into the world," he said. "They should not have to get involved with drugs or Hollywood movies. But you can't just tell kids not to do things. You have to give them something to do. So we try to provide them with everything that's necessary for children. We take the older kids backpacking. We'll rent a skating rink this year. Our idea is to compete with the world." This philosophy, Dunn went on to say, is not unique to the Thomas Road Church; all churches advocating separation from the world engage in a similar competition, however limited their resources—and some churches have far better facilities than Thomas Road. What distinguishes his church is its aggressiveness. "I'd like to build a program for every child in Lynchburg," Dunn said.

On Monday afternoons, Gary Hunt, a ministerial student in his mid-twenties working with the Thomas Road Youth Ministry, collects a dozen or more children from various parts of Lynchburg in a school bus and takes them back to his house for the afternoon. With one exception, the children do not come from Thomas Road families or attend Lynchburg Christian Academy. Hunt, who is tall, blond, and athletic, found them by hanging around a junior high school and playing basketball with the kids coming out of class. Now they gather at his house every week for sports and a Bible-study class, and they have all been, as they say, "saved."



When I arrived at the Hunts' house one Monday afternoon, Hunt was just bringing the boys in from a ballgame outside, and his wife, Angie, was showing the girls how to bake chocolate-chip cookies. For a while, the kitchen was a confusion of twelve-year-olds, the girls yelling at each other and the boys wandering around sweatily in search of something to drink. When the kids had quieted down, Gary took the boys to the basement, and Angie settled the girls in the living room. Downstairs, Hunt had the boys sit in a circle around him and passed out small workbooks. Asking them to turn to the chapter on baptism, he read out the text and explained, in a manner that seemed to me perfunctory, the scriptural basis for baptism. He seemed less interested in having them understand the idea of baptism than in having them copy the correct words in the blank spaces of the workbook. But, then, three or four of the boys did not read very well, and all of them seemed to have a hard time sitting still and concentrating on anything for long. When the spaces were filled in, Hunt talked to the boys briefly about their behavior, reminding them that smoking and cursing were sins, and praising them for making progress toward their goal of living as Christ did. He ended by inviting two of them to join the church choir and by asking those who were not baptized to come with him to the church on Sunday and go through the ceremony. The boys agreed with a touching eagerness.

Later, Hunt told me that most of the children came from fairly poor families and that most of them were not Baptists by background. "Some of them are rough kids," he said. "The girls don't know anything about conduct—they yell at each other. Angie shows them how to be ladylike and how to do things they don't do at home, like baking cookies. The boys are tough—used to using their fists. But they've come a long way in a few months. They're less wild. They don't swear like they used to, and they don't fight with the other kids so much."

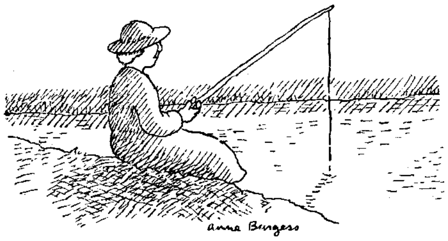
THE pastors and pastoral students at the Thomas Road Baptist Church conceive of their activities in theological terms and could, if called upon, justify any one of them by a Biblical quotation. All the same, to listen to Hunt or to see a pastor remind a little girl to put underpants on her baby brother is to see that they are involved in a world of appearances, social forms, and personal behavior at some remove from Biblical history and at some remove from the direct, mystical experience of Christ. For them, getting "saved" is clearly only the first step. It is true that most clergymen of all faiths are involved with the conduct of daily life, but the Thomas Road pastors—and fundamentalist pastors generally—have a much more specific and detailed set of prescriptions for the conduct of everyday life than do most Protestant churchmen. They have—like many Southern Baptists—absolute prohibitions against drink, tobacco, drugs, cursing, dancing, rock and roll, and extramarital sex, but they also have specific prescriptions for dress, child rearing, and the conduct of a marriage. The Liberty Baptist College student handbook, for instance, decrees that men are to wear ties to all classes. "Hair should be cut in such a way that it does not come over the ear or collar. Beards or mustaches are not permitted. Sideburns should be no longer than the bottom of the ear." As for women, "dresses and skirts . . . shorter than two inches [below] the middle of the knee are unacceptable. Anything tight, scant, backless, and low in the neckline is unacceptable. . . ." These rules are less formally laid down for the members of the Thomas Road Church.

For the proper relations between husband and wife, parents and children, the rules are spelled out in a book called "The Total Family," written by Edward Hindson, the family-guidance pastor of the church, and endorsed by Falwell. According to Hindson:

> The Bible clearly states that the wife is to submit to her husband's leadership and help him fulfill God's will for his life. . . . She is to submit to him just as she would submit to Christ as her Lord. This places the responsibility of leadership upon the husband where it belongs. In a sense, submission is learning to duck, so God can hit your husband! He will never realize his responsibility to the family as long as you take it. . . .
>
> The same passages that command the wife to obey her husband, command the husband to love his wife! Being a leader is not being a dictator, but a loving motivator, who, in turn, is appreciated and respected by his family. Dad, God wants you to be the loving heartbeat of your home by building the lives of your family through teaching and discipline.

In another chapter, Hindson deals with the parent-child relationship and gives "Five Steps to Effective Discipline." He attacks Dr. Benjamin Spock, modern psychology, and modern public education, on the ground that they have encouraged children to challenge their parents. Parents founding their authority on the word of God should, he says, command absolute authority over their children. Spanking, he explains, is Biblically mandated and must be employed if we are not to have another generation of irresponsible, undisciplined adults.

The pastors at Thomas Road would define most relationships outside the family in terms congruent with these. In school, children should not challenge their teachers but should accept instruction and discipline. On the job, a man should work hard, show discipline, and accept the authority of his employer. He should accept the authority of the church and the civil government in the same way. "He does not have the right to break the law, no matter how just his cause may seem," Hindson writes. The pastors would, in fact, make a Confucian equation between the relationships of man to civil government and church and of children to their parents. In Hindson's book, there is an organization chart that depicts these relationships: from "God," at the top, the lines of authority descend to "local church," on the one hand, and "civil authority," on the other; the lines then descend and converge upon "total family"—father first, then mother, then children. The organization chart is entitled "God's Chain of Command."



The pastors at Thomas Road talk about creating a society apart from the world. But when they talk about "the world" in this context what they clearly mean is pornography, drugs, "secular humanism," and so on: the evils of the world as they see them, and not American life in general. It is not, then, really paradoxical that many of their prescriptions for life look very much like tactics for integrating people into society rather than like tactics for separating them from it. Most communities, after all, would be happy to have a clean, hardworking family man who respected authority, obeyed the law, and kept off the welfare rolls. A factory manager, a city official, or a landlord would find such a man an ideal type—particularly if the alternative to him were a drinking, brawling country fellow with no steady job, six runny-nosed kids, and a shotgun he might consider using against a law officer. And, to look at it from another angle, the country fellow would get nowhere with General Electric or the Rotary Club, even if he desperately wanted to. As for the women involved—why, they might have invented this church, so heavily do the prohibitions fall on traditional male vices such as drinking, smoking, running around, and paying no heed to the children. To tell "Dad" that he made all the decisions would be a small price to pay to get the father of your children to become a respectable middle-class citizen.

The pastors at Thomas Road set

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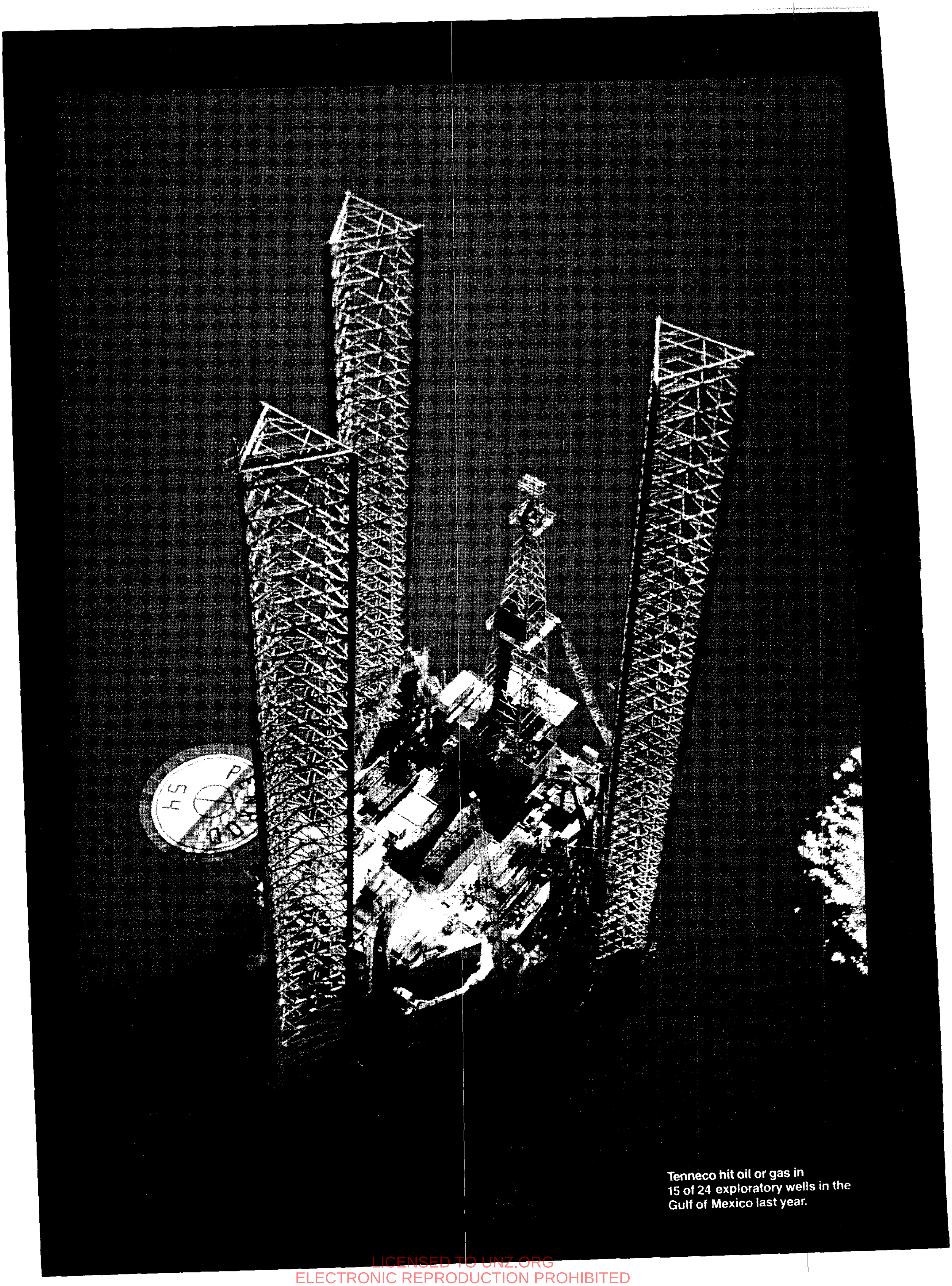

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enormous store by the virtues of sports for young men. And sports, the oldest of Anglo-Saxon prescriptions for the sublimation of male violence and male sexual energies, might stand as a metaphor for the whole social enterprise of the church. Indeed, they ought to so stand, for the pastors often use sports as such a metaphor themselves. At a Lynchburg Christian Academy athletic-awards banquet whose theme was "Steppin' Up to Victory," Edward Dobson, the good-looking young dean of students at Liberty Baptist College, gave an after-dinner sermon on sports and the Christian life. He said that when he was a soccer player he used to spend hours—sometimes eight hours at a time—practicing one shot; he would give up everything else to do it. Well, he said, success in the Christian life is like success in sports: you have to discipline yourself to give up everything that might interfere or prove an obstacle. What you need is discipline, devotion, and consistency. There are Christians who start up fast, who read the Bible and go to church a lot, but then quit. But you can't quit, because "whenever you quit you become a loser." Keep your eye on the goal, keep running consistently, and "one day you will cross the finish line and stand before Jesus Christ." Later, one of the coaches made another point: "The whole purpose of junior-high-school soccer is to instill a Christlike attitude into young men," he said.

School athletic banquets do tend to call up sports metaphors, but Thomas Road pastors talk about sports on all sorts of occasions. They probably talk about them as much as Anglican schoolmasters—which is a lot—but they talk about them in a different way. Where the Anglican headmaster will go on about how it's not whether you win or lose but how you play the game, Thomas Road pastors will tell kids to get out there and win. Grace under pressure, aristocratic prowess, even fair play are not virtues they are much interested in. "God wants you to be a champion," Falwell once told an assembly of his college students. "He wants you to be a victor for God's glory. A champion is not an individual star but one of a team who knows how to function with others. Men of God are not interested in gaining personal fame. The man of God says, 'I will be the best for God in the place where He puts me.' " Such sports talk does not suggest the manor house or the high commissioner's residence any more than it suggests software and SoHo lofts. It suggests the steel mills and the values of nineteenth-century American capitalism.

Success and how to get it are major themes in Thomas Road preaching. Falwell himself likes to preach from Paul's Epistles to Timothy—from the letters in which the older evangelist gives the younger one some sound practical advice. For one sermon, Falwell chose the text "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." In his commentary, he said he often told younger preachers that "nothing is more important to you than moral purity," and explained to them, "You can survive rumors of a money scandal, you can survive a split in the church . . . but if you break your marriage vows you will never fly so high again." Falwell did not add "if you are caught at it," but the advice is nothing if not a piece of worldly wisdom. In his sermons, his terms of reference often modulate in this fashion from Heaven to earth—from how to be a better Christian to how to improve yourself and gain the respect of others. He promises no miracles; his philosophy is simply that material wealth "is God's way of blessing people who put Him first."

When Falwell is addressing his congregation on Wednesday evenings, he often talks about what he has done during the week. He talks about all the important people he has met on his trips around the country. He talks about New York and the narrow escapes he has had among the denizens of Sin City. He talks about his trips abroad—his visits to Israel, Thailand, Taiwan, and southern Africa—picturing himself on the front lines of conflict, and quoting what he said to high officials and heads of state. The obvious inferiority of the natives in these places does not at all appear to dispel the glamour of them for his congregation.

LAST summer, Falwell posed for a *Newsweek* photographer beside his swimming pool on the green lawn in front of the imposing white house he lives in. That the shot might be bad publicity did not occur to him at the time, for his own people know all about that house and the way he lives. At Christmas, Falwell sends out color photographs of himself, his wife, and their three children (whose first names all begin with "J") in posh surroundings or posed in formal dress. His own people love to look at these pictures, for they think he deserves everything he has. They love to hear about his travels, for his account of them brings those faraway people and places somehow within their reach. They think themselves fortunate to be in the church with the television cameras where this man broadcasts to the nation. Furthermore, they love to hear him talk about himself, for when he talks about his early life he makes it clear that he is not some pale, prissy, holier-than-thou minister but—underneath his celebrity—someone much like them.

Falwell has said a good deal about his early life, in sermons and in books he distributes as advertisements for himself and his enterprises. As in all biographies, certain facts have been selected for publication and others left out. According to "Aflame for God," by Gerald Strober and Ruth Tomczak, Falwell was born, with a twin brother, Gene, to Carey and Helen Falwell on August 11, 1933. ("Although it was impossible to predict at the time, one of the most crucial dates in the history of the town. . . .") The family, which included two children—Virginia and Lewis—considerably older than the twins, lived in a white frame house a mile and a half east of a section of downtown Lynchburg called Fairview Heights. The earliest photograph in the book shows Jerry and Gene aged about two, Jerry in the arms of a man in overalls and a work-stained shirt, with a high-crowned dark hat pulled down over his weather-beaten face. The man is Jerry's grandfather Charles Falwell, and the family resemblance is striking. In later life, Jerry would have the same strong features, the same powerful, confident stance. A photograph of Jerry's father, by contrast, shows a slight man in a three-piece suit with a pained expression on his face. Jerry's older brother and sister are not pictured, but there is a photograph of his mother taken on Mother's Day of 1971 and showing an ample-breasted woman with her hair pulled back beneath a black hat, wearing a printed black silk dress.

This book and other biographical accounts do not say very much about the Falwell family. There is no reason that they should, but the family history does have a certain sociological interest. Charles Falwell was a dairy farmer whose family had settled in the hills east of Lynchburg in

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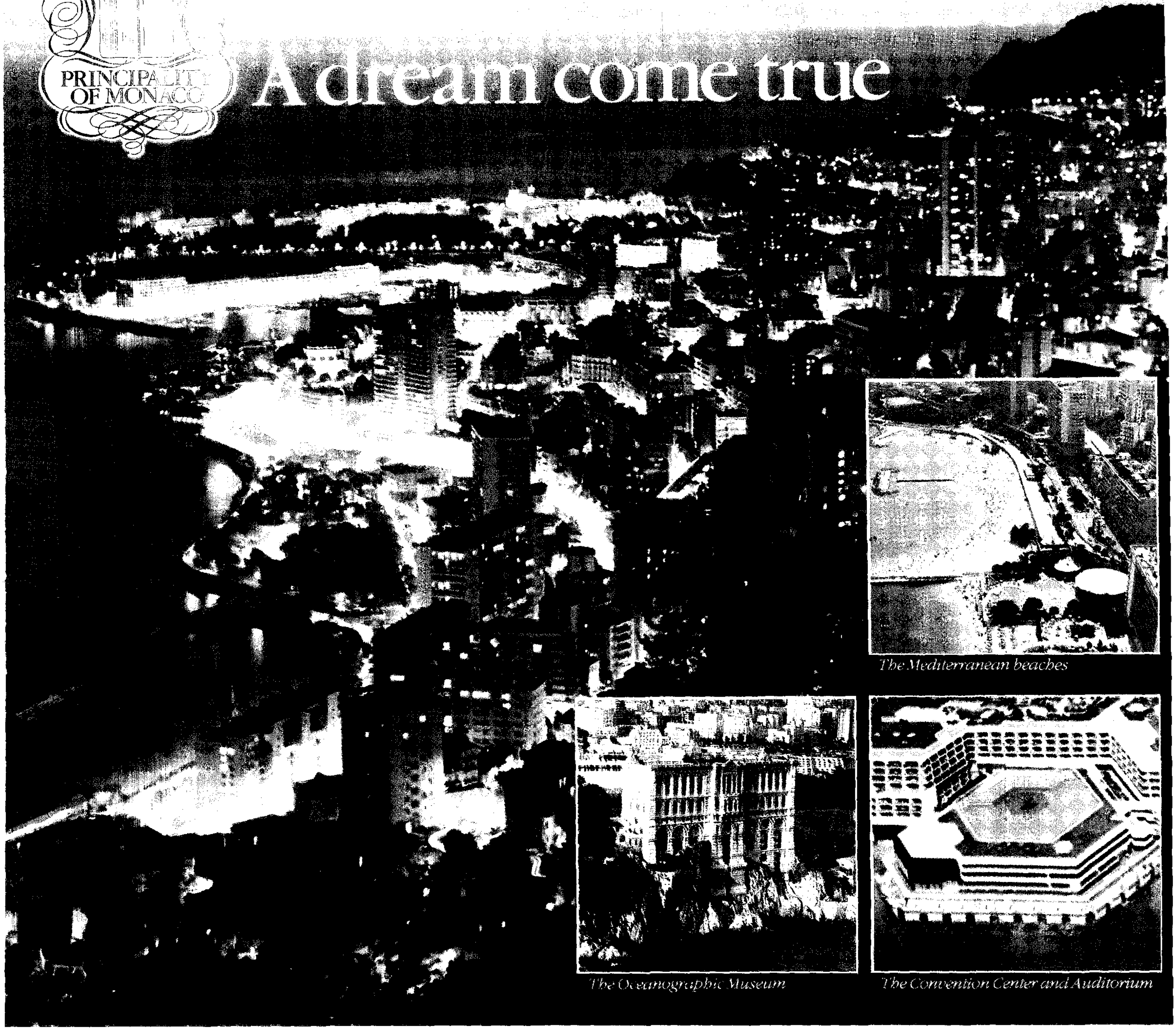
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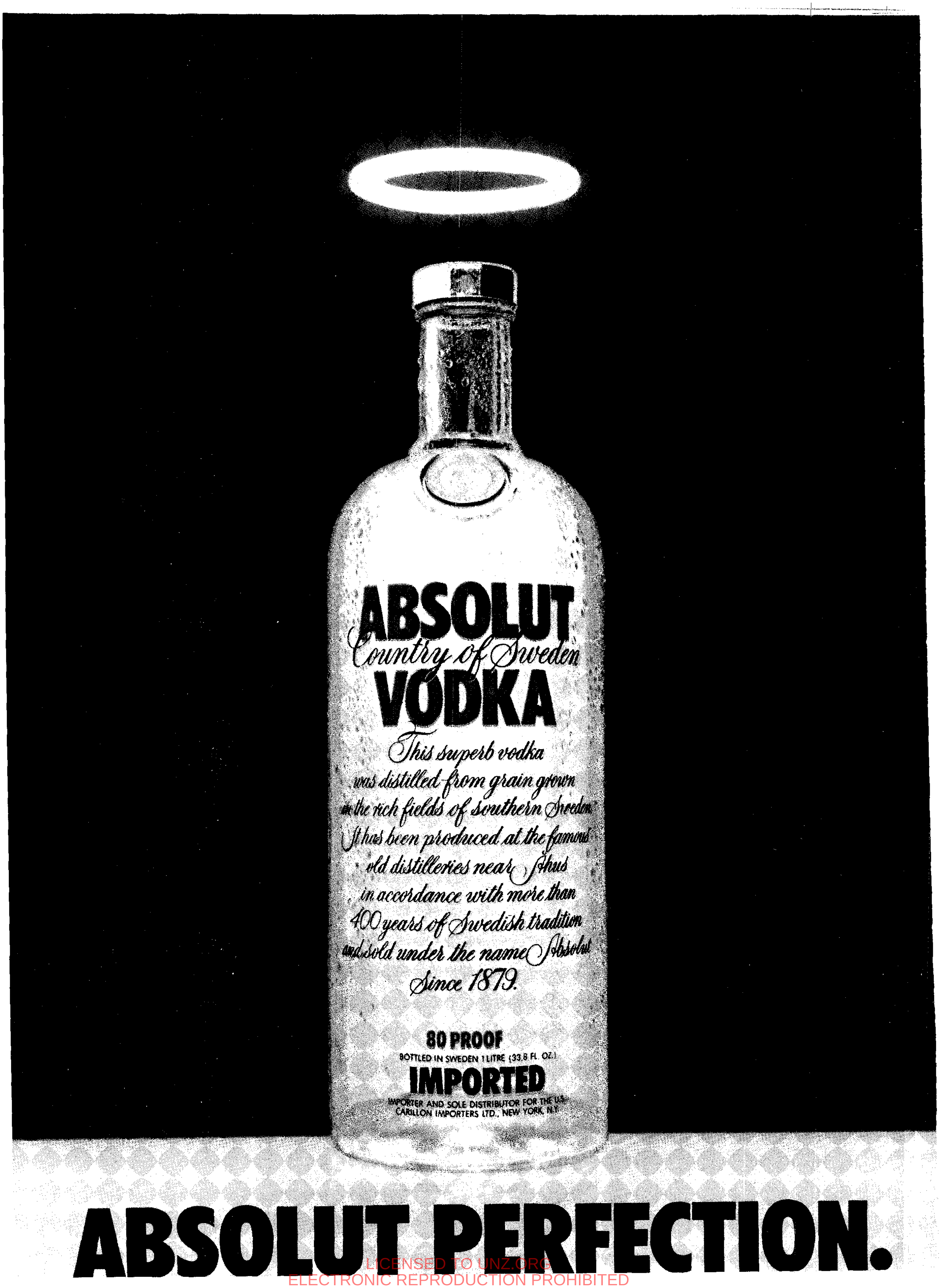
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the mid-nineteenth century, and had farmed in the narrow bottomland between the steep hills. Around 1900, with the industrialization of Lynchburg, mill hands and factory workers came to settle among the farmers along the railroad line. Fairview Heights—the new settlement—was a poor neighborhood, even in 1920; it had no paved roads and no street lights, and the houses had no running water. It was also a rough neighborhood. During the Prohibition era, the gentlefolk of Lynchburg used to frighten their daughters with tales of crime, vice, and white slavery in Fairview Heights. The tales were exaggerated but not without foundation, for four or five bootleggers who had sizable operations there had effectively closed it off to the law. "If you didn't live there, you didn't go there," Gene Falwell recalls.

Carey Falwell was the oldest in a family of boys. He had only a sixth-grade education, but he was a shrewd, hard-driving man, and before the twins were born he had managed to start a succession of small businesses. He financed bootlegging operations, and at various times he owned a service station, an oil dealership, and a small trucking company. The house Jerry was born in was a gentleman's house that Carey had moved piece by piece from Rivermont, the wealthy section of town. He was driven by ambition. In the early thirties, along with his other enterprises, he set up a dance hall called the Merry Garden, with a restaurant and "tourist court" across the street. In 1931, he had shot and killed his brother Garland in the heat of an argument, apparently in self-defense. Around the time the twins were born (their birth, apparently, was not planned for), he went broke and had to sell his businesses to his brother Warren. His reverses and his remorse over the death of his brother drove him to despair and to drink. Eventually, he pulled himself and his family back from the brink of bankruptcy, but he continued to drink, and he died of cirrhosis of the liver in 1948, when Jerry was only fifteen.

"Aflame for God" says of Jerry's twin brother, Gene, that he "would follow in his father's footsteps and become an aggressive, successful businessman and, along with his older brother Lewis, consolidate and add to the family's extensive commercial interests." The description could be more accurate. Some of the Falwells did very well in life. Calvin and Lawrence, the sons of Carey's more stable brother Warren, took the small businesses they had inherited and built up a series of successful enterprises, including a well-drilling company, a trucking firm, and an aviation company. Genial, hardworking, and civic-minded, Calvin became one of Lynchburg's city fathers; he is a member of the Chamber of Commerce and the president of the New York Mets farm team. But Jerry is the only real success in his immediate family. His brother Lewis has an excavation company, and Gene, who lives in the "home place," where they grew up, runs a trailer park on the Falwell land. Calvin, an outgoing man with a soft Virginia drawl, speaks affectionately of Gene: "Aggressive? He's the most easygoing kind of guy you'd ever want to meet. Never gets mad. Has all the time in the world for you. I suppose he hasn't worn a tie since his mother's funeral. In fact, I'm sure he hasn't. Like someone once said to me, 'I guess Jerry got the other half.' "

The Falwell "home place" isn't far from the main commercial road, but the white house stands alone in a small pasture between two thickly wooded hills. "Jerry always said he wanted a house up there," Gene told me, pointing to the top of a steep little hill. Gene is in and out of the house all day; he'll go to fix an electric wire in someone's trailer or help a brother-in-law prune a maple tree. A homebody who likes to hunt and fish and to make things grow, he can tell you in detail how to make maple sugar or how people make moonshine in a still. An unself-conscious man, he will also tell you how his grandpa used to make fun of the "colored boys" who worked for him. Gene's wife, Jo Ann, who keeps the house, with its shag rugs and its modern kitchen, so neat it looks uninhabited, has clearly not been able to do very much about Gene's clothes or the stubble on his chin. While Jo Ann goes to the Thomas Road Church and Calvin is a charter member of a rather more relaxed Baptist church, Gene stays home on Sunday, like his father and his grandfather before him.

d.ehrenberg

The contrast between the twins became obvious in their early years. The boys entered elementary school together, but after a year Jerry skipped a grade, leaving Gene behind for the rest of their school careers. Jerry was good at schoolwork; he was particularly good at spelling and math, and he used to finish his tests fifteen minutes before the other kids. Since he had an almost photographic memory, he did not have to work hard, yet he did, for he wanted to be the best. In his junior year in high school, he entered the state spelling championship; when he lost because he could not recognize an unfamiliar word, he went back and read through an entire college edition of a dictionary. "He didn't like farm work," Gene recalls. "He'd leave me with the chores. When the time came, he always had something else to do. He never wanted to come out trapping with me, either. He'd have his head in a book or he'd be out playing baseball." Jerry liked the sociable, competitive sports, and he was a good athlete. In his senior year in high school, he was captain of the football team. While Gene dropped out of school in his senior year and soon after joined the Navy, Jerry graduated with a 98.6 per cent average and was named class valedictorian.

Jerry was not allowed to give the valedictory speech, however, because school auditors discovered that he had taken cafeteria tickets and for some time had been handing them out to members of the football team. That incident was the last straw for the school authorities. Jerry had been in trouble with them for years. In grade school, he once set a snake loose in the classroom, and another time he put a large rat in a teacher's desk drawer. Later on, in high school, he and some friends tied up the gym teacher and locked him in the basement. Jerry was, as his biographies put it, a prankster. Out of school, he and Gene used to hang around the Royal Café in Fairview Heights with a gang of boys who for fun would do things like piling a family's porch furniture on the roof of the house. They didn't like it when boys from other parts of town tried to date girls from Fairview Heights, so every week or so there would be fights with neighboring gangs. In a recent sermon called "My Testimony," Falwell described these fistfights and said that he and a close friend, Jim Moon (now co-pastor at the Thomas Road Church), used to spend days and nights away from home, in "places it's not necessary to talk about, doing things it's not necessary to talk about."

Moon recalls that Jerry was always a leader among the Fairview boys, and that he was so in part because he had the *only* car and he was generous with it. Like so many leaders, Falwell seemed to have need of followers. At the same time, he was different from them, in that he knew what he wanted. "I didn't have any aspirations," Moon said to me. "I don't remember wanting anything or hoping for anything except to grow up. There weren't many opportunities back then. You could go to work at the hosiery mill, the foundry, or the shoe factory. There wasn't much else. When I was sixteen, I was drinking a lot. But Jerry, he always wanted to be an engineer, and he was willing to do whatever was necessary to be the best."

In 1950, Falwell entered Lynchburg College and began to take courses that would lead to a major in mechanical engineering. His plan was to transfer to Virginia Polytechnic Institute in his junior year, and by the end of his sophomore year there seemed to be no reason he should not do it: he had the highest math average in the college that year. But by fall he was enrolled in Baptist Bible College, in Springfield, Missouri, and was on his way to becoming a pastor. Just how he came to this decision is not clear.

The Falwells were not pious people. When Jerry was growing up, the men seemed to regard religion as something that women did. Jerry's mother (described in "Aflame for God" as "a stern disciplinarian, but . . . kind, gracious, and loving") used to take the twins to Sunday school when she went to church; but as soon as she had deposited them they would slip out the back and run to an uncle's house to read the comics until it was time for her to pick them up. According to Falwell's biographies, his only exposure to religion until he was eighteen came from listening—involuntarily—to Charles E. Fuller, a fundamentalist Baptist whose "Old-Fashioned Revival Hour" was the most popular religious radio program of the day. Jerry's mother, so the story goes, would turn the program on every Sunday morning, and he and his brother would be too lazy to get up and turn it off. In January of his sophomore year, Jerry went with a group of friends, including Jim Moon, to the Park Avenue Baptist Church, in Lynchburg, for Sunday-evening services. After the service, he, Moon, and a number of others responded to the altar call and—as he says—accepted Christ. Under the instruction of a youth pastor, Jerry began reading the Bible, attending church services, and participating in church activities. "From January to March . . . I got my salvation established, and then from March to about July, I got my call to full-time service established," Falwell has said.

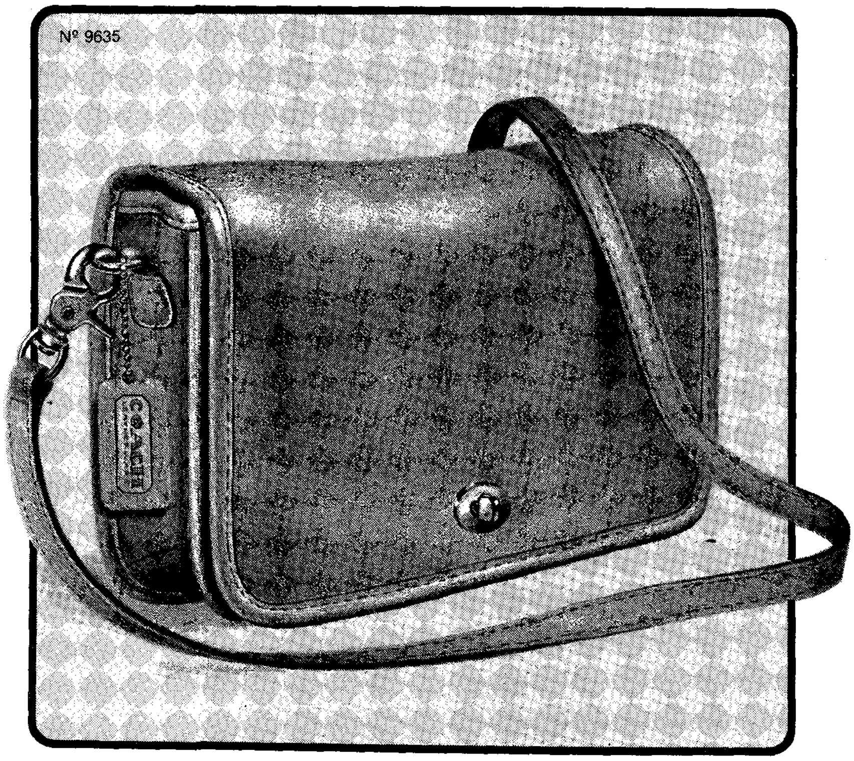
At least one of the Falwell biographies says that Jerry and his friends went to that initial service at Park Avenue Baptist mainly because they had heard there were some pretty girls in the congregation. The story is wholly plausible, for Jerry later married the pretty young church pianist, Macel Pate, and Moon married the organist. But in "My Testimony" Falwell said that he went not only because of the pretty girls but also because he was already thinking of founding a church on his own. How he would have conceived of such a plan if, as he says, he had not heard the Bible preached in a church before is difficult to imagine. But then, according to Fairview Heights people, he had attended other churches—usually on Sunday nights with his friends. He had simply not been to a fundamentalist church before. In any case, Jerry did not seem to go through any moral or spiritual turmoil when he made his commitment. By his own account, he made a career decision.

Baptist Bible College was little more than a group of quonset huts with the most Spartan of living arrangements. Falwell says that it was there that he met a number of "great preachers" with churches of three and four thousand people. He would, he says, follow these preachers around and run errands for them, to be near them and to learn as much as he could. He studied hard, but he did not give up his pranks. Once, he drove a motorcycle through the boys' dormitory at midnight. Another time, he ran a garden hose into a friend's room and flooded it. After his friend had spent three hours cleaning the water up, Falwell came in and emptied a five-gallon can of water onto the floor. ("He has an aggressive nature," his biographers comment.) Macel Pate was now engaged to one of his roommates. Falwell managed "to get the other ring off her finger," according to one account, in part by tearing up letters to her that the roommate gave him to mail. Macel, however, did not marry him until he was established in Lynchburg five years later.

According to the biographies, the first real crisis in Falwell's life came during his Bible-college career. He had asked to teach a Sunday-school class of eleven-year-olds in the local Baptist church, but because after some weeks he still had only one student the church superintendent threatened to take away his classbook. Jerry then began to go every afternoon to an unused room on the third floor of the college's administration building, where he would pray for several hours, "crying out to God" for help with the class. On Saturdays, he went through all the parks and playgrounds in the town looking for eleven-year-olds, and by the time the school year was over, in May, he had fifty-six of them in his class.

In 1954, Falwell took a year out of college to work at the Park Avenue Baptist Church. In 1956, he returned to Lynchburg at the end of his senior year and, though he had received an offer to go elsewhere, decided to start a new church there with thirty-five dissident members of Park Avenue Baptist. He and his new congregation found an empty building on Thomas Road—it had recently been vacated by the Donald Duck Bottling Company—and spent several days scrubbing the cola syrup off the walls. A week after the first service in the church, Falwell began a half-hour Sunday broadcast for a new local radio station. Not long afterward, he began a daily radio program and a live Sunday-evening broadcast from a local television station. With these two broadcasts and the morning and evening Sunday services in his church, Falwell was for some time preaching four sermons every Sunday, beginning at 6:30 A.M. and ending around 9:00 P.M. On weekdays, he would go from door to door visiting each house in an ever-expanding radius from the church. In a year, his congregation went from thirty-five people to eight hundred and sixty-four.

FALWELL lays no claim to great originality as a preacher. When he speaks about the sources of his faith, his vocation, or his evangelistic style, he always makes much of Charles E. Fuller and his "Old-Fashioned Revival Hour;" he also speaks of Dwight



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Moody, Billy Sunday, and the Southern preachers he took for mentors at Baptist Bible College. In the fundamentalist tradition, his theology is wholly orthodox; it is the religion of independent Baptist preachers throughout the Bible Belt. His preaching style is similarly conventional. Falwell does not have the flamboyance of a Billy Sunday—he has no real love for the language—nor does he have the soothing, media-modern style of charismatics like Oral Roberts and Pat Robertson. He is a pithy, old-fashioned preacher—a man who has made himself out of the traditional cloth. What distinguishes him among his peers is his organizational talent and his enormous, driving energy.

In "Church Aflame," a book he wrote with Elmer Towns, the vice-president of Liberty Baptist College, the authors explain in some detail how Falwell organized the Thomas Road Church and built its membership into the thousands. His method was simply to use every available medium at once—the telephone, the printing press, personal contacts, broadcasting. In the late fifties and early sixties, he devoted himself to building up the church's capacities for what he calls "saturation evangelism." He put his parishioners to work on the phones. He bought a printing press and, with the help of church members, printed announcements, leaflets, and, finally, a newspaper. He then set up a telephone bank and also began to produce tape cassettes for sale. As his congregation increased, he would raise money, build new facilities, and then cast out a larger net for new members. In 1964, he completed the construction of a thousand-seat auditorium for his church services; from that year on, he acquired a new piece of land or built a new building almost every year. In 1967, he founded Lynchburg Christian Academy. In 1972, he brought nineteen thousand people to the Lynchburg Municipal Stadium for a Sunday-school meeting.

For twelve years—from 1956 to 1968—Falwell preached in his own church on Sundays and then went to a television station (first to the one in Lynchburg and later to one in Roanoke, sixty miles away) to preach a sermon for broadcast locally. In 1968, he was able to buy black-and-white-television cameras and to tape one of the Sunday services in his church—at once easing his own incredible preaching schedule and providing a format for a television program. Two years later, shortly after the current Thomas Road church building was completed, he bought color-television cameras. Once he was in control of the production of his program, he and his brother-in-law, Sam K. Pate, bought time for the program on local television stations in the East and then throughout the country; following the practice of Oral Roberts, Rex Humbard, and others, they set up a direct-mail funding operation to defray the costs of production and distribution. In 1971, Falwell bought time on two hundred television stations; his revenues that year reached a million dollars.

"Church Aflame" might serve as a how-to-do-it guide for the ambitious young evangelist if it were not for one important lacuna: money-raising. In this and other books, Falwell discusses the tithing of the local congregation, but he is silent on how to raise money from a television audience. On this subject, he has said, "We try to do everything that General Motors does to sell automobiles. Except that we do it better, maybe"—a statement that is not only too general to be helpful but also not quite accurate.

Falwell's fund-raising pitches on television (he makes them himself—an uncommon practice among television evangelists) suggest not General Motors ads but cereal-box-top offers. Send in nine-ninety-five and you will receive, in addition to your own special volume of inspirational literature, a perfectly free gratis Jesus First pin. Or: Become a Faith Partner—send in ten dollars a month and receive our four-color magazine of faith, *Faith Aflame*. Alternatively, here are two free Jesus First pins—wear them always—and send fifteen, twenty-five, a hundred dollars a month to help our Liberty Baptist students or our crusade against sin. You will receive our Crusader's Passport. Call Jerry Falwell toll-free and share your need with one of our counsellors.

Some of the pitches are more sophisticated. Last spring, Falwell was offering seven volumes of inspirational literature—the package, wrapped in silver paper with ribbon tied in a bow, looked extraordinarily like a gift-wrapped package from a liquor store. Celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Thomas Road Church, Falwell said, and send in a hundred dollars now, or twenty-five dollars for four months, to help with the construction of much-needed buildings at Liberty Baptist. He explained that the package contained the books that, apart from the Bible, had most influenced his spiritual life. One can only assume that these books were out of print and so re-issued for the anniversary—which was in fact the church's twenty-fourth.

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Falwell himself dreams up a good many of these pitches, but, as this particular appeal suggests, there are also a number of professionals at work on his fund-raising. Since 1973, he has employed an advertising agency and a Massachusetts computer-consulting firm called Epsilon Data Management, both of which have what they call "inputs on the creative side." The main job of Epsilon Data Management is to help coördinate the mailings. Through this firm, Falwell can make appeals to a variety of different constituencies with a series of computer-printed letters appropriate to each. One set of appeals, for example, stresses patriotism, another missionary work, another the menace of pornography and homosexuality. Through Epsilon, Falwell manages four different "clubs," whose members contribute to his various ministries monthly sums averaging about twenty dollars. His hundred and seventy thousand Faith Partners and the forty thousand members of his I Love America Club contribute to the general "Gospel Hour" fund; the members of his Founders Club and his 15,000 Club give money for buildings and for scholarships, respectively, at Liberty Baptist College. Falwell's televised appeals alternate among these various constituencies.

On occasion, Falwell will make appeals for causes outside his own ministries, but the giver must beware. Last year, Falwell flew to Thailand to visit a refugee camp, where he was photographed in a bush jacket holding a Cambodian child in his arms. Thereafter, he made a series of appeals on television for the Indo-Chinese refugees. In March of 1980, he sent out an urgent letter describing in heartrending detail the plight of the Vietnamese boat people and appealing for emergency funds to buy food and medical

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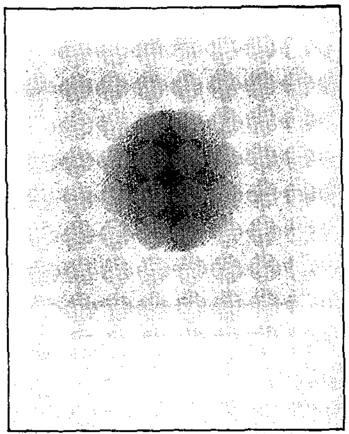
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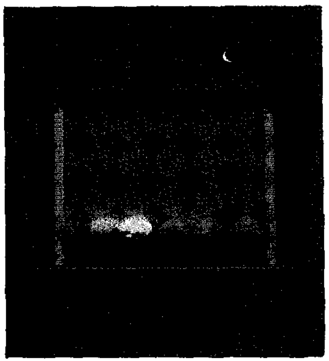
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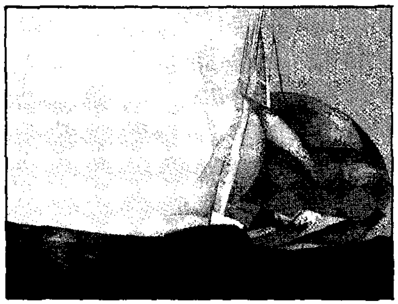
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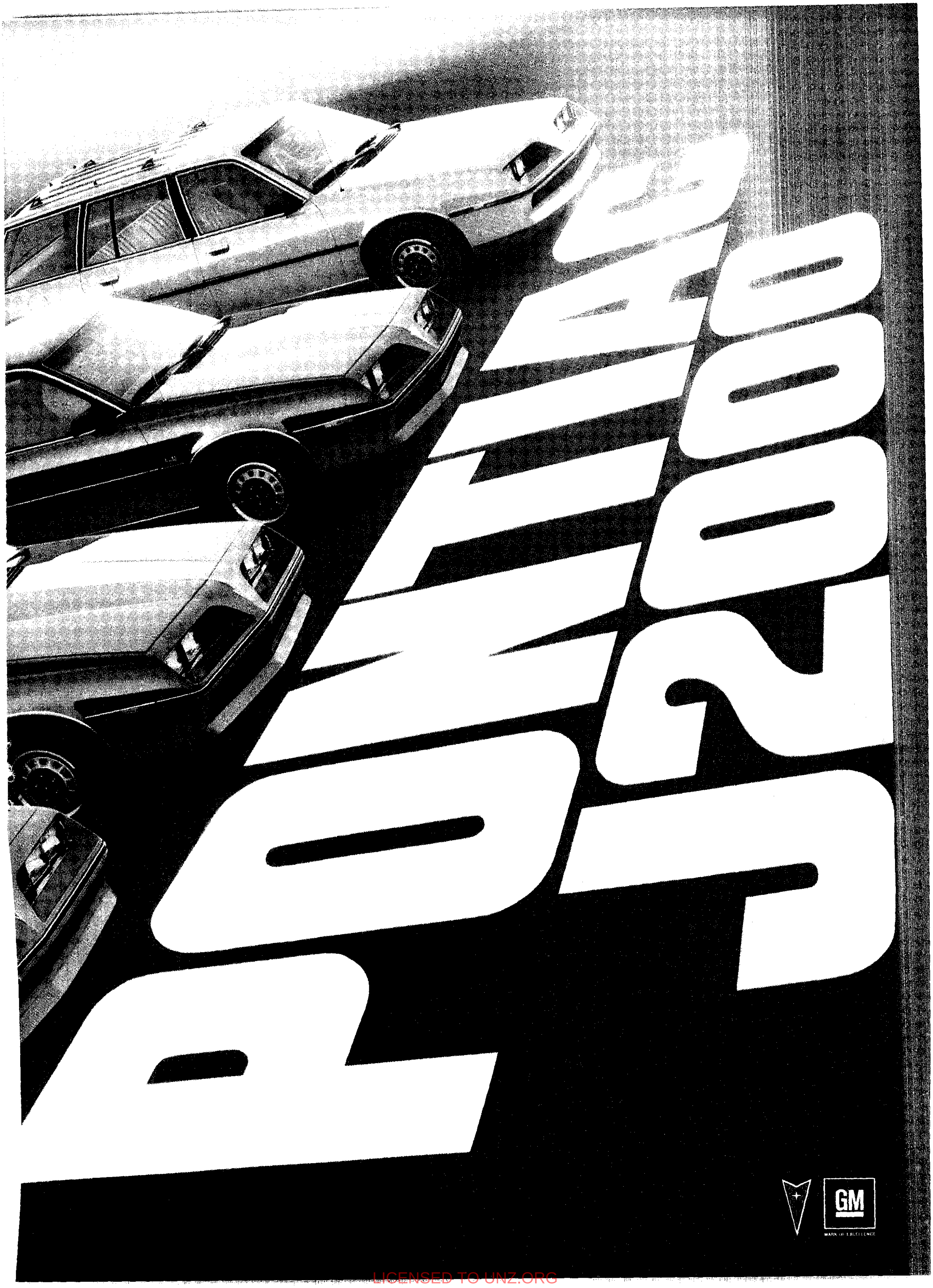
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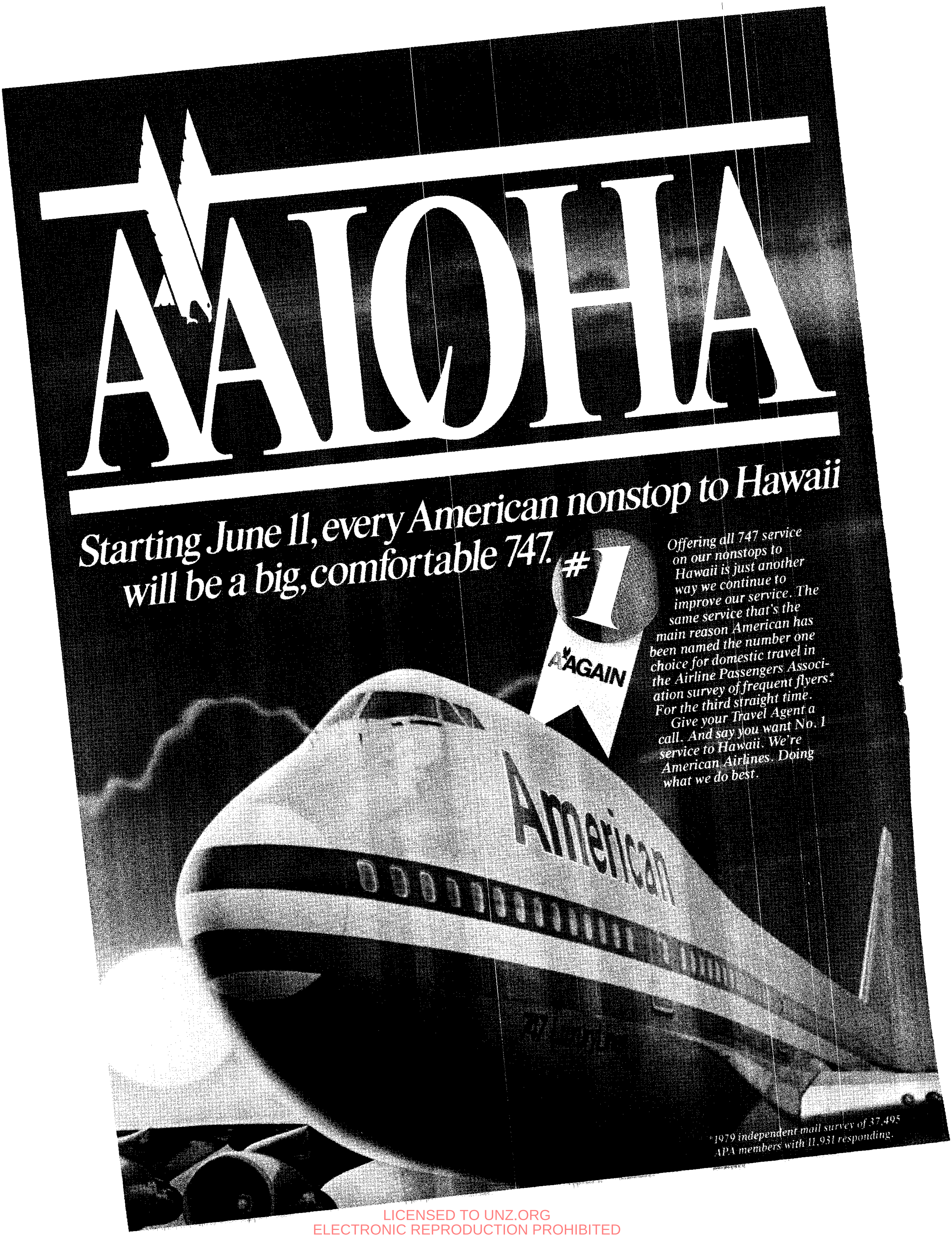

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supplies. On page 2 of the letter, the recipient would discover that the first hundred thousand dollars from that appeal would go to the boat people and the balance would go to "The Old-Time Gospel Hour." (This spring, two similar appeals were made on behalf of refugees in Somalia.) A special newsletter sent out around the same period included photographs of starving Cambodian refugees and a description of their plight. In this newsletter, Falwell asked for twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred dollars from each recipient to help start the Liberty Missionary Society, "which will reach out to lost, hurting, and hungry souls around the world." To examine the budget for the society in the newsletter was, however, to see that the appeal would bring the starving Cambodians no food and no medicine at all. The budget—two million dollars—showed, for instance, four hundred and fifty thousand dollars to support Liberty Baptist students on short-term missionary service in eighteen countries, thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars to buy air time for "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" in countries outside the United States and Canada, and four hundred and fifty thousand for capital expenditures on Liberty Baptist College. A hundred thousand dollars was promised for "foreign Bible distribution."

These fund-raising techniques have proved remarkably successful. In fiscal 1979, "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" raised thirty-five million dollars from the two and a half million people on its mailing lists. The financial management of the church has been rather less than successful, though, and over the years Falwell has had his troubles with it. In the early seventies, his organization floated bond issues worth six and a half million dollars. In 1973, the Securities and Exchange Commission sued the combined ministries for "fraud and deceit," charging that the church was insolvent and could not redeem the bonds when they came due. In court, the judge absolved the church of intentional wrongdoing, and the S.E.C. lawyers dropped the words "fraud and deceit" from their complaint. Falwell thereupon declared a great victory. The church, however, had admitted in the course of the trial that one of its bond prospectuses was inaccurate and that its general ledgers were incomplete. The financial affairs of the church were put in the hands of five prominent Lynchburg businessmen; that is, into what was for a nonprofit institution the equivalent of receivership.

On assuming responsibility for the finances of the Thomas Road ministries, the businessmen found that the scant records the church did have were in a state of confusion. In the next three years, they instituted proper accounting procedures, cut overhead costs, let a number of "Gospel Hour" administrators go (including Falwell's brother-in-law), and, perhaps most important, adopted a cost-effective system for buying radio and television time. "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" had been buying "packages" of air time almost at random from brokers, when the tried-and-true system for evangelists was to persuade a local group to finance the purchase of air time on a local station for thirteen weeks and drop it if contributions did not then cover the cost. Between 1973 and 1977, "Gospel Hour" revenues rose from seven million dollars a year to twenty-two million, and in May of 1977 the committee of businessmen was able to retire most of the church's unsecured indebtedness and hand the management back to Falwell and his staff.

Three years later, the church was again in financial trouble. Its balance sheet for the fiscal year ending in June of 1980 showed that it had assets of forty-one million dollars, of which thirty-six million were sunk into property, plant, and equipment; it showed mortgages and liabilities amounting to nineteen million dollars. In August of 1980, the church borrowed three and a half million dollars more through a bond issue. Its ability to service its debt depended entirely on Falwell's ability to bring in money, particularly through "The Old-Time Gospel Hour." In the fiscal year 1979, he had brought in six million seven hundred thousand dollars above operating expenses—sufficient funds to service the debt. But in the fiscal year 1980 "Gospel Hour" income did not increase as much as expected, and the operating expenses rose, giving the whole organization a net of only three million eight hundred thousand dollars. Since the church had few assets apart from its own buildings and grounds, the whole enterprise of the Thomas Road Church began to look shaky.

How the church could have got into such debt when its total revenues had continued to rise each year—from twenty-two million two hundred thou-

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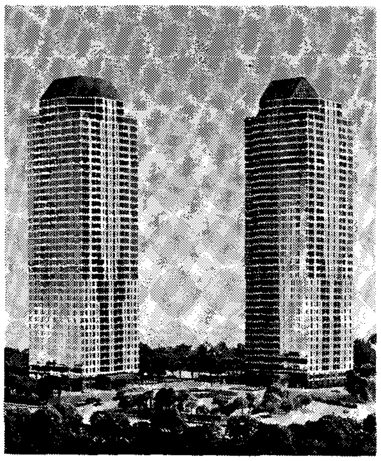

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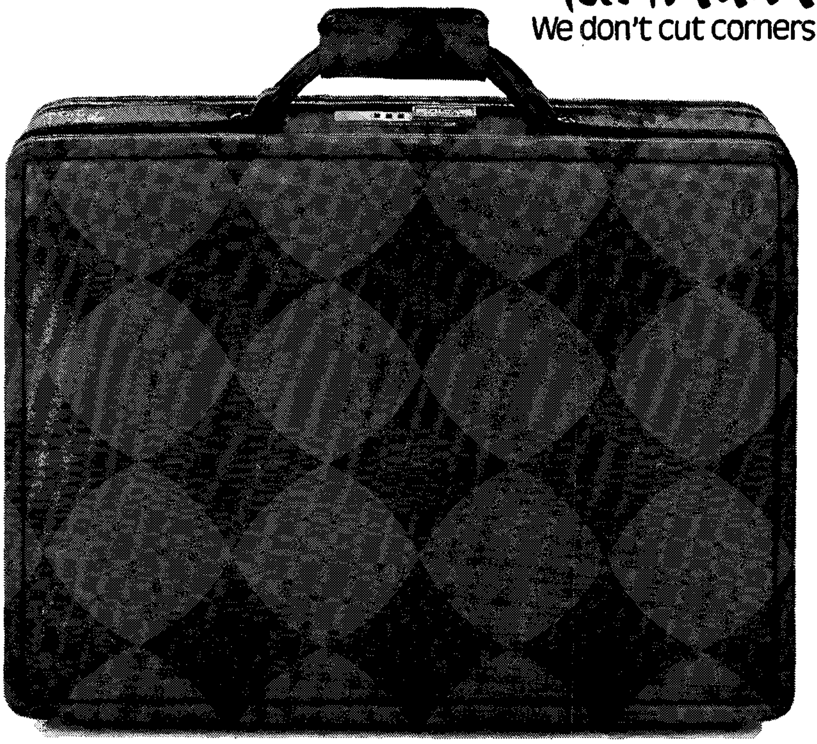
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sand dollars in fiscal 1977 to fifty-one million in fiscal 1980—was an interesting question. In 1973, when the businessmen took over the organization they made an extensive investigation of its bank accounts—personal and institutional—and found no evidence of hanky-panky. What they did find—in addition to a lack of any financial management—was deficit spending, on the one hand, and a great deal of waste and inefficiency, on the other. Some in Lynchburg therefore concluded that the organization had simply fallen back into its old ways. "Jerry's always criticizing the government for overspending," a businessman close to him said. "But he is the biggest deficit spender of them all. There's no end to what he would like to do, and he doesn't know how to say no to anyone."

The theory concerning deficit spending bears some examination, for Falwell is clearly an ambitious man, who is always out ahead of himself, his vision always exceeding his present possibilities. He himself has rather proudly said that he has never had the money to complete any project that he began. He founded Liberty Baptist College in 1971, when the church was millions of dollars in debt; and last summer, when it was in the throes of a new financial crisis, he was talking about putting up a new church building for ten thousand people, a college for fifty thousand students, and apartments for thousands of elderly people. Clearly, Falwell would like to do everything at once. But what he actually does with his money is the real point at issue.

Figures from Falwell's organization show that "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" raised about a hundred and fifteen million dollars in four years—fiscal 1977 through fiscal 1980—and that virtually none of this money went toward the operating expenses of the Thomas Road Church; the local congregation paid for most of the church's expenses with tithes. In those four years, Falwell put a total of sixteen million dollars into the construction of the L.B.C. campus, and each year he put about two million dollars into the operating expenses of the college. The bulk of the revenues, however, went back into "The Old-Time Gospel Hour," for its own operations.

So in the scheme of things Falwell gave a rather high priority to "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" and a rather low one to the comfort and education of his college students. As the business-

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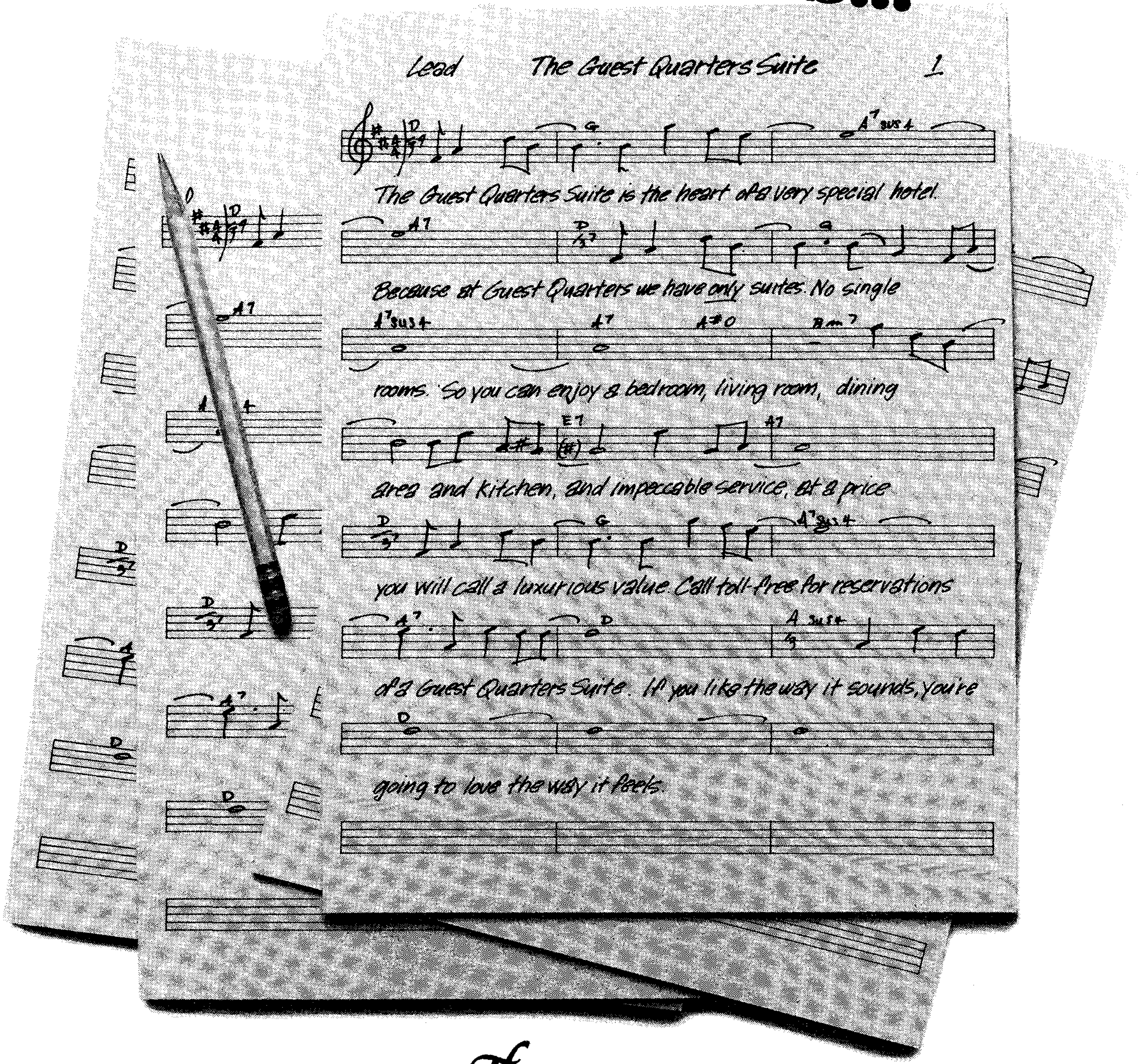
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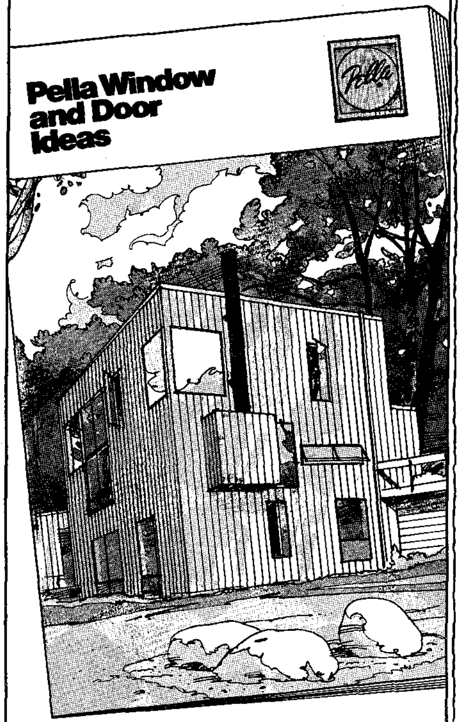

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men who took over his organization found out, although "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" is the fund-raising arm and the vehicle for further expansion, it was the college that attracted a sizable percentage of the contributions. The businessmen had wanted to close the college for prudential reasons but had found that, for the same prudential reasons, they could not. As a result, the college had two entirely independent existences for its first six years—one on paper, the other in reality—and the students fell into the gap between the two. Falwell advertised the college on television. He sent out a catalog with a picture of what seemed to be a bosky campus; one of his books of the period pictures students playing basketball in a gymnasium. When the students came to Lynchburg—first three hundred, then a thousand, then two thousand strong—what they found was a series of dilapidated rented buildings scattered around the city. There was no campus (the catalog photo was of a city park), no gymnasium (the college used gyms belonging to a public high school and to Lynchburg Christian Academy), and, for the first few years, no library. (Falwell's students used the Randolph-Macon and Lynchburg College libraries until there were complaints about their attempts to proselytize other students.) Some of the students took pride in their ability to survive these hardships, but others left. Finally, in 1977, Falwell was able to begin the construction of the campus, and the students were finally installed on it. When I was there last summer, however, the campus consisted mainly of a collection of prefabs made of cinder block and metal sheeting. Since then, a few new buildings faced with brick have been added. Those students who live on campus must sleep on bunk beds, four to each tiny room.

Whether one judges the "Gospel Hour" to be an efficient operation or not depends on whether one categorizes it as a direct-mail business or as a church. In fiscal 1979, for example, when its receipts were thirty-five million dollars, its operating expenses were nearly twenty-six million dollars. The fund-raising vehicle itself spent more than five dollars for every seven dollars it earned. Of course, many of those who send in money are contributing to the program itself. Thus, the cost of air time—nine million dollars in fiscal 1979—and the cost of production are the very objects of their charity. But in fiscal 1979 "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" spent nearly eleven million dollars for direct mail and promotion. It had other administrative costs, which included the payroll and employee benefits for some eight hundred people. Falwell himself makes only forty-two thousand five hundred dollars a year in salary, but his organization pays a number of his expenses—including the maintenance of his twelve-room house (deeded to the church by a wealthy businessman) and the cost of a private jet. Therefore, Falwell's contributors, in 1979, paid roughly forty cents of every dollar they gave for administrative costs.

There is no evidence of any illegality in these practices. Still, Falwell's organization has engaged in certain transactions that most businesses and nonprofit institutions would avoid. In the fiscal year 1980, it bought a million and a half dollars' worth of gift offers and other materials from a company whose president was a member of its own board, and it also borrowed a million dollars from a board member. It currently employs an agency run by Falwell's brother-in-law to buy its media time. All these transactions may have worked to the advantage of "The Old-Time Gospel Hour;" there is some evidence in each case that they have. But that is surely not true of a decision made in the summer of 1979 to transfer all the health-insurance policies for "Gospel Hour" employees from Blue Cross/Blue Shield to a "Christian" company that turned out to be inadequately financed and had been legally barred from doing business in another state. Another company now handles those policies.

There may be no illegality within the Falwell organization, but there is very often a disquieting difference between what Falwell says is happening and what is actually going on. In October of 1979, for instance, Falwell informed his supporters through his newspaper and by direct mail that he would have to take "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" off the air "unless God definitely shows me that he wants us to continue in this media." Therefore, he wrote, "I am putting out the fleece." (He carefully explained that the reference was to Gideon and the salvation of Israel.) He asked for fasting and prayer and six and a half million dol-

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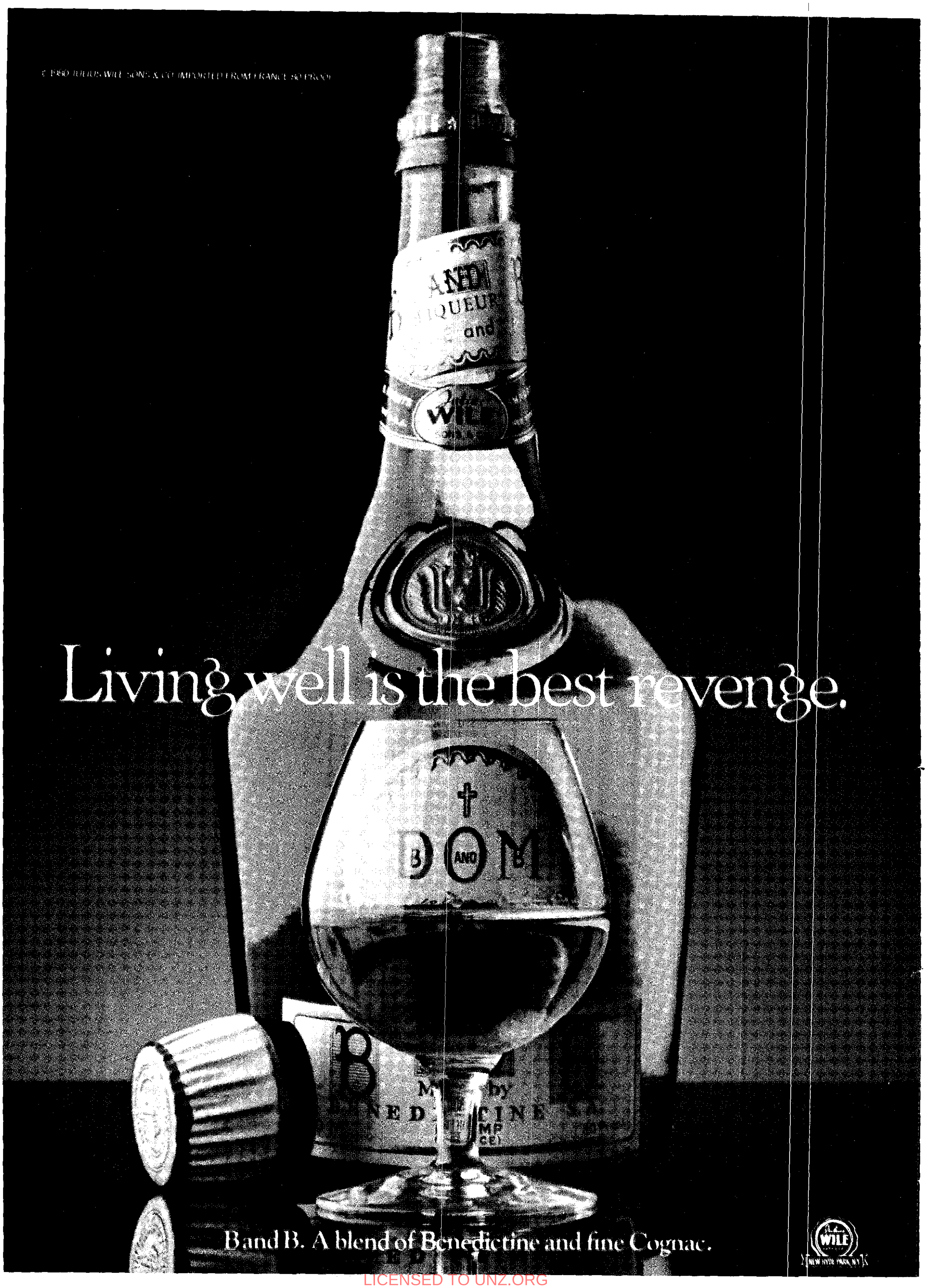
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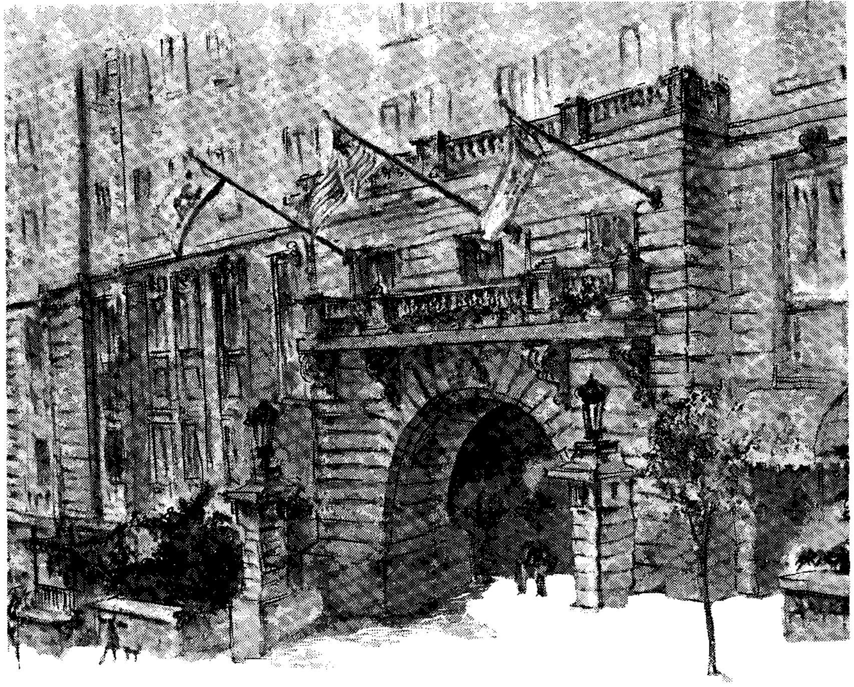
lars. When a reporter questioned him about the announcement, Falwell said, in effect, that he had exaggerated a bit—that he did not intend to take the program off the air but merely to reduce the number of stations from which he bought air time; and that the six and a half million dollars represented only a million dollars more than "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" had brought in the previous October. In November, Falwell announced that he had raised the six and a half million and the crisis was over.

Whether or not Falwell actually raised all of that money, the crisis was not over; it was just beginning. He had called a moratorium on further construction of the L.B.C. campus in October—at the time of the crisis call—and it remained in effect until July of 1980. Yet in 1980—and this was yet another indication of his priorities—his expenditure for air time actually increased. "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" picked up some fifty television stations last year, and in addition Falwell produced three television specials and bought air time for them on two hundred stations around the country. Also, in the spring of 1980 he spent two million dollars to buy the entire shopping plaza in which the "Gospel Hour" offices were situated.

In June of 1980, Falwell refused to pay sixty-seven thousand dollars in local real-estate taxes owed on the land occupied by L.B.C. but owned by "The Old-Time Gospel Hour"—which was not, for these purposes, tax-exempt. When the city dunned him for the unpaid real-estate taxes, he told his congregation that the city was discriminating against the Thomas Road Church and that he would not pay "until all churches and colleges in Lynchburg pay taxes"—a phrase suggesting that the land belonged to the college or the church. Around the same time, the chief executive officer of "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" told the local press that the church owned no property or enterprise in Lynchburg not "involved in the ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ." At that time, however, "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" was leasing space to a supermarket, a gift shop, and a restaurant-bar in the shopping plaza that contained its offices.

FALWELL's financial troubles—and the confusion that he creates around them—can be understood only in the context of the relationships that



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exist between him and his congregation and between that congregation and the outside world. In 1979, the dean of the Liberty Baptist Seminary resigned after a doctrinal dispute with Falwell. When, in the course of the dispute, Falwell questioned his administrative abilities, the dean angrily responded that it was Falwell who was the poor manager, creating financial crisis after financial crisis. He also accused Falwell of running a dictatorship. The last accusation was a curious one for the dean to make, since fundamentalist churches are generically dictatorships. Most Baptist churches—including most of those which belong to the Southern Baptist Convention—are governed by their lay members; they have deacons or committees of laymen to oversee the finances of the church and to hire and fire the pastors. But independent Baptist churches are run by their pastors. Falwell has always run the Thomas Road Church, and he has always insisted on his own absolute rule. In a sermon titled "The Day of Great Men Has Not Passed," he said, "God's plan is that His flock is to be led by shepherds, not run by a board or a committee." He explained:

> God never intended for a committee nor a board of deacons nor any other group to dominate a church or control a pastor. The pastor is God's man, God's servant, God's leader. When you tie the hands of God's man, when you keep him from acting as the Holy Spirit leads him, you have murdered his initiative, you have killed his spirit.

This system of governance might seem out of place in a church that democratically assumes that anyone can attain salvation without the intervention of the pastor. But just as fundamentalist theology posits the absolute authority of the Bible, fundamentalist moral doctrines posit the absolute authority of pastors, teachers, fathers, "civil authority," and so on. In "God's chain of command," there are no relationships of equality but only superiors and inferiors, authority and obedience. While fundamentalist theology exists quite independent of individual pastors, individual pastors do tend to impose their own personal authority.

"This Jim Jones thing haunts everyone," Jackie Gould told me. She was the second person in Falwell's congregation to bring Jones' name up to me. The first was a professor who worked with the Moral Majority. "Imagine a spectrum that runs from a Jim Jones cult on the one hand to the most arid of liberal churches on the other," the professor said. "Well, *some of the big fundamentalist* churches in the South would fall close—dangerously close—to the Jim Jones end of the spectrum. I know because I used to belong to one of them. I got out, but it was a terrible culture shock. The question is, of course, where Dr. Falwell's church would fit in this spectrum. It is one of the religious kingdoms of the South. But in my view it is one of the most liberal and progressive of them."

It is true that Falwell's church is nothing like a Jim Jones cult. Lynchburg people outside the church do not even make the association, for they can see perfectly well that the congregation runs too much to Tupperware and to careers in Babcock & Wilcox or the military. Among the thousands who come to visit the Thomas Road Church each year, there are a few Flannery O'Connor guilt-ridden crazies with stones in their boots (Falwell has concrete walls around his house and a guard) and a few sweet-Jesus people who arrive at the welfare office saying that God has sent them and will the state please get them home. But most of the visitors are families in big Chevies or couples on Super-Saver fares who have come East to see an aunt and, incidentally, to drop in on the church that they watch on television. Among the resident church members are some who moved to Lynchburg just to join the Thomas Road Church. But these people also came to go to college, to train in church work, or to send their children to a "Christian" school. They came to live and work within a big, well-organized church.

All the same, there is something a bit exotic about Falwell's congregation. The L.B.C. women, with their mid-calf dresses, and the L.B.C. men, with their clipped hair and white shirts, present an obvious contrast to all the other college students in Lynchburg. But it is not just a matter of appearances. If you ask a Thomas Road member "What brought you to Lynchburg?" or "How did you find this house?" the answer will be "God brought me here" or "God found this house for us"—and only after that will come some mention of the family's desire for a warmer climate or of the intervention of a real-estate agent. Such answers might indicate passivity or a sense of helplessness if it were not that Thomas Road people always seem to know exactly what God

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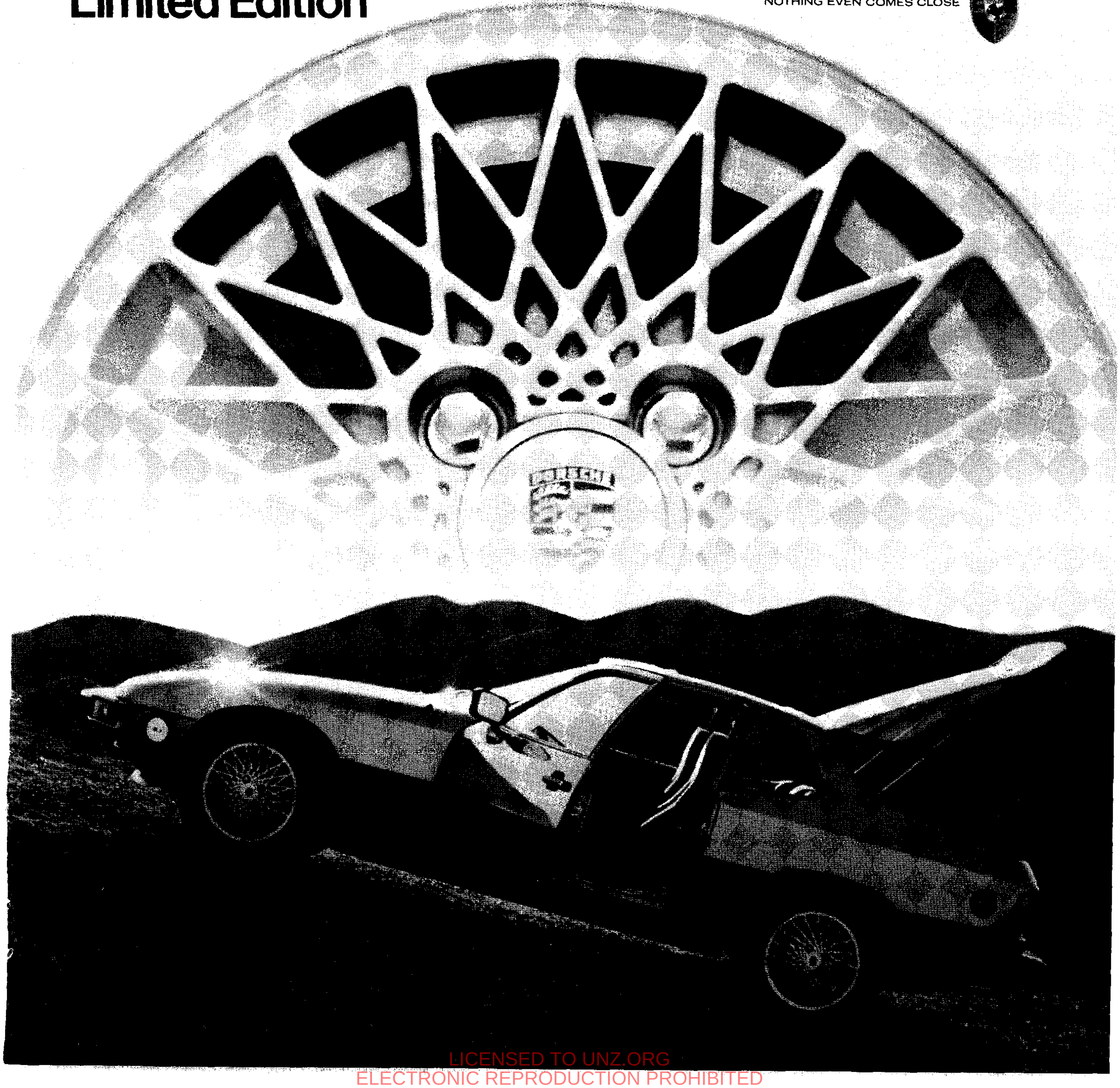

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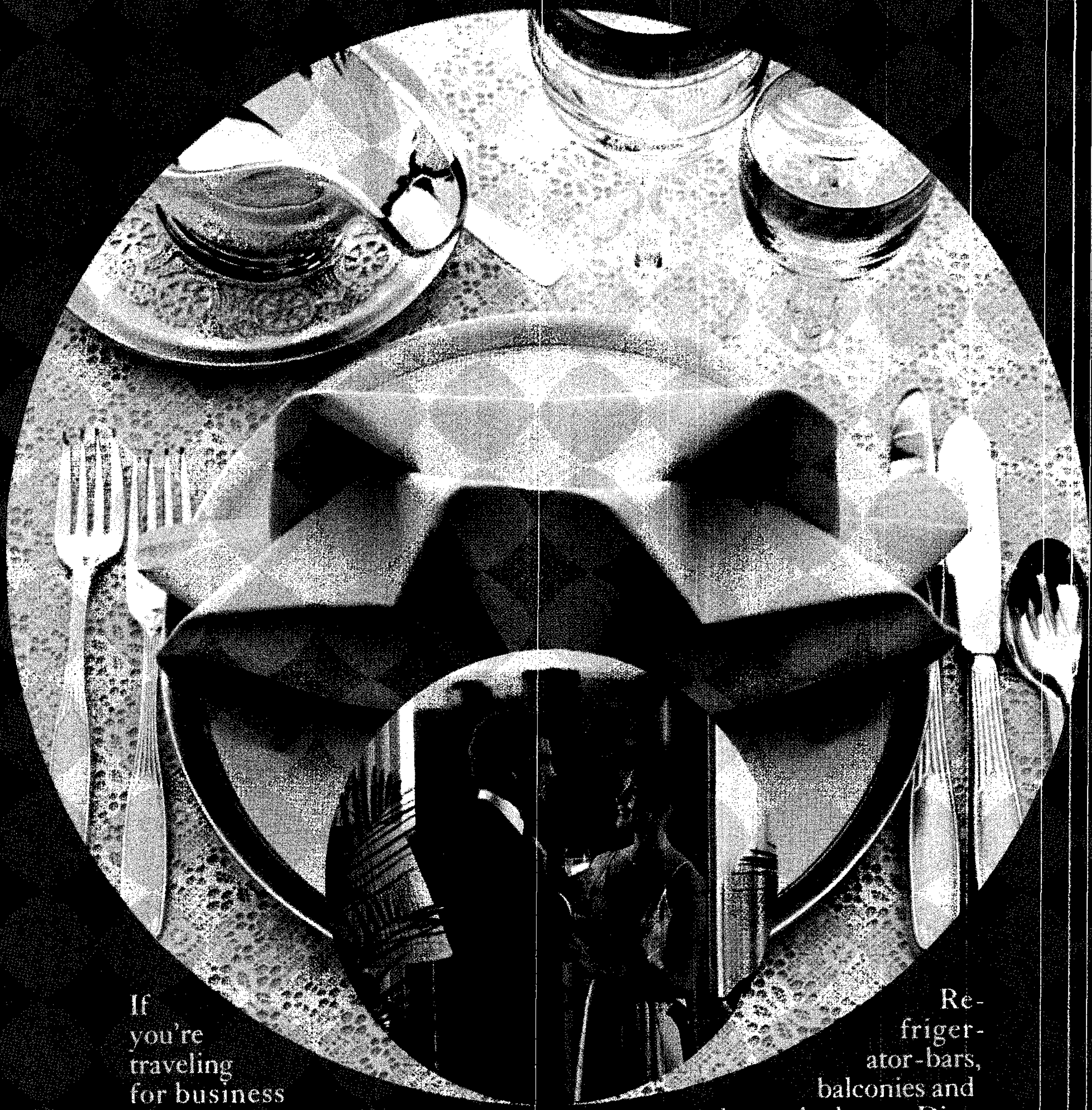

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wants. This moon-child quality is far more pronounced in some people than in others, but all the Thomas Road people seem to have the same opinions about what God wants for society at large. As an outsider soon discovers, there is no real point in talking to more than one of them on a topic of general interest, for there is a right answer to every question, and Nancy James or William Sheehan can give it to you as well as any of the pastors. Or, if that particular person can't, it's simply because he or she lacks the specific information. "I'm totally against the E.R.A.," Nancy James told me during a visit I paid to her house. When, for the purposes of discussion, I recited some of the pro-E.R.A. arguments, she listened seriously and apologized for being so uninformed on the subject. I thought at the time that the arguments had made some impression on her, but later, as I was leaving, she came out after me to apologize again and to say, "I will find out more about the E.R.A. I know I'm against it. I'm just not sure exactly why."

For Thomas Road people, education—in the broad sense of the word—is not a moral and intellectual quest that involves struggle and uncertainty. It is simply the process of learning, or teaching, the right answers. The idea that an individual should collect evidence and decide for himself is anathema. Last spring, Falwell told his congregation that to read anything but the Bible and certain prescribed works of interpretation was at best a waste of time. He said that he himself read all the national magazines, just to keep up with what others were saying, but that there was no reason for others to do so. (His church members seem to follow this advice faithfully; their weakness, when they have any, is in the realm of television watching.) He and his fellow-pastors attack the public schools for teaching "immorality," "secular humanism," and other evils. But what bothers the most pious members of his congregation is not just that the schools teach the wrong answers; it is that the schools do not protect children from information that might call their beliefs into question. When I asked Jackie Gould whether she would consider sending her children to something other than a Bible college, she said, "No, because our eternal destiny is all-important, so you can't take a chance. College so often throws kids into confusion." The purpose of education, then, is progress in one

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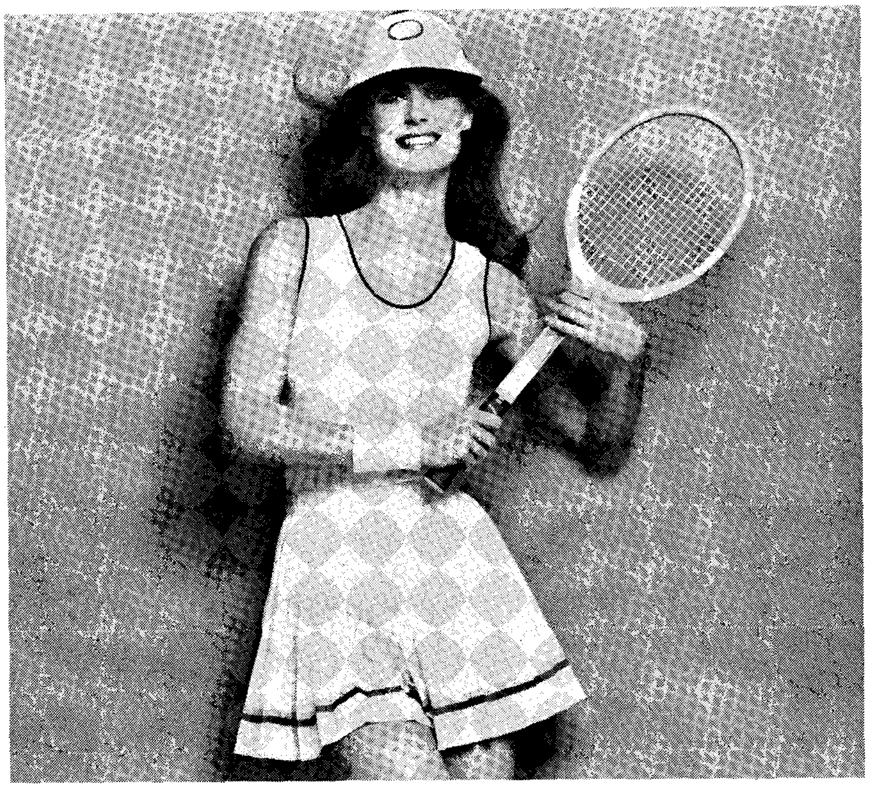

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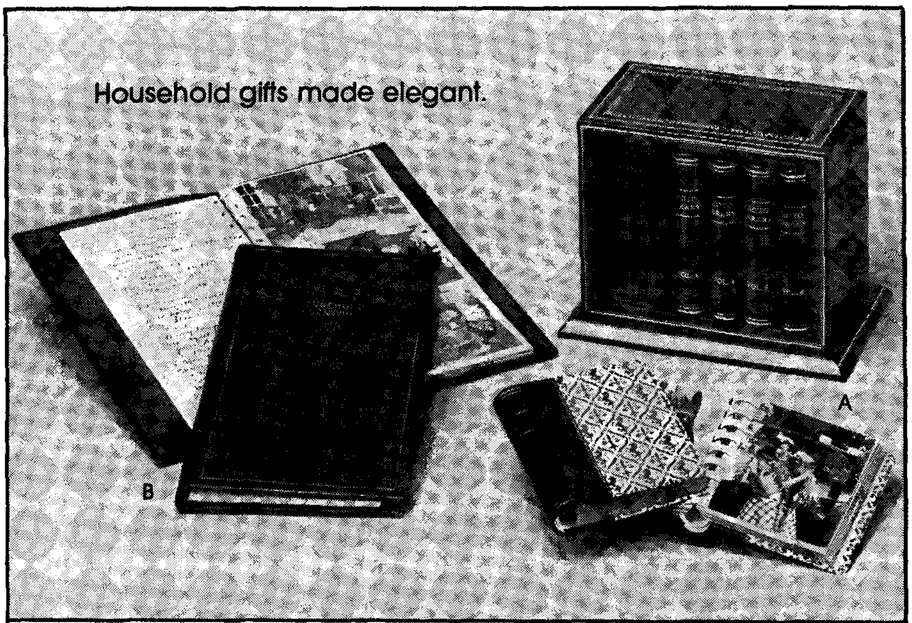

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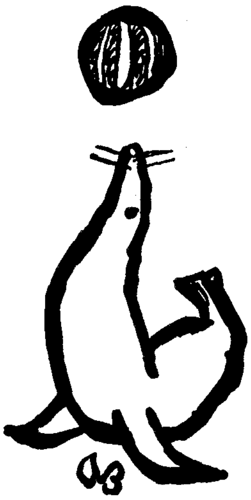
As a result, book learning in the Liberty Baptist Schools is severely limited. The entire library of Lynchburg Christian Academy would fit inside a few telephone booths; it contains one volume by Dickens but no Thackeray, no Melville, and no novels by any modernist writer. Liberty Baptist College has a library that was bought from a defunct college. It also has a tiny bookstore, and this displays books by L.B.C. faculty members, books by Billy Graham, books about Winston Churchill, and not much else, next to banks of taped sermons, boxes of stationery, and piles of T-shirts. In a Western-civilization class I attended at the summer school, the professor managed to get through the political, economic, cultural, and intellectual history of nineteenth-century Europe in two hours. While he dictated an outline of European history, the students obediently took notes, asking questions when they had not heard exactly what he said. Nationalism, utopian socialism, scientific socialism, Marxism, the professor said. Finally, a young man interrupted to ask, with a laugh, if there were really ever people who believed in socialism. Fourier, Blanqui, the professor answered, and then he wrote "Thesis, antithesis, synthesis" on the blackboard. A little later, a young woman raised her hand and asked who those people were. "Thesis, antithesis, synthesis," the professor explained, adding that this represented the dictatorship of the proletariat.



At the Liberty Baptist Schools, students are protected both from information and from most logical processes. There is no formal ban on logic, but since analytical reasoning might lead to skepticism, and skepticism to the questioning of Biblical truth, it is simply not encouraged except in disciplines like engineering, where it could be expected to yield a single correct answer. (Not coincidentally, some of the brightest people I met at Thomas Road, including Falwell himself, had studied engineering.) In anything resembling human affairs, the intellectual discipline consists of moving word-sticks and fact-sticks from one pile to another with the minimum coefficient of friction. ("Could I put down 'an end to oppression' instead of 'civil liberties' on your exam?" one student asked the Western-civ professor. The professor said yes, he could.) Irony, ambiguity, and contradiction are treated somewhat like pornography: they should not exist, but if they do they should be avoided, or contagious diseases will follow. Casuistry is not unknown among fundamentalists, but for lack of intellectual exercise even pastors at Thomas Road sometimes cannot explain their own philosophy. I asked a pastor, a teacher, and a professor, in turn, what was meant by "situation ethics"—a term that fundamentalists use in excoriating the public schools—and none of them could define it. All three gave me examples not of situation ethics but of moral dilemmas. And they did so with great conviction, since in their world moral dilemmas do not exist. People familiar with fundamentalist colleges in the South would not find this intellectual rigidity surprising. On the contrary, they would be struck by the relative liberality of L.B.C. For example, Bob Jones University, in Greenville, South Carolina, which is the biggest of the fundamentalist colleges-cum-seminaries, takes the doctrine of withdrawal and separation far more seriously. The college has a fence around it, literally and figuratively. Until their senior year, female students are not allowed to go out without a chaperon, even for a visit to the dentist. By contrast with such strict-constructionist schools, L.B.C. is a worldly, sophisticated place, fraught with intellectual tension. For an outsider, the tension is difficult to appreciate, but what Falwell has said about the status of the college makes the contradictions clear.

Speaking to the incoming freshman class last summer, Falwell promised that L.B.C. would become an accredited college, with a degree that would stand on a par with a degree from Harvard or Yale. In the next breath, he said that the church would continue to control the college, and promised that the students would find no differences of opinion among faculty members. In the fall, he made good on his first promise. His administrators reluctantly spent the money to have the library moved up to the campus from

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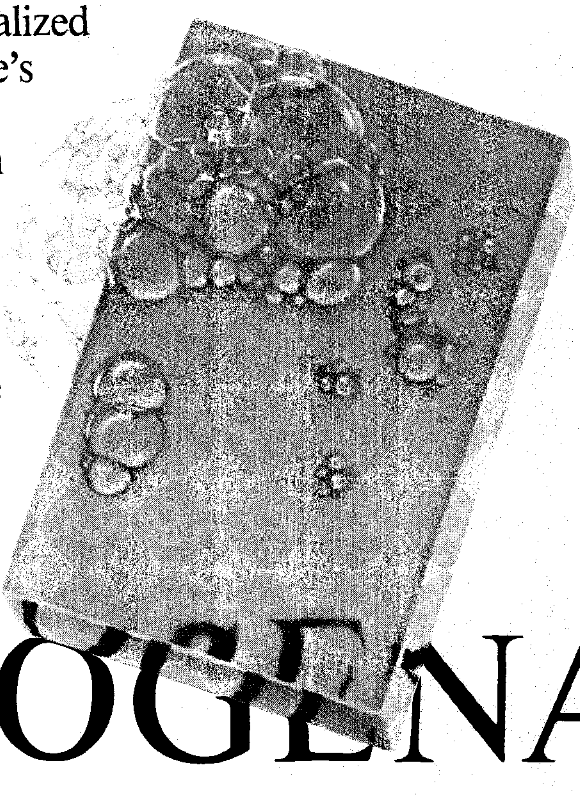

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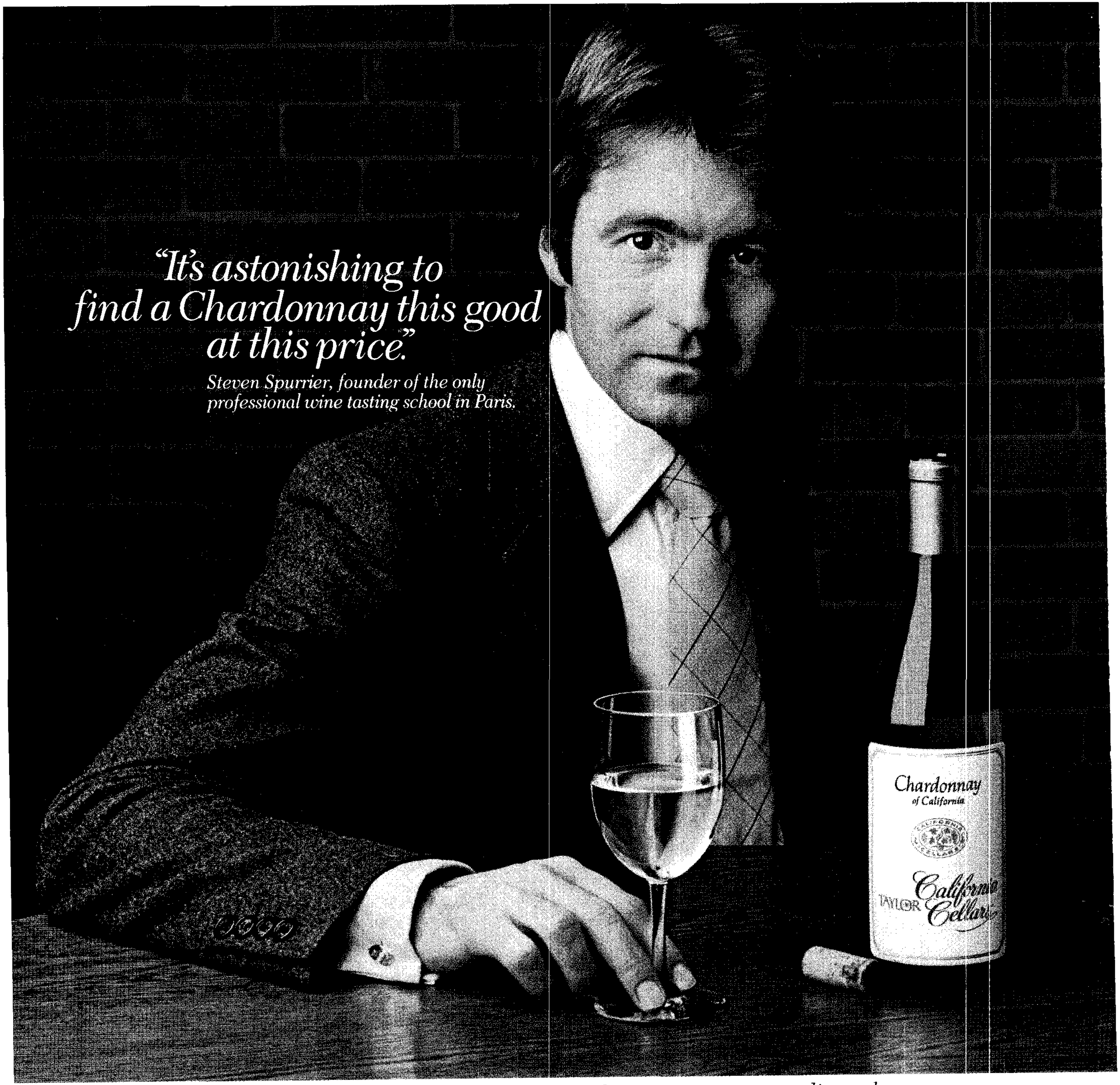
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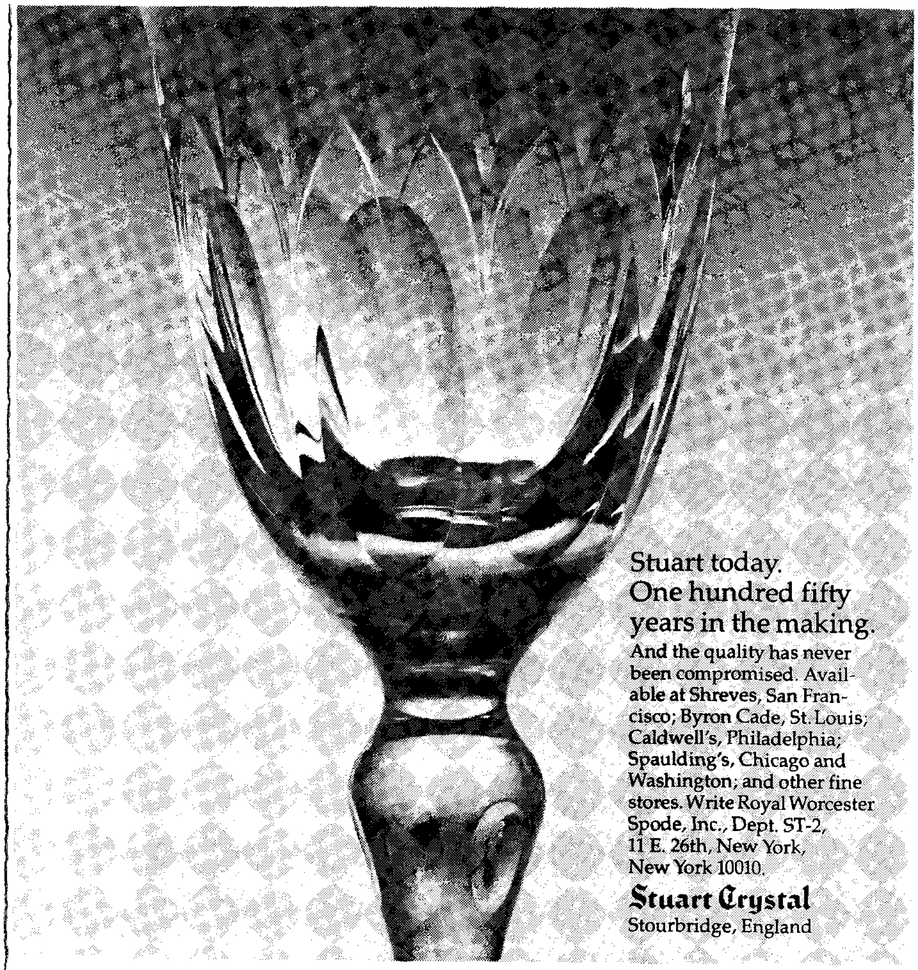
downtown, and the college was accredited. Now, according to his administrators, the fear is that L.B.C. will eventually follow a lot of other religious colleges down the slippery slope toward academic freedom. It is for this reason, they explain, that "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" owns the land that L.B.C. stands on (and hence the fight over real-estate taxes). It is also for this reason that Falwell, speaking of the L.B.C. faculty, says things like "Any time they start teaching something we don't like, we cut the money off. It's amazing how that changes philosophy."

The status of L.B.C. as an accredited, sectarian college points to the duality of Falwell's own ambitions and to the paradox of his whole community. While Thomas Road people want separation, authority, and certainty, they also want career advancement, some worldly goods, and a little power in the society. The conflicting aims go a long way toward explaining the confusion of fundamentalist politics in the 1980 election. "Fundamentalists are evolving," one Moral Majority administrator told me. "I know you must think that a strange word for me to use. But so be it. It's the effect of television, the effect of education." But then he added, "Of course, you won't find many people who have been educated outside of Bible colleges, as I have." And, in fact, the tensions and contradictions within the Thomas Road community are lost on most Lynchburg people, for what the church turns outward to the city is its hard shell.

In sheer size, the Thomas Road Church, with its related ministries, ranks as one of the most important institutions in Lynchburg. Its congregation is by far the city's largest. However, of the eighteen thousand people Falwell numbers in his congregation, many are students or people who live outside the city limits. The congregation thus probably does not, as its pastors have sometimes claimed, comprise a quarter of the population of the city. With some thousand employees, the combined ministries are the fourth-largest private employer in town. L.B.C. now has three thousand students, many of whom live off campus. The church brings thousands of visitors to Lynchburg annually, and over the years it has brought the city hundreds of new residents. (Falwell's administrators say that ten new members arrive in Lynchburg every week, but how many came to town just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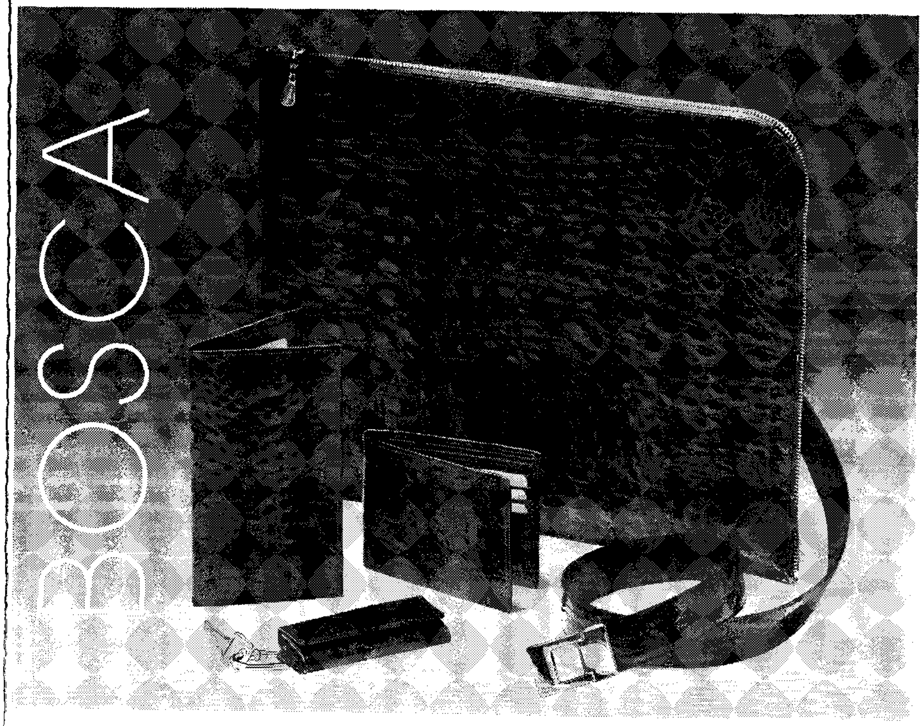

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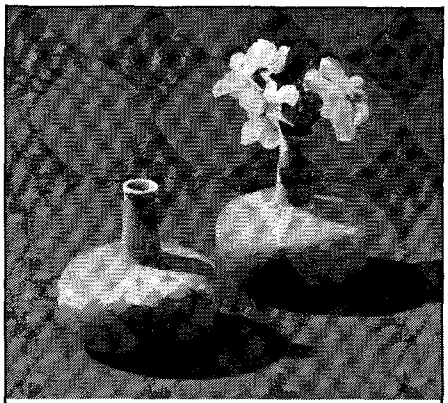

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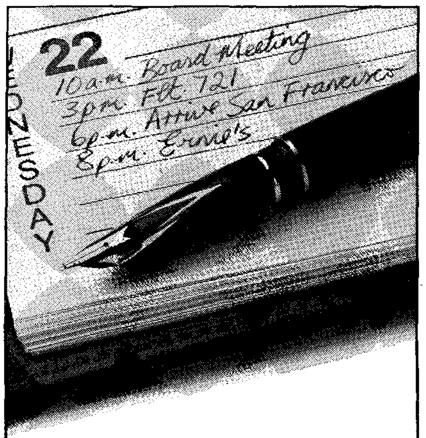

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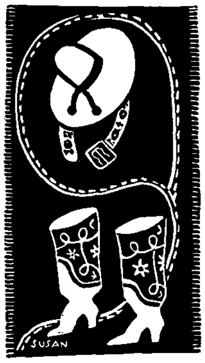
ERNIE'S

because of the Thomas Road Church is not certain. As for the number who leave town every week, that is not a statistic that anyone collects.) Because of its size, the church has created traffic problems in the neighborhood and a few other low-level community frictions, but they are offset by the welcome business it has brought to the motels, taxi services, shops, and other establishments.



Other than the movement of people, however, the Thomas Road Church has had almost no impact on the life of the city. Since 1956, Falwell and his people have stood apart from city politics and from community projects of all sorts. The Thomas Road pastors do not belong to the local ministers' organization; they take no part in ecumenical efforts, and are not known to make contributions to charities supported by other churches. Even the lay people tended to take no part in local politics or civic organizations until last year, when, for the first time, Thomas Road members voted in some numbers. In Lynchburg, this constitutes odd behavior, for the city is an exceptionally tight-knit, civic-minded place. Except for the Thomas Road people, the local politicians, businessmen, ministers, and college professors all know one another and, whatever their ideological or party differences, coöperate with one another on local affairs. While the relationship between Thomas Road and the city government has historically been correct, and even amicable, the civic leaders talk about the church as if it were a foreign country in the middle of their town. "It's *in* Lynchburg, but it's not *of* it," one of them remarked.

For all the distance the Thomas Road Church has kept, there are a great many people in Lynchburg who do not like Falwell or his church. The dislike is so general that it takes new members of the congregation very little time to experience it. The source of the irritation for most people is not political but personal: it is the attitude that Thomas Road members take toward those outside the church—the attitude that they themselves are always right and everyone else is always wrong. "Look how they park!" one householder on Thomas Road exclaimed, pointing to two cars carelessly pulled up on the lawn of a neighbor's house one Sunday morning. "They think they're justified in doing anything they want to do."

The way most Lynchburg people meet Thomas Road members (or realize they have met them) is through the members' proselytizing efforts. A number of Lynchburg churches engage in door-to-door evangelism, but the Thomas Road Church is by far the most aggressive of them. Not only the pastors but many parishioners as well spend a good deal of their time trying to convert others. Church members of all ages will evangelize at checkout counters, baseball games, and dinner parties—some requiring only the briefest of conversational openings before asking whether or not their interlocutor is "saved." In addition, the church organizes groups to evangelize in hospitals, nursing homes, and neighborhoods across the city. Every Saturday morning, groups of ten to fifty Thomas Road people go out on campaigns, gathering first at the school for breakfast, prayers, and a briefing session.

One Saturday morning, I went out with a busload of seventh-grade girls to the Madison Heights section of town and walked with three of them from door to door up and down a suburban-looking street. Before the girls left on their mission, Lee Simmons, a teacher at Lynchburg Christian Academy, had read to them from the Bible and asked them to remember the wonderful experience they had when as children they accepted Christ into their lives. The three girls I accompanied did not, however, radiate much Christian compassion as they went about their task. When someone opened a door, they would settle their young faces into stern, adult expressions and start reading off questions from a little pink card they carried: "We are doing a religious survey. Are you a member of a religious group? . . . Do you attend its functions weekly, monthly, never? . . . How do you think a person gets to Heaven?" In the midst of this catechism, their interlocutors would usually plead another appointment and disappear into the house. But at one house the girls found a girl of about their own age out in the back yard. Cornering her, they asked, "If you were to die in the next instant, do you know that you would go to Heaven?"

The girl, who had been quietly sun-

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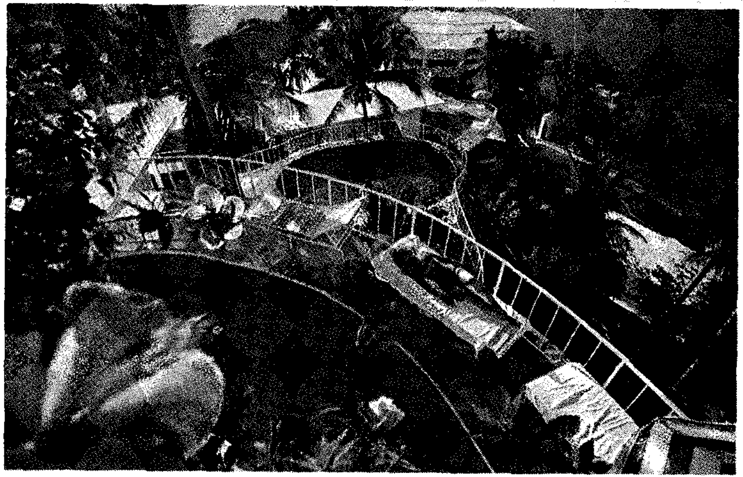

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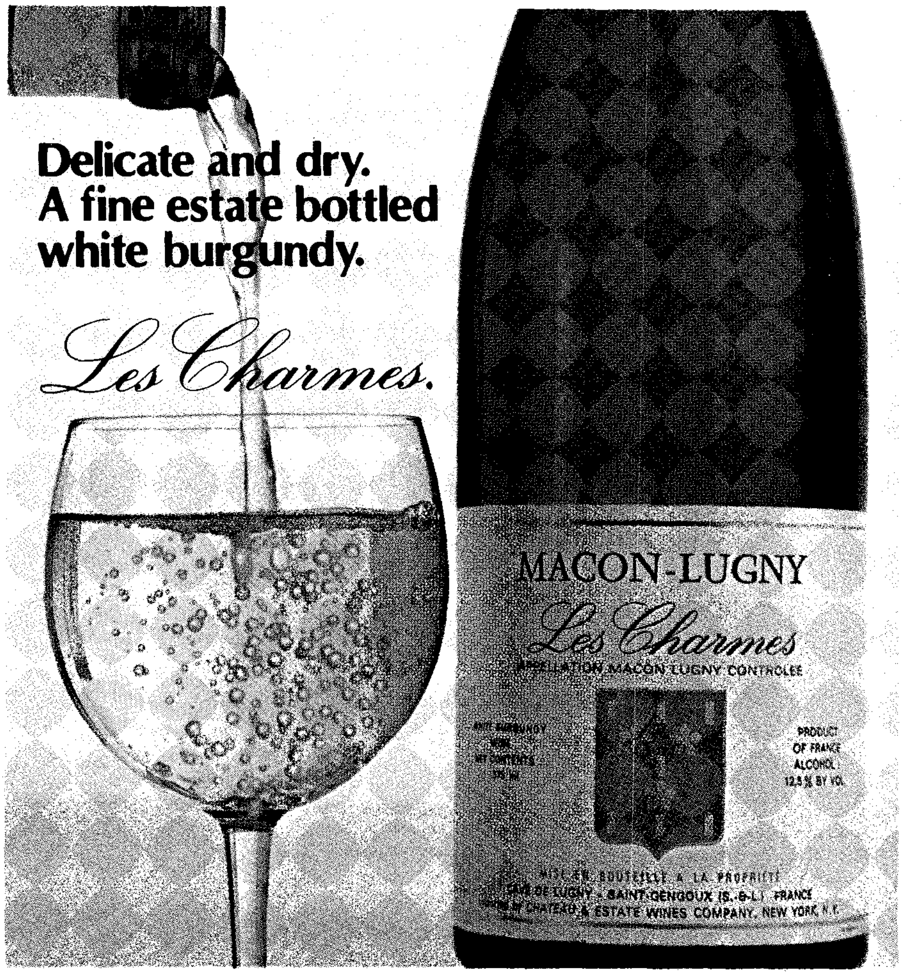
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bathing in the back yard, looked down and scraped her feet in embarrassment. "Well, yeah, I dunno, I *guess* I would, but I dunno exactly."

The three girls fixed her with hawklike stares. "Well, wouldn't you like to know?"

"Well, yeah, sure, but—well, how would anyone know exactly?" The girl brightened.

"Well, *I* know," the leader of the team said, tossing her hair back proudly. "*I've* been saved. Wouldn't you like to know?"

Now defenseless, the girl looked around for help, but found none. "Well, yeah, sure, I guess."

The three seventh graders accepted her submission with icy detachment. "Are you now ready to accept Christ into your life?" one asked in a tone appropriate to the question "Are you ready to be blindfolded and shot?"

The girl never answered the question, for at that moment her older sister appeared from around the corner of the house, allowing her to beat a retreat.

The three girls lost their composure only once that morning, and that was when a woman who had recognized them as coming from "Jerry's church" answered their questions forthrightly but treated the girls with the amused condescension that adults show when they buy lemonade from a little kid's roadside stand. Later, walking away from her house, the girls regained their adult expressions and began to discuss the woman as if she were a problem case.

I said, "But surely she was 'saved.' She said that she had taken Christ into her heart many times."

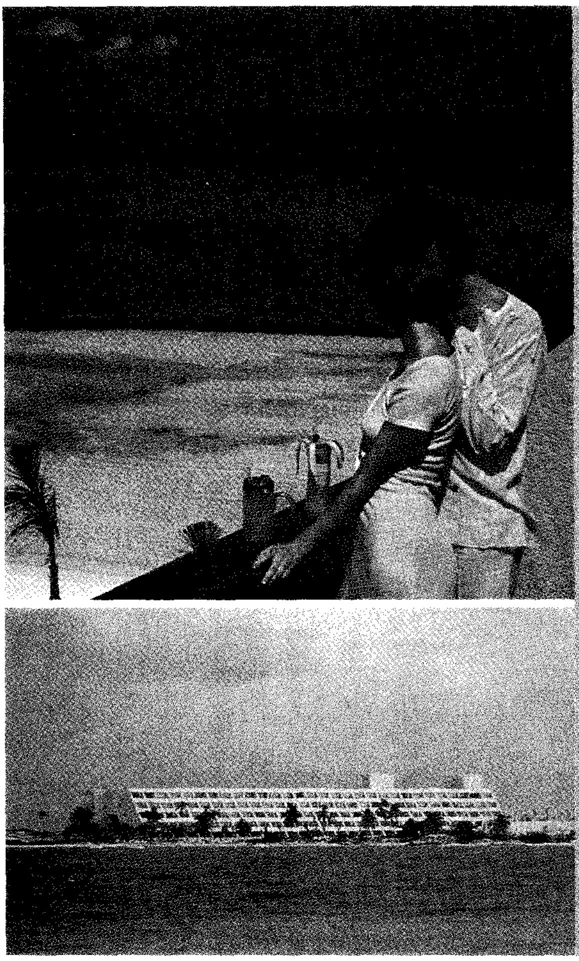
"She wasn't saved," one of the girls replied in a cold, superior voice. "You can take Christ into your heart only once." And as she thought about the ignorance my remark revealed she looked at me with amazement and then with hostility.

Such aggressive evangelism must succeed with certain people, but it annoys a lot of others. The pastors are always preparing their flock to deal with negative reactions. Tim Setliff, a young pastor (formerly the driver of a beer truck), told a large group of people at the next breakfast briefing session that they should prepare for those many people in Lynchburg who would say they hated Jerry Falwell and the church. "But they don't know Jerry Falwell," he explained. "And you can't hate someone you don't know. These people don't hate Falwell, and they don't hate you, personally. They hate the Lord Jesus Christ."

Setliff was not speaking out of turn, for Falwell preaches the same message in one form or another nearly every Sunday. This past summer, he told his congregation, "The war is not between fundamentalists and liberals but between those who love Jesus Christ and those who hate Him." To Falwell, it is axiomatic that his kind of people are the only righteous ones and that they will therefore face nothing but hostility from the rest of the world. Even when he is speaking in sports metaphors, he will say, "Learn to pay the price. If you're going to be a champion for Christ, learn to endure hardness. . . . You won't always have the applause of men." Then, dropping the sports metaphor, he will continue, "You will have Satan as your archenemy. The moment you entered the family of God, Satan declared war on you. The Christian life is to be a competitive, combative life. . . ."

Though Falwell frequently makes allusions to sports, it is the military analogy that is central to his view of the church and its role in the world. "The local church is an organized army equipped for battle, ready to charge the enemy," he has said. "The Sunday school is the attacking squad." And, elsewhere, "The church should be a disciplined, charging army. . . . Christians, like slaves and soldiers, ask no questions." Many evangelists see their enterprise as one of spreading the Good News and sharing the love of Christ with fellow human beings. But for Falwell evangelism is, quite simply, war. In one sermon on the role of the evangelist, he said, speaking of his own experience:

> Radio became the artillery that broke up my fallow ground and set me to thinking and searching, but the local church became the occupation force that finished the job and completed the task the artillery had begun. It is important to bombard our territory, to move out near the coast and shell the enemy. It is important to send in the literature. It is important to send that radio broadcast and to use that dial-a-prayer telephone. It is important to have all those external forces being set loose on the enemy's stronghold.
>
> But ultimately some Marines have to march in, encounter the enemy face-to-face, and put the flag up, that is, build the local church. . . .
>
> I am speaking to Marines who have been called of God to move in past the shelling, the bombing and the foxholes and, with bayonet in hand, encounter the enemy face-to-face and one-on-one bring them under submission to the Gospel of Christ, move them into the household of



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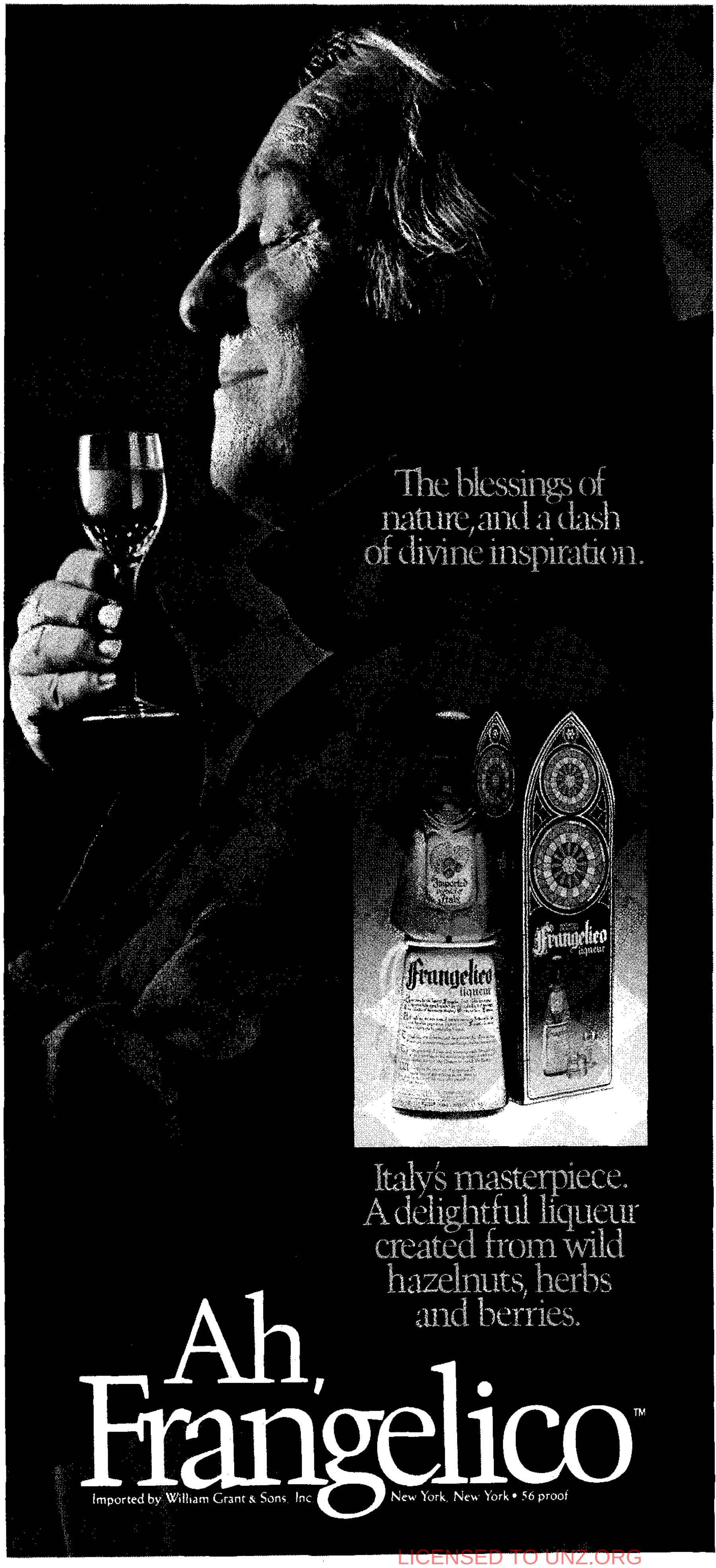
God, put up the flag and call it secured. You and I are called to occupy until He comes.

Nowhere in this sermon does Falwell mention Satan. The enemy here is quite clearly human; it is quite clearly everyone who does not subscribe to his own particular brand of fundamentalism.

Like many military men, Falwell loves numbers. To journalists, he likes to quote dollar figures, listener statistics, and poll percentages—often with some exaggeration in his favor. To his congregation, he quotes the soul counts of his missionary legions on long-range patrols. "In London, two thousand souls were saved for Christ this week. In New York, Liberty Baptist students saved forty-two souls in a twenty-four-hour period." Occasionally, Falwell paints his enterprise as old-fashioned territorial imperialism. Every pastor, he said in one sermon, has a divine mandate to "capture our Jerusalem for Christ," then "capture our surrounding province, or state, our Judaea for Christ," then "capture the adjacent nations, our Samarias," and, finally, "touch the uttermost part of the earth and likewise capture it for Christ." Usually, however, he makes a more modern analogy: America is "the only logical launching pad for world evangelization."

In the context of Lynchburg, Virginia, Falwell's military metaphors sound less remarkable than they might elsewhere, for Virginia has a strong military tradition, and over the years the counties around Lynchburg have sent more than their fair share of volunteers and recruits into the armed forces. In Falwell's own congregation, military service is probably the rule rather than the exception. (At the start of one service, Falwell announced that someone in the congregation was looking for helmets, an M-16, and other military gear "for photographic purposes." A man in the balcony signalled that he could lend the equipment.) But to speak of a tradition is to raise a chicken-or-egg dilemma, for Falwell's militarized theology is hardly original with him. His particular brand of fundamentalism has always proposed a Manichean universe and identified believers with soldiers, slaves, and early Christian martyrs. It is precisely the tradition of Flannery O'Connor's Hazel Motes, who went off to war and who came back to martyr himself because he could not find anyone else to do it.

Of course, most Thomas Road peo-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ple probably do not see themselves as bayonet-wielding Marines except at the moments when they are listening to such sermons. Still, there was something of that gung-ho spirit in the seventh-grade girls out on their evangelistic mission. And there is definitely some of it in the L.B.C. students training to be pastors and church workers. Those L.B.C. students refer to their college as "boot camp" and look upon their education as training in discipline and hardship. This past summer, fifty of them spent two and a half months in New York City working for the pastor of a fledgling Bible church in upper Manhattan and living in dormitories that were somewhat more crowded and somewhat less comfortable than the usual boot-camp barracks. The fifty—forty young men and ten young women—would get up at 6 A.M. every day to play two hours of team sports before breakfast; after breakfast, they would have a period of study and devotions; then, while the young women prepared meals or did secretarial tasks, the young men would walk the streets for five, six, or seven hours, going from door to door and proselytizing for the church. In their two and a half months, they went downtown only once, and then not to sightsee but to hold an evangelistic meeting in Times Square. One of the students told me he had seen the face of Satan in that Forty-second Street crowd—the Devil in this case having appeared in the guise of a punk rocker.

When I asked Thomas Road people what they most liked about Falwell, the reply was very often "He is such a loving man" or "He has such a big heart." I found the reply puzzling. True, Falwell did not attack members of his own congregation, and a number of them told me of his acts of kindness and generosity to individuals. Still, I could not understand how they could ignore the hostility he so often gives vent to from the pulpit. Then it occurred to me that they had not ignored it. The Reverend Carl McIntire, a preacher of Falwell's own brand of fundamentalism, has written, "Separation involves hard, gruelling controversy. It involves attacks, personal attacks, even violent attacks. . . . Satan preaches brotherly love in order to hold men in apostasy." Thus, he concluded, aggression "is an expression of Christian love."

When Falwell talks about himself as a young man, he paints a picture of the toughest kid on the block—foot-

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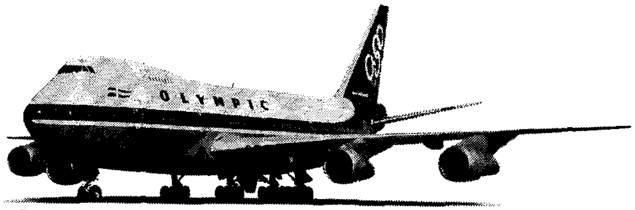

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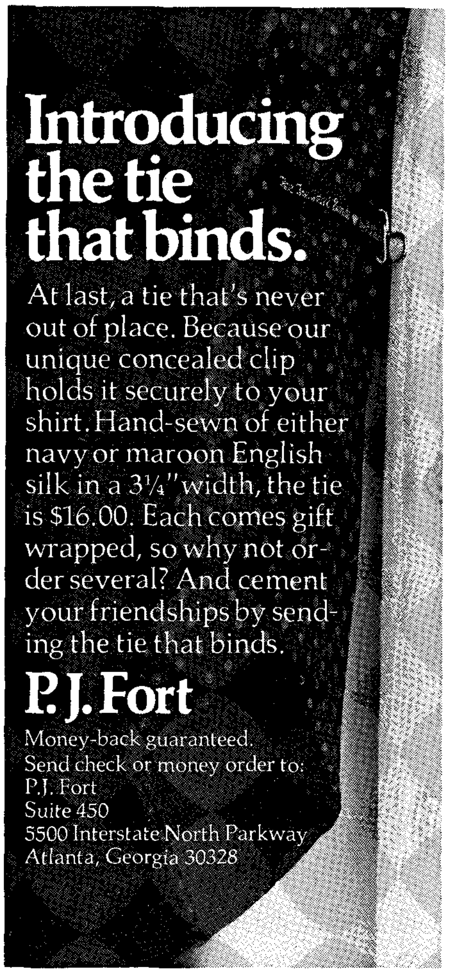
ball captain, gang fighter, and prankster, who would take the steering wheel off a car going sixty miles an hour. Such super-masculinity is a quality he attributes also to Christ. In one sermon last year, he denounced the tradition of portraying Christ as a thin man with long hair and flowing robes. "Christ wasn't effeminate. . . . The man who lived on this earth was a man with muscles. . . . Christ was a he-man!" he concluded triumphantly, and loud "Amen"s went up from the congregation. The men in that congregation seemed to see love as emanating from strength—from dominion and power rather than from the Lamb. For them, Falwell's aggressiveness might seem to be a promise of protection both from outside enemies and from the anarchic and rebellious spirit within. Rather than the shepherd, Falwell might be the ram guarding his flock. When he is not on the offensive, he takes a paternal tone. "The Love of a Big Man" is the title of a chapter in one of his self-promoting books. Like the younger television evangelist James Robison, he can put on a threatening display; but also—and better than most media-cool personalities—he can be the stern but genial and caring father.

In other words, Falwell secures his own authority by maintaining the tension between his congregation and the society at large. His Christians may be martyrs or conquering Marines, but they are always in danger. Often, he seems to go out of his way to fabricate enemies for the church. One Sunday, the enemy was a local reporter who identified Falwell as "right-wing." "Isn't that reporter on the other side if she calls us 'right-wing'?" Falwell asked—though in one of his books he had identified himself as more right-wing than anybody else. Another day, he accused the "liberal media" of conspiring to raise the price of air time on Sunday mornings, although, as he well knew, the price rise was a result of inflation and of competition from television evangelists attempting to follow in his footsteps. Yet another day, the enemy was the people in City Hall who "discriminated against" the church by asking the "Gospel Hour" to pay real-estate taxes: "Somebody down there doesn't like the message we preach." In the next breath, he compared himself to an exiled Russian Baptist preacher who had spoken to his congregation two weeks before: "Did Georgi Vins stop preaching when they put him in prison?" Life "isn't going to get easier for Christians," he continued. "There will be ever-increasing pressures from the socialists and humanists."

To what extent Falwell shares the sense of danger he creates is not certain. He often seems quite comfortable in the company of "liberals" and others he has proclaimed enemies of the church. In 1973, a Roanoke reporter covering the S.E.C. trial noticed that while the Thomas Road congregants who were packed into the courtroom regarded the S.E.C. lawyers with open hostility (or, in the case of a black lawyer, contempt), Falwell chatted with the lawyers between sessions, and even seemed to become friendly with them. In February of this year, he seemed absolutely at ease with Bob Guccione, the publisher of *Penthouse*, when both men appeared on Tom Snyder's "Tomorrow" show. Yet I have seen him stiff with tension in the face of a single journalist. Then, too, he has a habit of talking about the prospect of his own violent death.

So, in spite of all the washer-dryers and the living-room suites, there is a kind of cultishness about Falwell's congregation. To a stranger who shows a sympathetic interest, Thomas Road people can display great generosity and an almost painful openness. But when they are challenged the same people will shut the gates and look upon the outsider as the enemy—an enemy with whom they have no way to negotiate. To anyone who criticizes the church they will attribute the worst possible motives, at once dismissing the criticism and dehumanizing the critic. For questioning church policies, people in Lynchburg have received threats of "God's vengeance."

Some of the Thomas Road people I talked to—such as William Sheehan and Nancy James—had clearly waged impressive moral struggles for their own lives and those of the members of their families. One woman told me in touching detail about the breakup of her marriage, and her long and finally successful struggle to establish a new relationship with her husband and children. But for people outside the compass of the family and the church she—and others like her—seemed to have no moral imagination, and not even much sympathy. This terrifying hardness conceals an equally terrifying vulnerability, because as a result of their lack of sympathy these people



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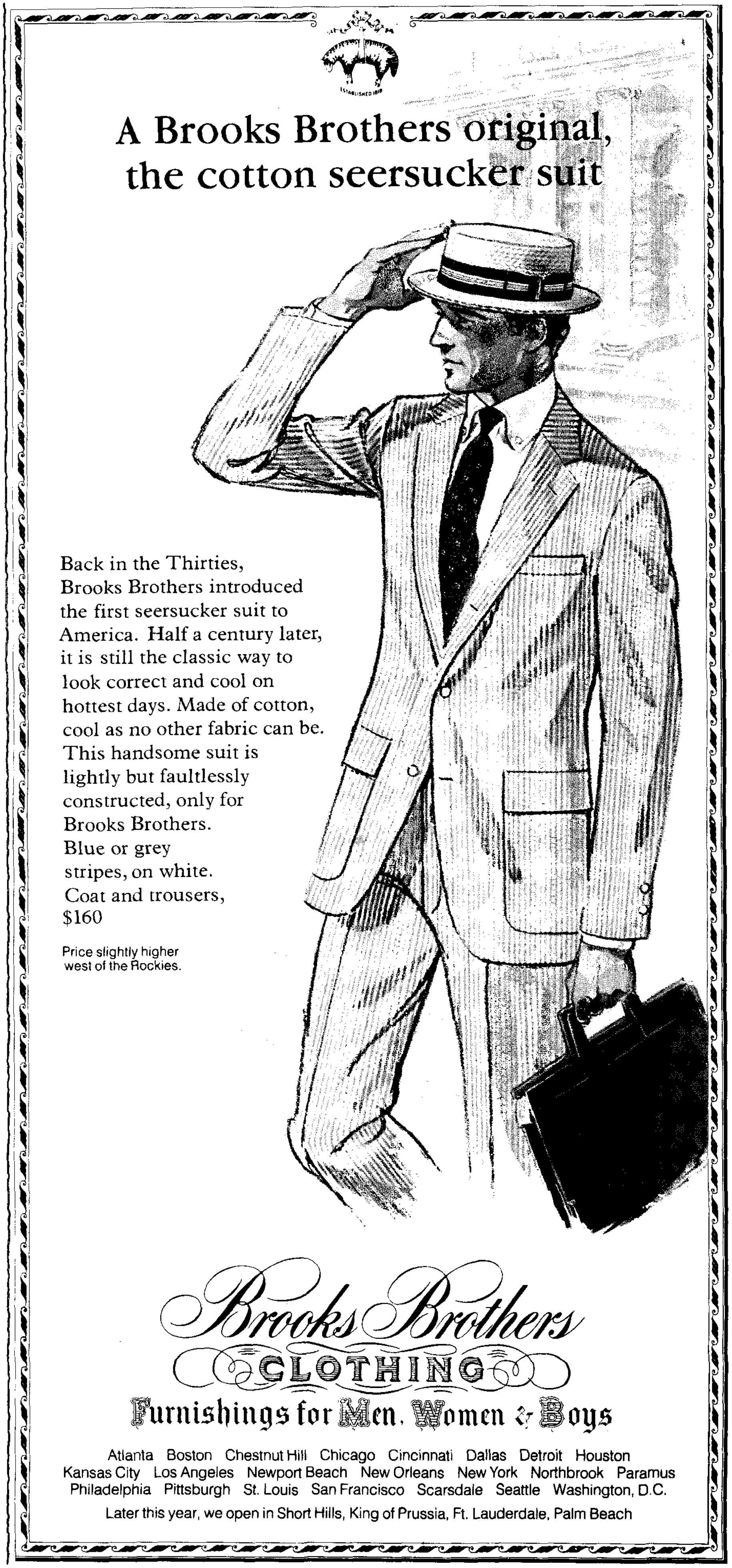
know very little about the outside world.

People who have worked with Falwell's organization give the impression that it is this innocence, this vulnerability, that, more than anything else, explains the disarray of Falwell's finances. Most Thomas Road people have not been educated outside Bible colleges; they know little about finance or the law. And many of them have a "God will provide" attitude toward money. The few rich people among them are generally self-made men who have no patience with bureaucratic and lawyerly restrictions, and believe this large nonprofit institution can be run the way they run their own companies. They trust few people outside the church, so they seldom get good advice. And yet the cultishness within the organization prevents anyone from calling anyone else to account in a rational manner for bad decisions or bumbling. The we-they barrier could shield incompetents, and it could also shield crooks and con men, for those within the organization are easily manipulated by anyone who professes to be a "Christian" and a Falwell supporter. In the late seventies, a man named Frank William Menge appeared on the scene professing devotion to Falwell and offering him a number of harebrained schemes. Because he said he was a fundamentalist and because he was married to the daughter of a tycoon, Falwell put him on the board of "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" and did not discover for some time what seemed patent to outsiders—that the man was a swindler, and a rather poor one at that. This blind trust works both ways, and Thomas Road people—it need hardly be said—have never called Falwell to account for any of his decisions.

IN a sense, it was only natural that Falwell and his people should go into politics. They had, after all, detailed and comprehensive views about the organization of society. And they had absolutely no doubt that their way was the correct one. Aggressive proselytizers, they had set themselves to convert everyone in the society—and therefore the society itself. Add to this missionary movement a man with leadership qualities and you have the elements of a powerful political organization. The question, then, might seem to be not why Falwell went into politics but what took him so long. The answer would seem to be the one that he gave in 1965: the doctrine of



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separation between the church and "the world." The doctrine has a long history in American Protestantism—the longest, in fact, since it provided the motive for the Pilgrims' voyage to the New World. But in the twentieth century it has been exclusively a fundamentalist doctrine, and one that even fundamentalists have often observed in the breach. At the time of the great theological controversies in the nineteen-twenties, fundamentalist theologians and evangelists preached not only against the social gospel but also against the Bolsheviks, the League of Nations, and the "garlic-eating immigrants." Fundamentalist pastors across the country campaigned, along with many other Protestants, for Prohibition and for the defeat of Al Smith, the first Catholic to run for President. In the nineteen-fifties, there was another burst of fundamentalist activism. Among others, the radio evangelists Carl McIntire and Billy James Hargis used their pulpits for right-wing political crusades. Then, too, Billy Graham, the most popular evangelist of all, came out for Nixon in 1960, 1968, and 1972, and expressed himself freely on such subjects as defense appropriations, arms-control treaties, and the Vietnam War.

Among fundamentalists, it was really only the Southern pastors who observed the doctrine of separation with any consistency. Some of them were strict about it—to the point of forbidding their followers to associate with non-fundamentalists. Others preached that the church should not interfere in politics except on "moral issues," such as the blue laws, the prohibition of alcohol, and the teaching of evolution in the schools. But then, even without a doctrine of separation, the pastors of most conservative Southern churches took the same position: that is, they rejected the social gospel.

The difference between Northern and Southern churches was not, by and large, doctrinal but rooted in history and in the different social and economic conditions of the two regions. In the case of certain fundamentalist churches, the withdrawal into personal piety seems to have been a reflection of the poverty and sense of despair in the South after the Civil War. The churches of the poor—particularly the Pentecostal and Holiness churches—rejected the material world altogether for spiritual discipline and chiliastic speculation. For the poor, these churches offered an internal mi-

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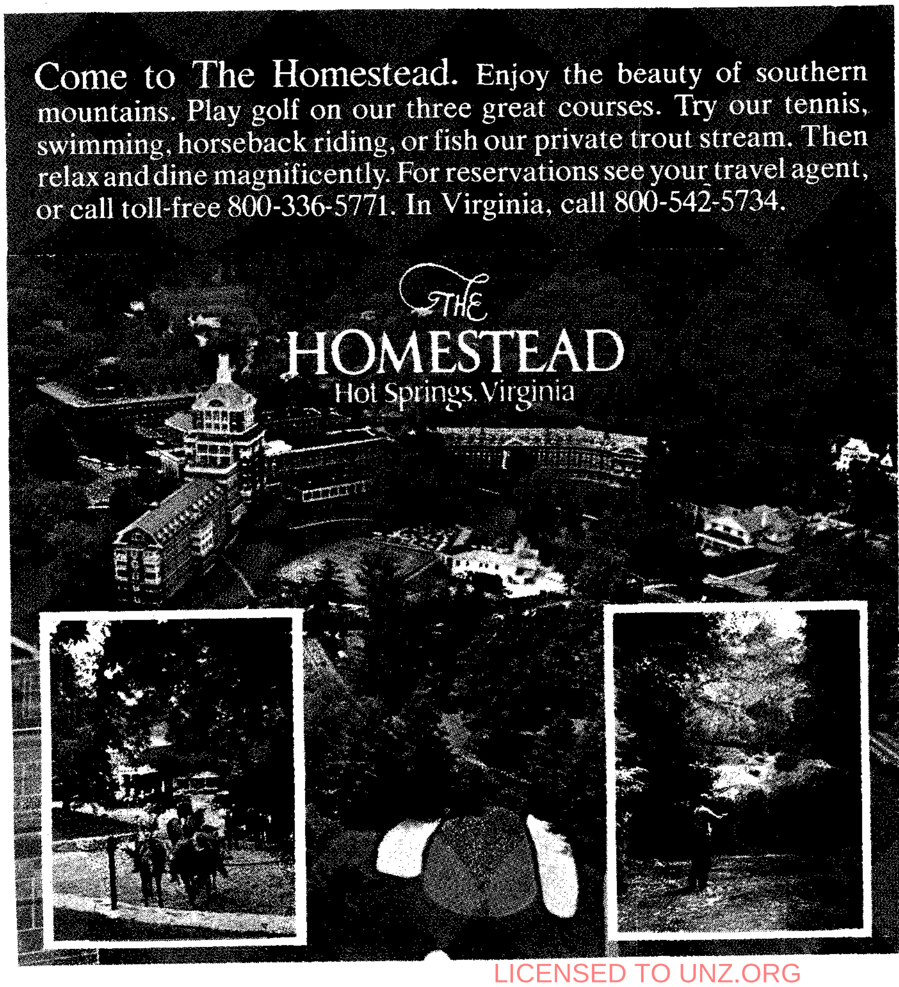
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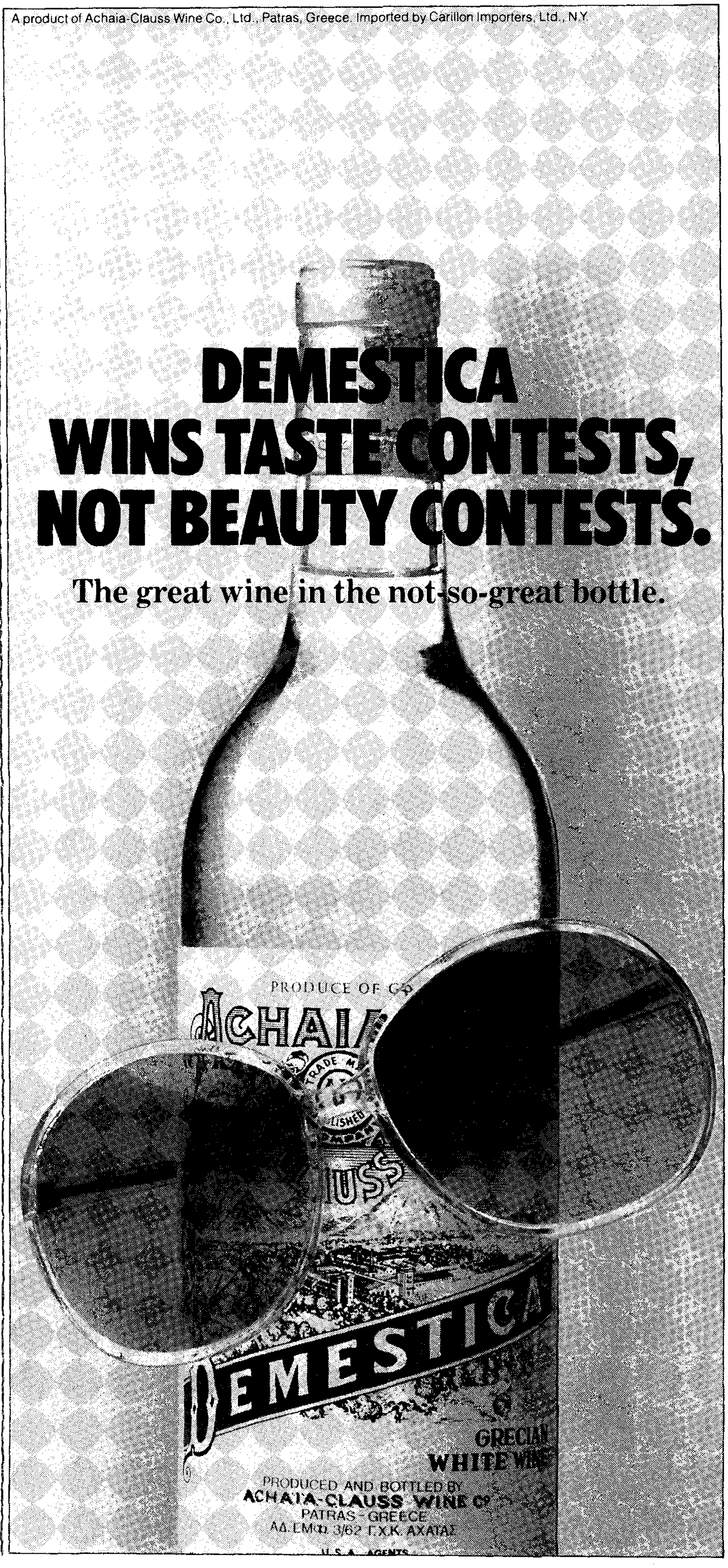
gration from life as it was on earth. But not all the conservative churches were so withdrawn from worldly concerns. The Southern Baptist Convention, after all, split off from the Northern Baptist churches before the Civil War on the very material issue of slavery: the all-white denomination opposed church interference with it. Many church historians therefore maintain that the many white churches continued to reject "politics" after the Civil War because their congregations were more or less content with things as they were. Their withdrawal from all but "moral issues" was, one writer has said, an "existential amnesia"—a denial of responsibility for the past of slavery and for the present of racial injustice.

As a matter of theology, Falwell belongs to this Southern tradition of pietistic withdrawal. But as a matter of circumstance he and his people belong to the New South and its economic success story. Even in the early years, he never interpreted the doctrine of separation to mean withdrawal from commerce and industry. His sermons were often lessons in worldly success—how-to-do-it manuals in the mainstream tradition of Billy Graham and Norman Vincent Peale. Instead of urging retreat from the social order, he urged participation in it. His failure to criticize the social status quo—except on the "moral issues" of alcohol and others—thus had to be interpreted as support for it.

In the early years of his ministry, Falwell—like many people in Lynchburg, and like many white ministers across the South—was a segregationist. When several black high-school students conducted a kneel-in at the Thomas Road Church, in the early sixties, they were evicted by the police. He founded the Lynchburg Christian Academy as an all-white school for his all-white church. In his 1965 sermon "Ministers and Marchers," he invoked the doctrine of separation in order to make a frontal attack on the civil-rights movement. Falwell began that sermon by questioning "the sincerity and nonviolent intentions of some civil-rights leaders such as Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Mr. James Farmer, and others, who are known to have left-wing associations." He went on to say that the Communists were obviously exploiting this tense situation, and that the demonstrations and marches "have done more to damage race relations and to gender hate than to help!" Toward the end, he talked about the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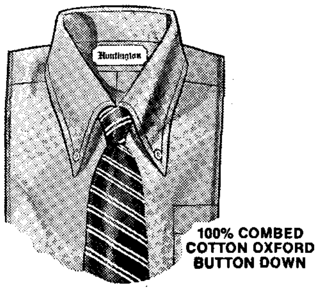

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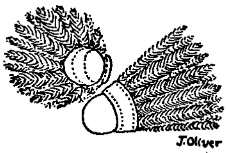
involvement of church leaders with "the alleged discrimination against Negroes in the South" and asked why they did not concern themselves instead with the problem of alcoholism, since "there are almost as many alcoholics as there are Negroes."

Falwell now says he changed his mind about the role of preachers in politics because of such issues as abortion and school prayers. But it was the civil-rights movement that prompted that first political speech. In October of 1980, just before Reagan's visit to Lynchburg, when he called that sermon "false prophecy," he asserted that he and his fellow-ministers were now doing exactly what King and his fellows had done. His repudiation of the sermon makes it clear that his change of position was little more than a political change from support of the status quo to attack upon it. The civil-rights movement was the turning point. It showed Falwell that preachers could be politically effective and removed one important reason for his support of the status quo. Ironically, it may have benefitted Falwell and other white fundamentalists as much as or more than it benefitted the blacks in the South. If the fundamentalists had felt any guilt about the plight of their fellow human beings, the civil-rights movement relieved them of it. It gave them moral absolution, and it gave them the vote; it gave them their civil rights at no cost to themselves.

At no cost because the civil-rights movement actually changed very little at the Thomas Road Church. Falwell and his pastors have brought a few blacks into the church and into the Liberty Baptist Schools. But the congregation remains more than ninety per cent white, and with the unwritten law against interracial dating white parents can still see the school and the college as alternatives to the fully integrated public schools. The Thomas Road pastors say that they don't make much of an attempt to evangelize the black population of Lynchburg. When I asked Falwell why they did not, he said that the black pastors would resent it—they would resent him for taking the "leading people" away from their churches. The Reverend Jim Moon gave a slightly different answer to the question: "I don't think the white man will ever reach the black population. They don't trust us and never will. We have to train black pastors to reach them. We are a white church and will always be that way."

Falwell does not any longer speak ill of civil-rights leaders. In a sermon shortly after his repudiation of "Ministers and Marches," he described the efforts of Martin Luther King, Jr., as "noble." He does not attack black politicians in Lynchburg. A year ago, he took M. W. Thornhill, Jr., the black city councilman, out to lunch and offered the equivalent of an apology for past actions. Falwell has, in other words, accommodated himself to the change of attitude in the country and in Lynchburg. Now, like many politicians, he refers to racial issues by other names. On television, he has pushed all the coded buttons: "welfare chiselers," "urban rioters," "crime in the streets." On his return from a trip to southern Africa in 1979, he declared support for the Muzorewa government in what was then called Zimbabwe-Rhodesia and criticized those governments and organizations which were giving aid to the guerrilla forces and the black refugees. In his subsequent book, "Listen, America!," he praised the apartheid regime in South Africa for its support of religious freedoms and attacked "Comrade Mugabe, the new Marxist dictator" by suggesting that he would suppress Christian freedoms in Zimbabwe.

Politically, Falwell clearly stands for a reaction against all the pressures for integration and social justice brought by the liberal coalition in the nineteen-sixties and seventies. Then, many of his church members clearly do fear the consequences of integration, if it means that their children's schools must include large numbers of poor black students. But on a personal level I found no sign of racial hostility in the Thomas Road congregation. At Liberty Baptist College, I saw a good deal of camaraderie between black and white male students, and nowhere did I hear a racial slur as such. What I did hear was anti-Semitism.



In a Bible-study class at Liberty Baptist summer school, a student answering a question about Biblical history said, "Well, if Jews are anything like they are today, they're richer than anybody else, so . . ." and he went on with his answer. That the professor made no comment on the remark was surprising as well as shocking. Religious tolerance is, of course, not the forte of the Thomas Road Church. (The pastors use the word "Christian" to mean "fundamentalist," as in this sentence pronounced by a college administrator: "We're going to have a Christian football team equal to that of Notre Dame.") Still, Falwell and his pastors seemed to have left behind some of the Know-Nothing attitudes of the Protestant countryside—their anti-Catholicism, at least, having been rendered down to the bone of doctrine on which Sunday-school students cut their theological teeth. For fundamentalists, the Jews have been less theological enemies than precursors—the Chosen of God, who will in the end return to Israel and be saved. Falwell has visited Israel, given money for the planting of a forest there, and shaken hands with Prime Minister Menachem Begin; and he has lunched with the leaders of the Jewish National Fund in New York City. He has made Israel one of his causes. "To stand against Israel is to stand against God," he has said repeatedly, and, in a more directly political vein, he has defended the Begin government's settlement policy on the West Bank. He has invited Orthodox Jews to join the Moral Majority. Yet he has a Moral Majority director in New York State who recently said that Jews have "almost a supernatural ability to make money," and claimed to number among his followers "a full-blooded Jewish man." When a reporter asked Falwell about the remark concerning money, he said that he himself did not believe in stereotyping. But a few months before Falwell had said on the steps of the Virginia state capitol, "A few of you here today don't like Jews. And I know why. He can make more money accidentally than you can on purpose."

In Falwell's congregation, the traditional anti-Semitism of those who have never consciously met a Jew in their lives seems to have met and matched up with a newer kind of reaction. The Dyba family, of Pearl River, New York, had recently moved to Lynchburg to join the Falwell congregation. Stanley Dyba, a retired officer in the New York City prison system, complained for two solid hours about the deterioration of the suburban town they had lived in. With enthusiastic assistance from his wife and children, he described the increase in crime, the corruption of the school system, the drugs, the lack of patriotism, and the lack of respect for authority, attributing all these things to the predominance of "one ethnic group." This ethnic group turned out to be not the blacks (as I had anticipated) but the

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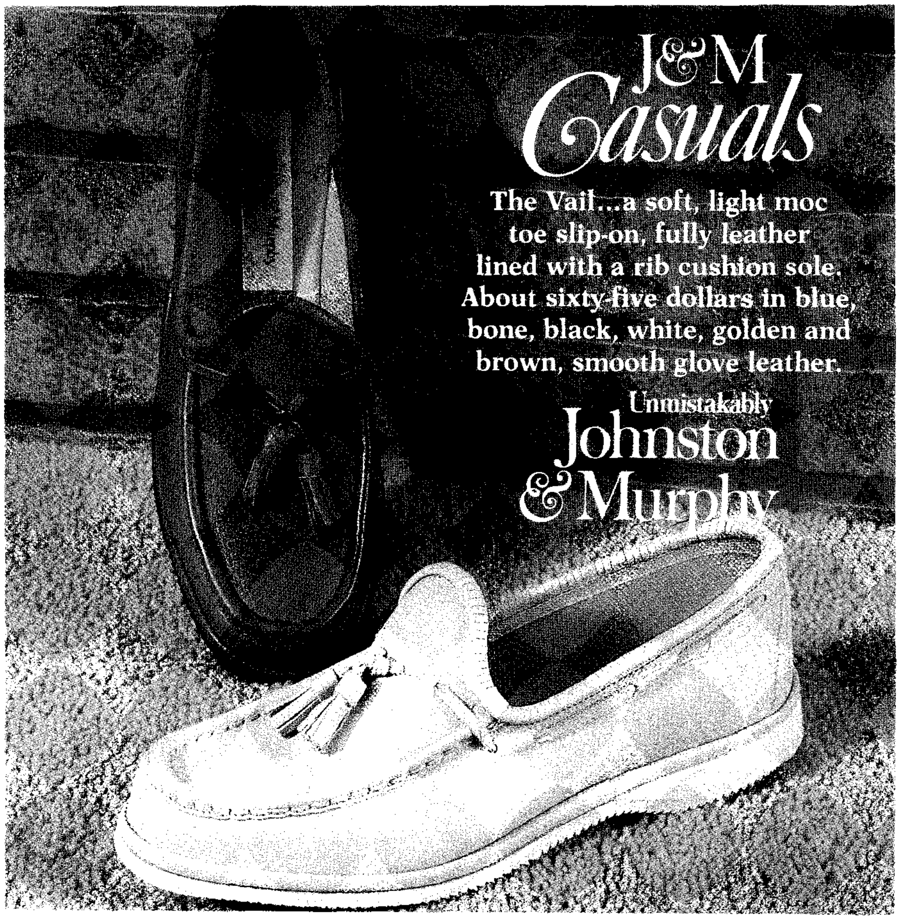

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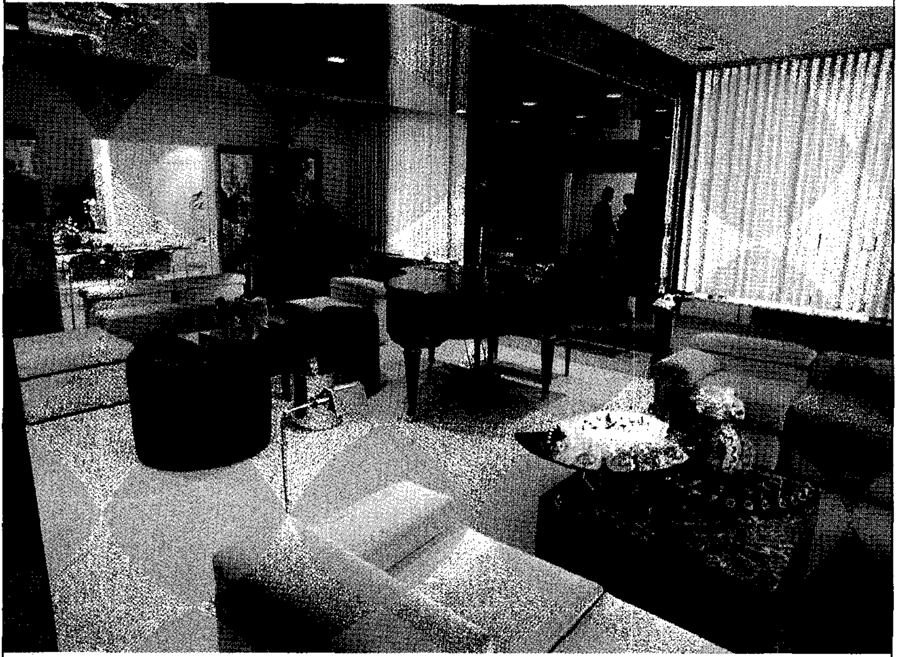

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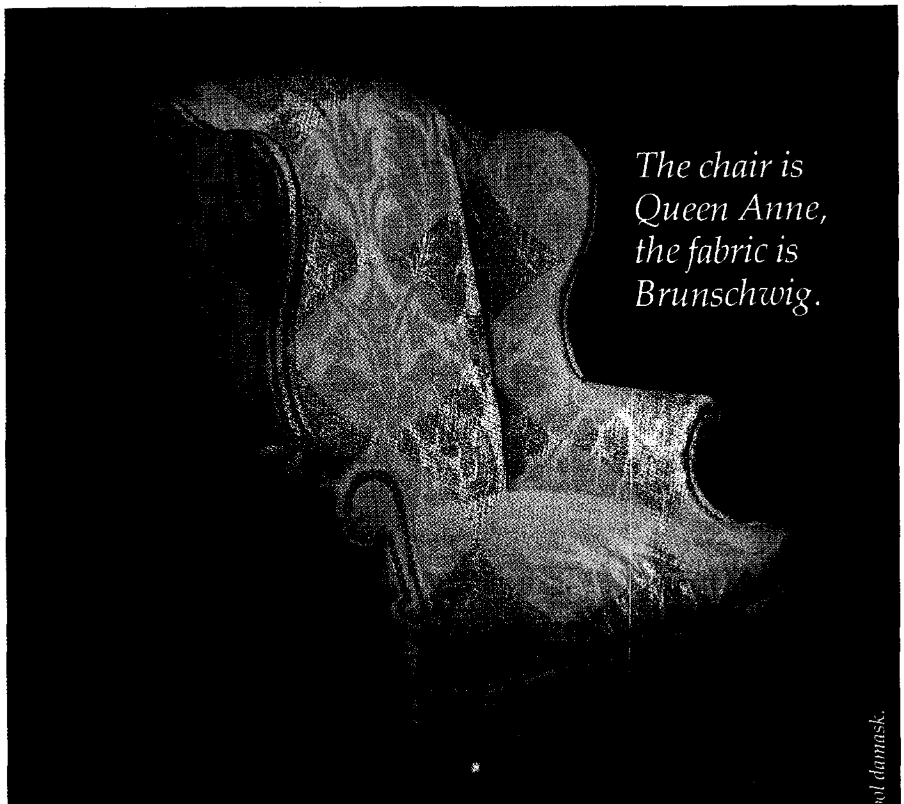

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Jews. As he saw it, the liberal Jews—not the Orthodox Jews, he was careful to say—had destroyed the community by introducing disruptive notions of rights: children's rights, teachers' rights, prisoners' rights, and so on.

Falwell identifies "the liberals" as both the political and the spiritual enemy. At various times, he has denounced all the rights movements of the sixties and seventies. During the 1980 Presidential campaign, he took to describing himself to the members of "the liberal press" as a conservative. In the past—the fairly recent past—that was not how he had sounded and not how he had described himself. In 1977, he called for a return to "the McCarthy era, where we register all Communists," and added, "Not only should we register them but we should stamp it on their foreheads and send them back to Russia." In "America Can Be Saved," a book published in 1979, he wrote, "If you would like to know where I am politically, I am to the right of wherever you are. I thought Goldwater was too liberal!" Falwell's political definition of a "liberal" would fit anyone to the left of Senator Jesse Helms; his theological definition would fit any Protestant who is not a fundamentalist. "The liberal churches are not only the enemy of God but the enemy of the nation," Falwell has said. He would describe as "liberal" anyone who teaches evolution and anyone who does the foxtrot. ("I don't know why every one of our Presidents thinks he has to wine and dine every drunk who comes over here from some other country and dance with his wife. It seems to me that if a President is a Christian, he can offer that foreign head of state some orange juice or tomato juice, have a good minister come in and read a few verses of scripture, and if he doesn't like that, put him on the next plane back home!" Falwell said this during the Carter Administration.)

Under the circumstances, what is surprising is the cordiality that has always existed between Falwell and the conservative, largely Episcopalian business establishment of Lynchburg. To be sure, Falwell himself is a big business these days—someone to be reckoned with in Lynchburg—but this was not always the case. It was not the case in 1973, when the five Lynchburg business leaders volunteered to help save his church, and gave him several hours of their time every week for several years without recompense.

These men still approve of Falwell, and they are not the only ones. In 1978, Thomas Glass, then the publisher of the city's two newspapers, told a Roanoke reporter, "Lynchburg is a conservative community. People here appreciate the things Jerry stands for—God and country and the basic things in life." An Episcopalian, Glass called Falwell "a wonderful man of God."

Many Lynchburg businessmen who admire Falwell do not hear what he says when he addresses his own people. And when he talks to a group like the Rotary Club he will pick an issue, such as gay-rights legislation, that everyone can agree on. (He told the Lynchburg Rotary Club last spring that such legislation would force every business to hire a quota of homosexuals.) Still, those in the business community who have worked with Falwell have a fairly exact idea of where he stands; at least, they know enough to know that they do not go along with everything he does. They believe, for example, that it is tacky, at best, to raise money by offering American flags from the pulpit, as Falwell did last year. And they consider "the people around Jerry" a bit fanatical and very naïve. Some would, as one of them put it, "buy into school prayers," but none of them would consider joining the Moral Majority, any more than they would consider joining the Thomas Road Church.

When these businessmen are asked what they like about Falwell, they tend to talk about the institutions he has built for his own people: the home for alcoholics, the summer camp for children, the school and the college, with their "surprisingly high academic levels." One corporate vice-president said, "What impresses me is the behavior and appearance of the L.B.C. students. They look to me like the ideal American youth—though my wife doesn't think so, and they make my kids sick." In general, the wives and children of these men take a far more jaundiced view of Falwell and his students. But then the kids who are going to other colleges do not have the perspective their fathers achieve. "It's a laboring church," said one of the five businessmen who had been on the committee to straighten out the church's finances—the president of the First Colony Life Insurance Company. "There's no participation in it by community leaders, and that is probably why it is so successful. The nonachievers have to have something

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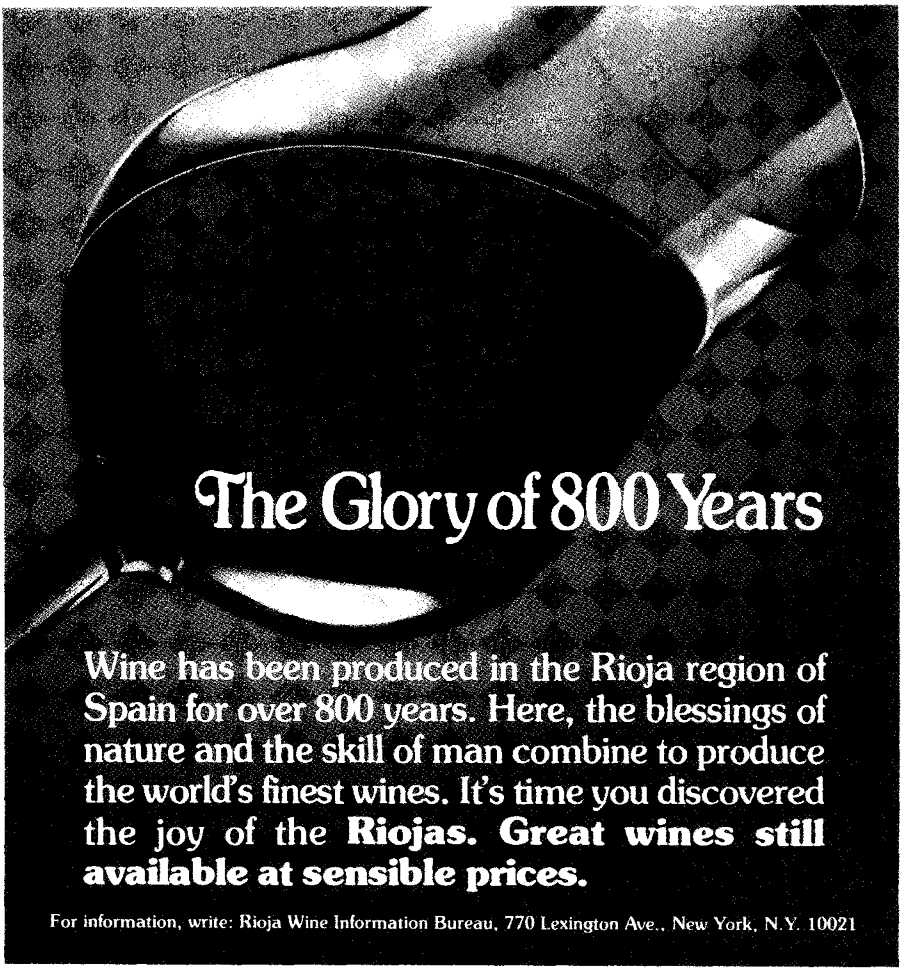

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to be proud of, and they are proud of their church and contribute handsomely." Even those establishment people who are close to Falwell tend to talk sociology, and even those who are not see the church as being good for others. Joan Jones, a member of the Virginia state legislature from Lynchburg, a Democrat, and an E.R.A. supporter, said, "These are disquieting times for the average person. To have someone like Jerry around, who is positive, who creates an identity for them, is very comforting. In this mobile society, there is a need for support. It's very comforting to build one's whole life around an institution like the Thomas Road Church."

To listen to the people of the Lynchburg establishment talk is to wonder whether it is not, finally, they who are the real targets of Falwell's wrath. "You can't hate people you don't know," Tim Setliff says. Falwell does not know those people he so often singles out for attack—Jane Fonda, Gloria Steinem, Hugh Hefner—but he knows the business élite of Lynchburg and its privileged children, who go to ivy-covered colleges and learn to believe in women's rights and environmentalism. And no country-club member is more conscious than he of the class divisions in the town. "Lynchburg used to be a cliquish place," he told me. "But no longer." In a sermon, he said that just after his conversion, in 1952, he drove around Lynchburg in his car, stopping by the wayside to pray. "I began praying for the Rivermont section, the élite section where our wealthy people live, because I knew that not one of them was hearing the Gospel." After that, he prayed for the poorer sections of the city. The anti-Semitism of Falwell's followers has very little to do with religion and a great deal to do with their feelings of resentment against the rich.

But Lynchburg establishment people tend to discount a good deal of Falwell's rhetoric, for, with all his apparent aggressiveness, he has never challenged them directly. Instead, he has in many ways tried to identify himself and his church with the traditions of the Virginia aristocracy. In his political TV special "America. . . You're Too Young to Die," Falwell posed himself against a gentleman-farmer backdrop of rolling green fields, fine wooden fences, and a handsome old barn with a wooden cask in it. His L.B.C. publicity brochures often speak of "heritage." There is some pathos in this, for Falwell apparently wanted a red brick campus at L.B.C. His present church is red brick, and, according to his brochures, was built from a design by Thomas Jefferson. In his sermons, Falwell often identifies the traditions of the Founding Fathers with those of his spiritual ancestors the Puritans—a confusion that Jefferson would have objected to most strenuously.

Falwell has attacked "the liberal churches," but seldom any local church or local minister by name. He has never tried to upset the political consensus in the city—with the result that most establishment people think he couldn't do it if he wanted to. He has also rarely attacked any form of business enterprise in Lynchburg. In 1978, he, along with many other Protestant ministers, opposed the legalization of pari-mutuel betting in Virginia, and in 1979 he called for a boycott of Swedish goods, on the ground that the Swedish government was giving aid to guerrilla forces in Zimbabwe-Rhodesia. But he has never campaigned against discothèques, against the selling of wine and beer in the local supermarkets, against the showing of Hollywood films in the local theatres—or, indeed, against any form of business enterprise. In his various fund-raising letters, he has launched tirades against those who manufacture and profit from pornography, but he never once attacked the Lynchburg plant of Meredith/Burda, which, until two years ago, printed *Penthouse* magazine.

The businessmen who know Falwell say that all this can be explained by the fact that Jerry is really a live-and-let-live kind of guy. "You have to know Jerry," they say. "You'd know he was no fanatic." Those who have worked with him over long periods say that he has never tried to convert them. He would talk business, not theology, and he wouldn't mind a fellow having a drink or a smoke in his presence. A lawyer who describes himself—accurately—as a "cigar-chewing Episcopalian with a mustache" remembers that once Jerry invited him to go ahead and have a drink when they were seated together in a restaurant. He refused, he said, because he did not want to risk any public embarrassment to Falwell. "You have to know Jerry. In person, he's a wonderful guy, really."

M. W. Thornhill, Jr., also thinks that Falwell can be charming. He was personally touched by Falwell's ges-

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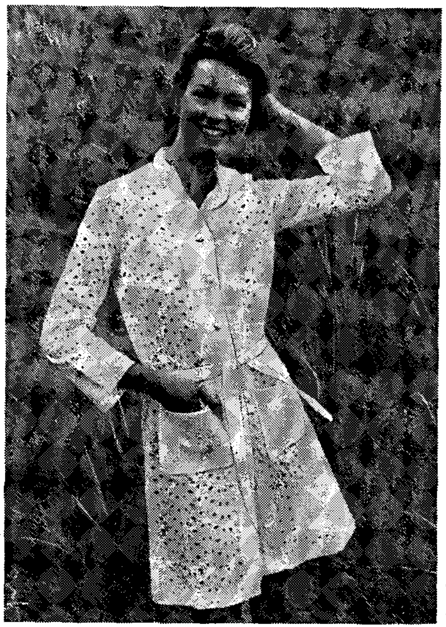

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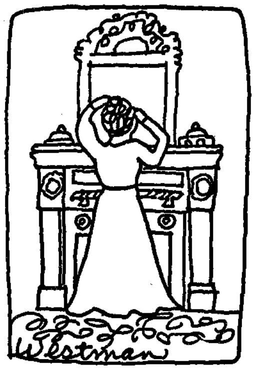
ture of reconciliation to him. "But look," he said. "When he tries to get his people to vote for Reagan, I consider that he's on my back and on the backs of all poor people in this city. And, let me tell you, many of his people are just as poor as we are."

Falwell has always had an economic philosophy of rugged individualism and *laissez-faire* enterprise. In his view, "the free-enterprise system is clearly outlined in the Book of Proverbs." He is anti-union and against almost all forms of government assistance to the poor. In "Listen, America!," he produces flourishes of quotations from Milton Friedman and then denounces the food-stamp program and welfare for all but the sick, the aged, and the unemployed during a depression. His economic philosophy is not as sophisticated as that of the Lynchburg business establishment, but, over all, it coincides with the interests of the local business owners and managers far better than it does with those of most people in his own congregation—for his church is, as the insurance-company president pointed out, a laboring church. Not only that, but many people in his congregation depend on government assistance in one form or another. Some of them live in government-built housing; some of them live on food stamps; some use the health services that the city provides to those who cannot pay; a number—residents and transients alike—apply to the federally funded Lynchburg Community Action Group for emergency money to pay a month's rent or to cover their transportation back home. What is more, L.B.C. as an institution depends on government assistance. Not only does it have a tax-exempt status—as does "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" federally—but it depends rather heavily on the city's free health services. Many of the L.B.C. students are married and have children. According to a spokesman for the Lynchburg Health Department, so many of them bring their families in for free medical care that they strain the city's capacity for looking after its own residents.

Falwell's economics—like his flag-waving superpatriotism—derives from the fundamentalist program of the nineteen-twenties. It is no less—and no more—traditional. In the late nineteenth century, the rural "Bible-believing" Protestants had supported the free-silver campaign and the populist anti-big-business crusades of William Jennings Bryan. When the First World War broke out, they campaigned against American military preparedness, and until the United States entered the war they opposed American participation in it. By 1920, however, the populist movement was dead, Bryan himself had left politics, and the great theological controversies had arisen, pitting conservative scriptural literalists against modernists and advocates of the social gospel. The fundamentalists, as the former group then began to call itself, saw Christian civilization threatened by an array of frightening new forces: German rationalism, the social gospel, socialism, Bolshevism, Catholicism, sexual permissiveness, and Darwinism. While the theologians erected doctrinal walls against all these new tendencies, the evangelists thundered out against the "Reds" in this country, the liberal immigration laws, the Catholics, the Jews, the "garlic-eating immigrants," and the teaching of evolution in the schools. Rural populism did not, it appeared, translate into a labor populism, and the evangelists in the newly industrialized cities made common cause with business against the labor unions. Billy Sunday told his audiences of Protestant workers—newly arrived from the countryside—to work hard, live clean, and pray to Jesus for the life to come. "We've had enough of this godless social-service nonsense," he said to a reporter in 1915. A number of his revival campaigns—including a draft-registration campaign in 1917 and a subsequent crusade among striking West Virginia coal miners—were paid for by industrial magnates like John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Out of this alliance between big business and the nativist Protestants came the Prohibition amendment and Republican Administrations that curbed the labor unions and gave free rein to big business.



When members of the press have asked Falwell what made him change his mind about the role of preachers in politics, he has usually responded by listing four or five events. Last June, his list consisted of the Supreme Court decision on abortion, the "pornogra-

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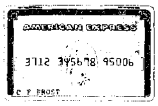

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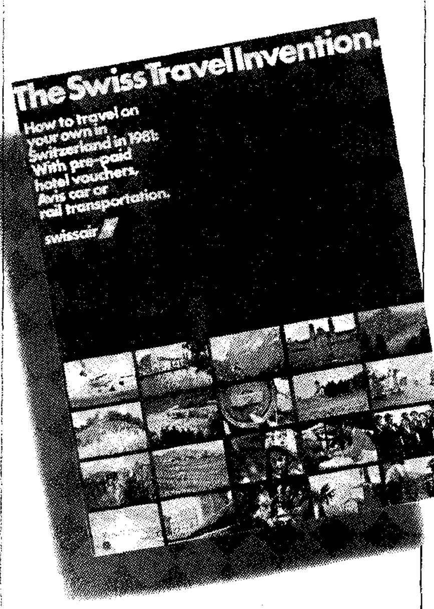
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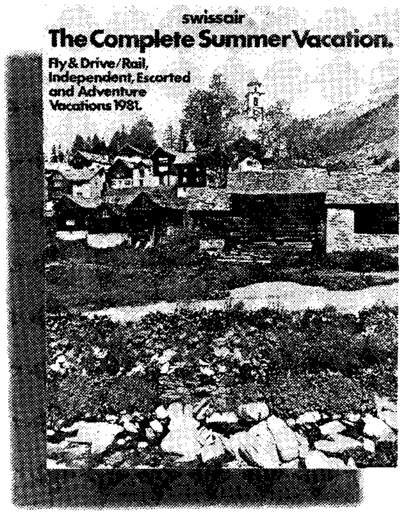
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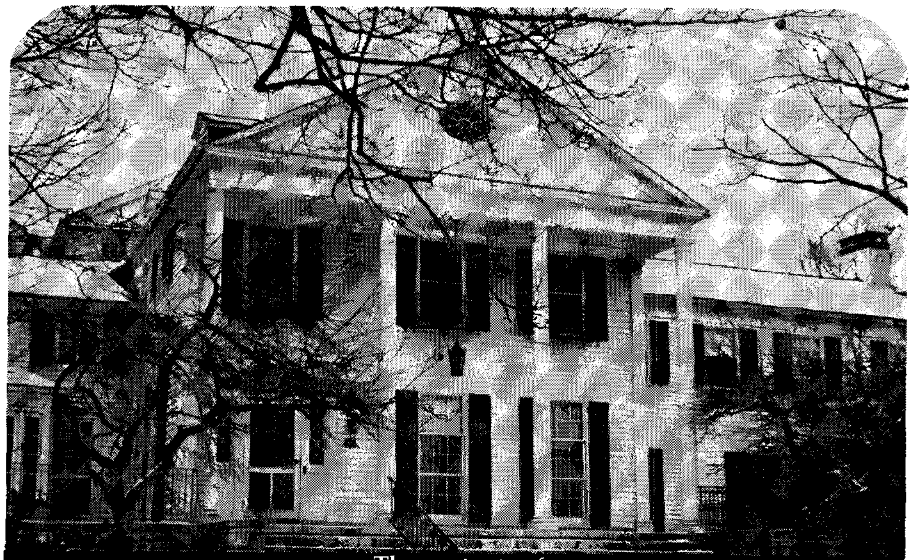
phy explosion," the federal government's attempt to interfere with "Christian" schools, and the F.C.C.'s application of the "fairness doctrine" to remarks about homosexuals. This January, the list included the 1962 Supreme Court decision on school prayers but *not* the fairness doctrine. Last June, he said that the abortion decision of 1973 was a turning point for him, but this January he said that evangelicals (among whom he included himself) had not paid much attention to the abortion issue until three to five years ago. Just when Falwell changed his mind and just which issues weighed most heavily with him are not at all clear.

Falwell did not announce his decision to go into politics until 1979, but he had begun to move in the direction of the political arena some years earlier. According to former associates, the impetus came from the demands of his television ministry; his trips around the country seemed to convince him that he could reach a far wider audience by talking about "family" issues than by talking theology. In any case, around the mid-seventies the emphasis of his preaching changed; instead of attacking other religious creeds and the evils of drink, he now attacked pornography, homosexuality, abortion, and the E.R.A. In the Bicentennial year of 1976, he began a series of I Love America rallies—elaborate, choreographed affairs with singers and choruses—on the steps of state capitols around the country. During the Presidential campaign, he attacked Jimmy Carter—the one evangelical candidate—for giving an interview to *Playboy*, and declared that "as a private citizen" he would vote for President Ford. In 1977, he associated himself with the campaigns led by Anita Bryant and Phyllis Schlafly, and a year later he launched a Clean Up America campaign. The campaign was designed as another fund-raising mechanism for "The Old-Time Gospel Hour," but along with the fund-raising letters he included ballots posing questions like "Do you approve of *known practicing homosexuals teaching in public schools?*" and promised to send the answers on to the President and to Congress. He put out booklets containing advice on how to form organizations to put pressure on local politicians, and that year he himself campaigned around the country. At the end of 1978, he claimed credit for the defeat of a gay-rights ordinance and a state version of the E.R.A. in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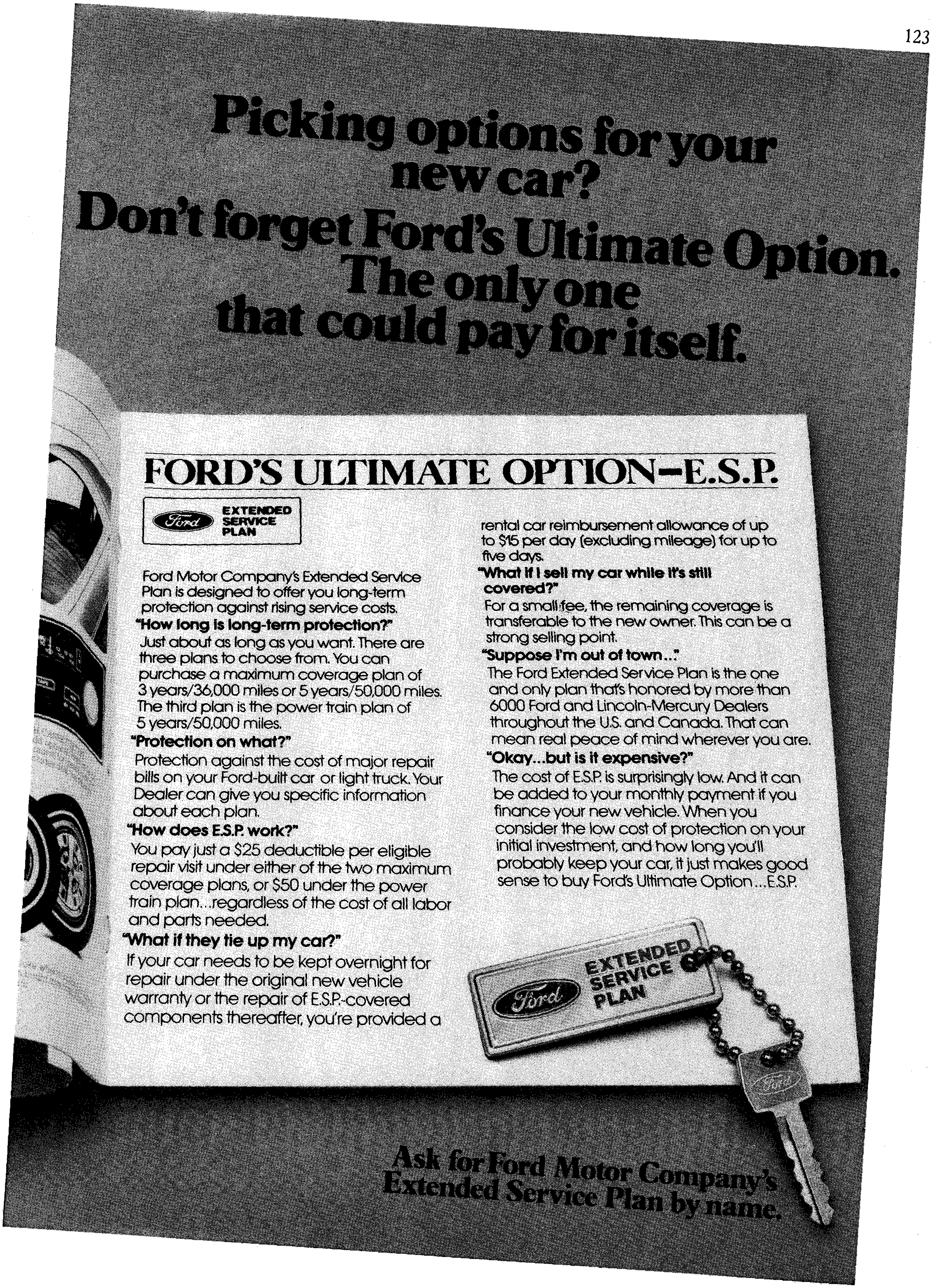

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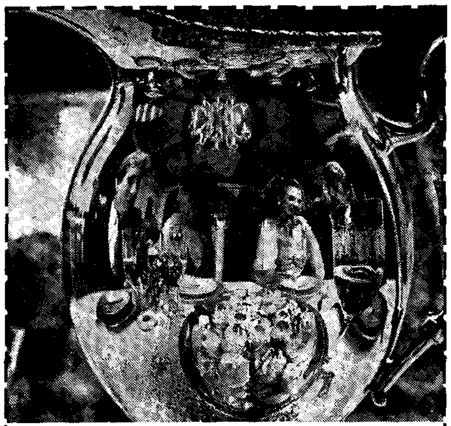

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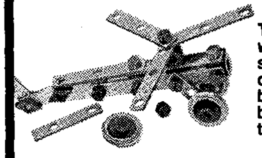

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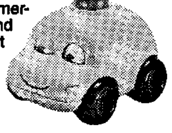

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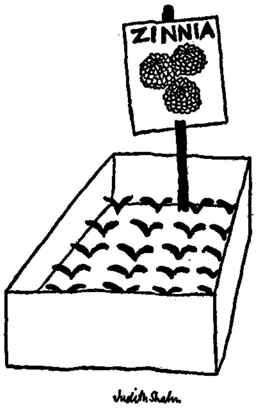
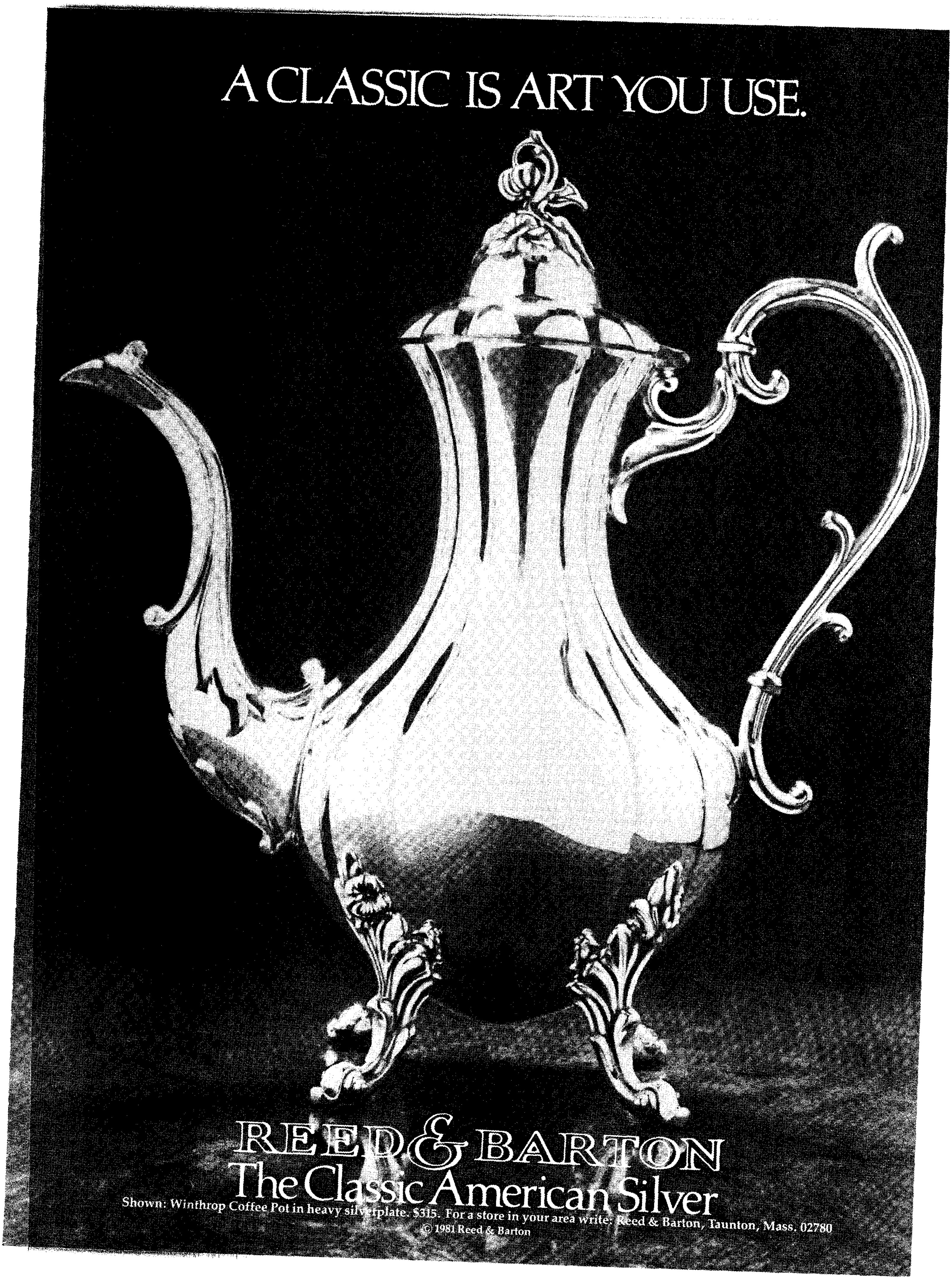
Florida and the defeat of the proposal to legalize pari-mutuel betting in Virginia.

In 1979, Falwell resumed his I Love America rallies. According to one associate, these rallies and a new fund-raiser, the I Love America Club, had their origins in his desire to do something with Bicentennial Bibles he had left over after 1976. Be that as it may, the rallies plunged him into politics. In each state, he would invite local politicians to join him in speaking before an audience of pastors and their congregations. A politician—for instance, Senator Paul Laxalt, of Nevada; Governor John Dalton, of Virginia; Governor James Rhodes, of Ohio; or former Governor Julian Carroll, of Kentucky—would appear and talk about school prayers or national defense and affirm what a great American Jerry Falwell was, and Falwell would reciprocate by affirming the politician's morality. In North Carolina, he held Senator Jesse Helms up as an exemplary politician, and told his audience to support such "Christian gentlemen" as I. Beverly Lake, the Republican candidate for governor that year. Up to that point, Falwell had claimed to be involved in a purely moral campaign on the moral issues. It was not until the formation of the Moral Majority, in the summer of 1979, that he admitted to political involvement—the distinction between moral and political clearly having something to do with tax status.



It was during this period, when Falwell was moving into politics step by step, that he came into contact with the Washington-based group of professional political organizers and lay activists for conservative causes: Richard Viguerie, the direct-mail expert, who had raised money for a number of right-wing candidates, including George Wallace; Howard Phillips, who had been brought into the Nixon Administration to dismantle the Office of Economic Opportunity; Paul Weyrich, a former journalist who had worked as an aide to two Republican senators; Robert Billings, the former president of Hyles-Anderson College, in Crown Point, Indiana, and president of the National Christian Action Coalition, which was leading a campaign to keep the I.R.S. from taxing "Christian" schools; and Ed McAteer, a former salesman and the field director for the Christian Freedom Foundation. During the years of the Carter Administration, these men had set up a network of think tanks, education lobbies, and political-action groups, including the Heritage Foundation, Phillips' Conservative Caucus, Weyrich's Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, and Billings' National Christian Action Coalition. In preparation for the next election, they met not only with Falwell but also with James Robison, Pat Robertson, and a number of other evangelists. Out of their discussions came three new organizations: the Religious Roundtable, directed by McAteer, with James Robison as its vice-president; the Christian Voice, headed by the Reverend Robert Grant, with its political-action committee directed by Gary Jarmin (a former legislative director of the American Conservative Union); and the Moral Majority, whose first executive director was Billings. (He left in mid-1980 to work as Reagan's religious liaison.)

Falwell's staff members have maintained that Falwell alone conceived and created the Moral Majority. But that organization clearly shows the influence of Weyrich and others in the so-called Kingston Group. It was, for example, Weyrich's idea that if the blue-collar Catholics were mobilized around abortion and other social issues they could be "the Achilles heel of the liberal Democrats." The Moral Majority was set up as an ecumenical organization for conservative Catholics, Mormons, and Orthodox Jews as well as Protestants ("reverse ecumenism," Weyrich called it)—though Falwell never had much success in organizing the clergy from these other faiths. During the 1980 campaign, he stressed abortion above other issues. Then, too, the Moral Majority was set up in a sophisticated fashion as three organizations: the Moral Majority, Inc., a legislative lobby; the Moral Majority Foundation, an educational group; and the Moral Majority political-action committee. Falwell ended by using only the Moral Majority, Inc., during the Presidential campaign, and created a series of state organizations headed by pastors which were neither controlled nor financed by the national organization. It was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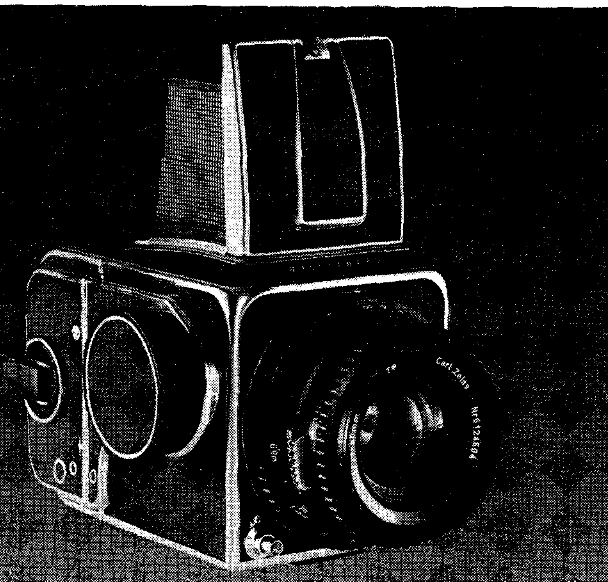
these pastors who on a local level organized campaigns and individually endorsed candidates. Falwell supported Ronald Reagan "only as a private citizen"—and this rather late in the day. Like Richard Viguerie, he initially supported John Connally, and switched his allegiance when Connally began to lose and Reagan to win in the primaries.

By the summer of 1980, the activities of the Moral Majority and similar groups had brought forth a chorus of protest from main-line clergymen, liberal politicians, and commentators. Many of these critics, objecting strenuously to the issuing of moral report cards on congressmen and the endorsement of candidates from the pulpit, claimed that Falwell was violating the principle of separation of church and state. Falwell, however, argued that the pastors were acting well within their rights: They were not breaking any law (their lawyers had informed them that only if the churches as institutions lobbied or endorsed candidates would their tax status be endangered). And by endorsing candidates on matters of principle they were only doing what the liberal clergy had done in the nineteen-sixties and seventies. Falwell was right on these points, but the issue had another dimension as well—one never fully explored by his critics.

The doctrine of separation between the church and the world had been erected by the Puritans in Europe as a means of protecting the church from the state, and not vice versa. In the New World, however, the Puritans had arrogated the right to impose their moral code upon society by enshrining it in the law. Their descendants, both liberal and conservative Protestants, had continued to claim that right as a voting majority in spite of the Enlightenment tradition of the Founding Fathers and in spite of the increasing religious diversity of American society. In this century, they had voted in Prohibition and had had the words "under God" inserted in the Pledge of Allegiance. As the twentieth century progressed, the courts and the legislatures overturned a number of religiously based laws, beginning with Prohibition, and then, in the nineteen-sixties and seventies, mandatory school prayers, laws against abortion, anti-sodomy laws, and laws against cohabitation. They had apparently redefined the boundaries between the public and the private spheres, asserting in these matters the individual's right to freedom



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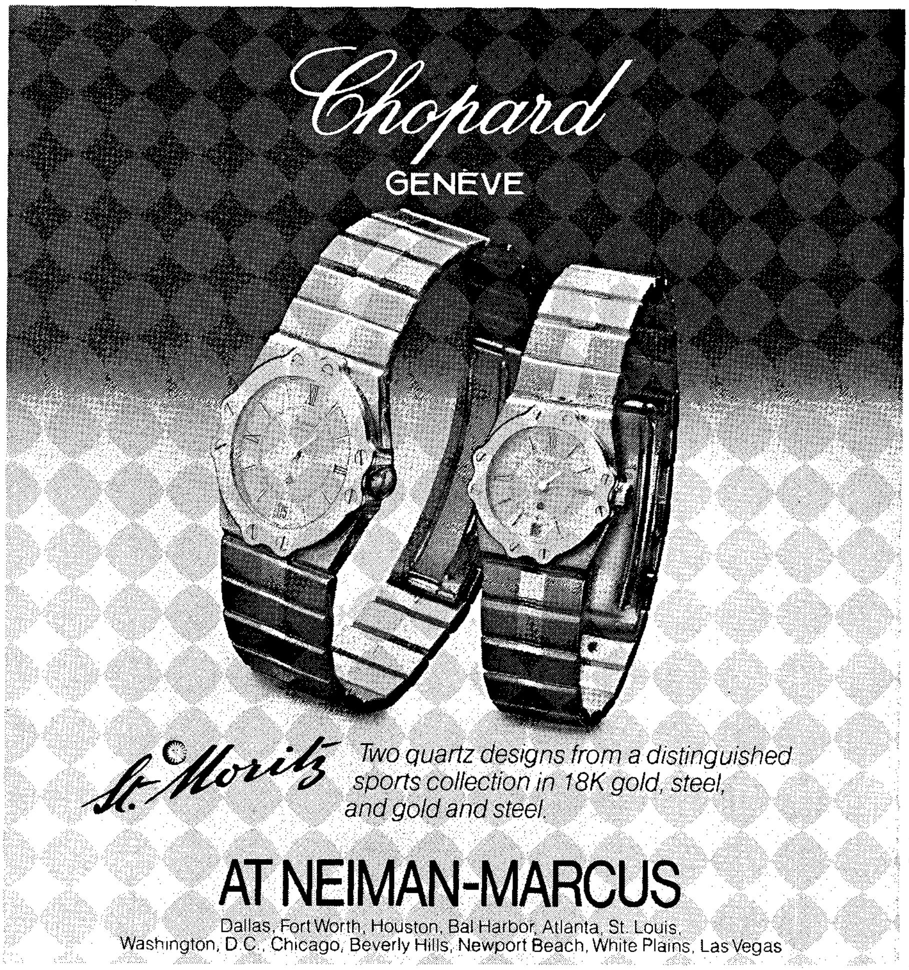
of choice and conscience. The Moral Majority and other groups, such as the Right-to-Life movement, were now insisting that the state should claim competence in these "moral issues" and relinquish its competence in the areas of aid to the poor, affirmative action, and other issues—issues that the liberal clergy, among others, saw as based upon moral principles. (On the Phil Donahue show a few weeks ago, Falwell said it was the churches that should feed the poor, and not the state, with its food-stamp program.) The line along which the church should separate itself from the state was thus not at all clear; nor was the place where one man's religion should not interfere with another's. It was Falwell's contention that separation between church and state did not mean separation of God and government.

WHEN talking to fundamentalist audiences during the campaign, Falwell and the other politically active pastors justified their political activity—their abandonment of the separationist doctrine—in this fashion: The nation is now in the most serious crisis in its history. Pornography, abortion, divorce, militant homosexuality, drugs, crime, and atheistic humanism are corrupting the moral fibre of the country and destroying its will to resist Communism. America, like the Roman Empire, is on the decline. This decline began long ago (the thirties is the period that Falwell looks back to with nostalgia), but the real plunge came in the last decade. Christians must act now, for civilization itself is at stake. America is the last launching pad for world evangelism, and if it falls to Communism—as a result of its own moral decay—that will mean the end of Christianity.

To the non-fundamentalist ear, the explanation must suggest rhetorical inflation and casuistry; and yet perhaps it is a more exact account of fundamentalist political thinking than the list of single-issue grievances that Falwell so often gives the press. The picketing of the schools of Kanawha County was, after all, not a single-issue protest but a reaction to the changes that had taken place in American society over fifteen years. What is more, all the great outbreaks of fundamentalist fervor in the past have been motivated by a similar sense of crisis and cultural breakdown. According to Sidney Ahlstrom, author of "The Religious History of the American People," many church historians place the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beginning of the fundamentalist movement with a group of evangelical ministers from several denominations, primarily Presbyterian and Baptist, who after 1876 organized annual meetings for Bible study in the conviction that the United States—indeed, the whole Christian world—was "sinking so deeply and so decisively into apostasy and heresy that it could only mean the approach of the Last Days." The movement did not coalesce until the nineteen-twenties, but when it did those conservative evangelicals who called themselves fundamentalists shared a belief that the world was in crisis—a fear that as a result of modern thinking in all its forms the collapse of Christian civilization was imminent. A minority entertained theories that this collapse would come as a result of Zionist, Bolshevik, or Catholic conspiracies. Of course, most fundamentalists cannot concentrate on global concerns any better than anyone else, with the result that much of the time they are, like the rest of us, preoccupied with the problems of everyday life. But fundamentalists who have addressed the state of the world have always done so in apocalyptic terms. If America was not Israel—the City on the Hill—then it must be Babylon. In the nineteen-fifties, Carl McIntire and Billy James Hargis were preaching the imminent coming of Satan in the shape of a worldwide Communist conspiracy that would end civilization by destroying the American family. True, these were the radicals—what one writer has called the "ultrafundamentalists." But the moderates had their own sense of crisis. Billy Graham, for example, preached quite regularly between 1950 and 1970 that the nation was in its worst state of spiritual decline. And quite regularly during that period he preached that the world would end soon.

This sense of crisis is quite natural, given the doctrine of premillennialism—the scenario that many fundamentalists have for the end of the world. In rough outline, the scenario, drawn mainly from the books of Daniel and Revelation, goes this way: At a time of confusion in the world, a false prophet, the Antichrist, will appear and will be supported by the apostate churches; simultaneously, the Beast will appear, in the form of a powerful political leader—a leader who will build a new Roman Empire and for a while bring peace to the world. The Jews will return to Israel, and some will be converted. Then the Beast and

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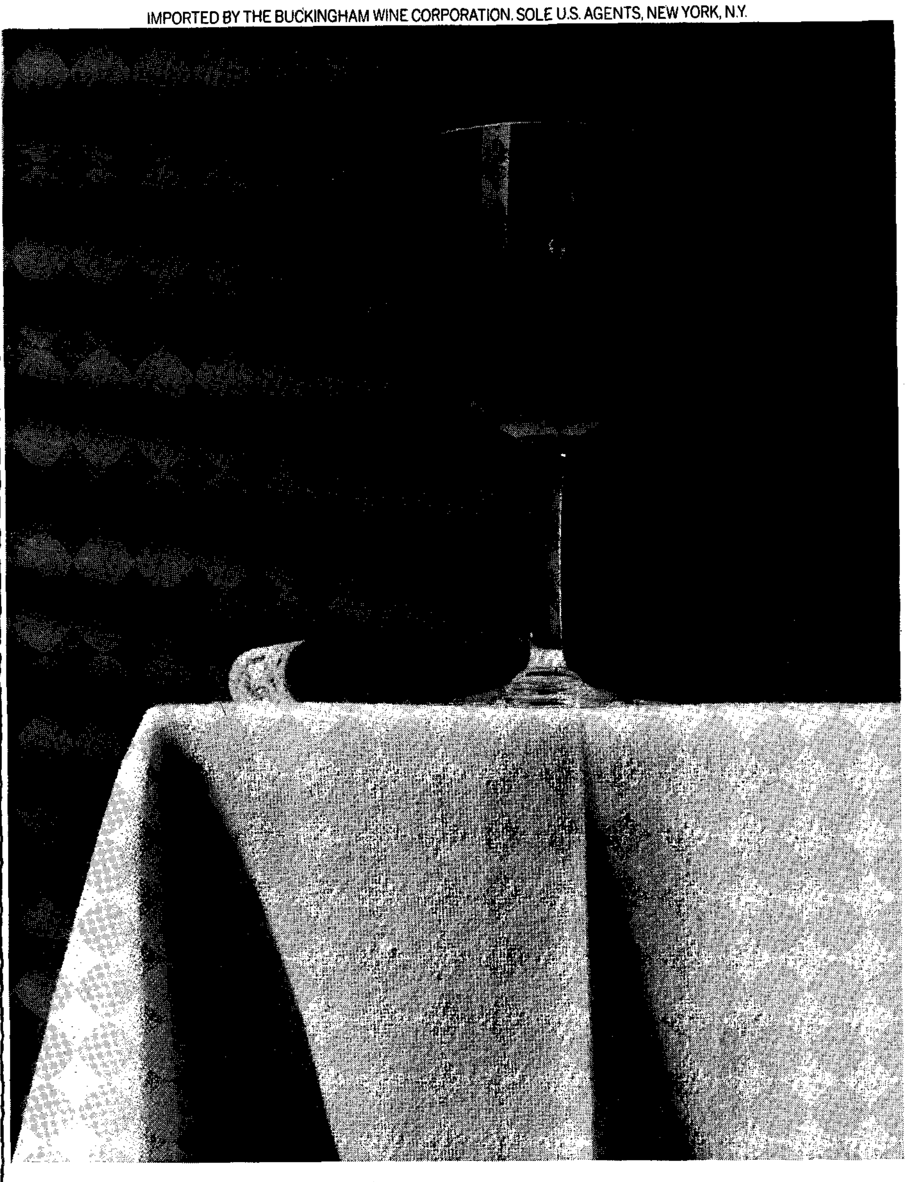

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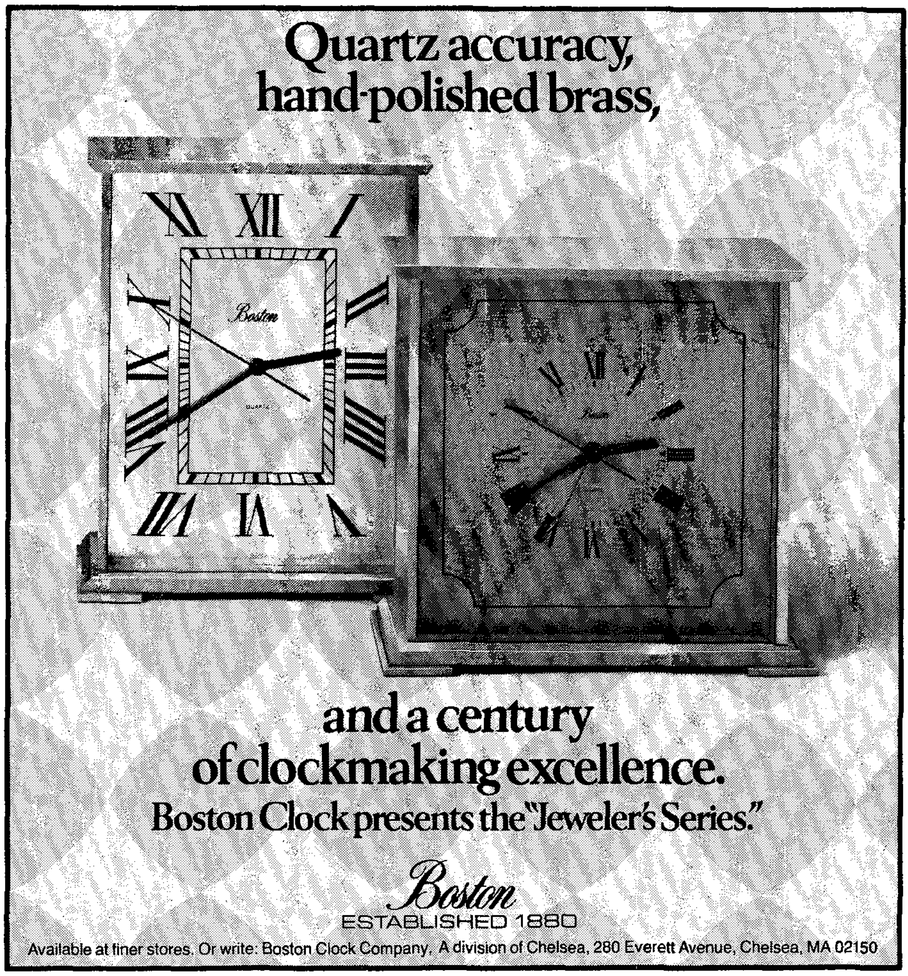
the Antichrist will together unleash the upheavals of the final three and a half years, or "great tribulation," in which the Jews will once again suffer persecution. Finally, Christ will come with an army of saints to defeat the combined forces of the Beast and the Antichrist and to install the millennial reign of peace and justice on earth. The tribulation period will last for seven years, and only the true Christians—the "saved"—will not have to suffer them, for at the outset they will be pulled up from the earth in "the secret rapture" and will "meet Christ in the air."

Since the Second Coming succeeds the tribulation, fundamentalists have always devoutly hoped for the onset of this period, unpleasant though it will be for everyone else on earth. And since they regard the Biblical prophecies as the literal truth, they have always looked to current events for signs of the beginning of this drama and for characters to cast in it. Since 1917, many have been convinced that the Beast will arise in Russia; the Bolshevik Revolution confirmed for them an earlier prophecy that Russia would play a major role in the tribulation. And since 1917 many have been certain that America would supply the armies of the saints. The creation of the state of Israel in 1948 fitted in perfectly with the prophecy of the return of the Jews to Palestine; many fundamentalists have been certain ever since that the tribulation will begin with a Russian attack on Israel.

The literalness of this interpretation of the Bible—born as it is of hope—has brought fundamentalists, in contrary fashion, to a rather mystical view of current events. For the interpretation can work both ways at once. If the Beast is incarnate in the Russian Communist leadership, then that leadership may well have Satanic powers not limited by the ordinary laws of nature. It may have not only the Satanic will but also the ability to destroy the American home. Conversely, the divorce rate may have a direct effect on America's ability to resist Communism. Foreign policy will not stay foreign, or domestic affairs domestic, for there is a mystical unity to the world. Fundamentalists, however, differ in the kind of connections they make. In the nineteen-fifties, a small minority saw the introduction of fluorides into the water system as yet another form of subversion. Yet also in the fifties Billy Graham said, "My own theory about Communism is that it is mas-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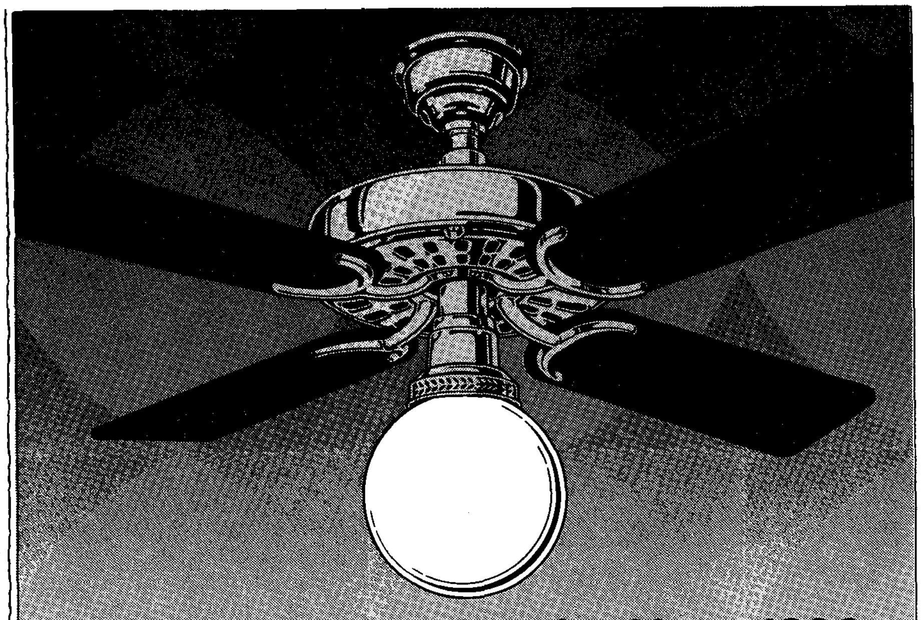
terminded by Satan. I think there is no other explanation for the tremendous gains of Communism in which they seem to outwit us at every turn, unless they have supernatural power and wisdom and intelligence given them."

Fundamentalists, whatever their level of sophistication or of mystical abstraction, have always seen danger ahead for the Christian world. This is as true today as it was in the eighteen-nineties. What has changed is their perception of the most imminent or serious threats to that world. In the eighteen-nineties, they were concerned mainly with theological issues; they were fighting apostasy and heresy in the form of the new Biblical scholarship. In the nineteen-twenties, they worried about everything from German rationalism to social dancing—with the emphasis differing between theologians and country pastors. In the nineteen-fifties, fundamentalist spokesmen seemed to be preoccupied with Communism: it was Communism that was responsible for all other evils; its influence was seen in the liberal churches and in all the newfangled liberal doctrines, such as permissive child rearing, that were corrupting American society. By the nineteen-seventies, however, fundamentalist preachers from Billy James Hargis to James Robison and Jerry Falwell had reversed this causal sequence: the feminists, the pornographers, and the militant homosexuals were destroying the American family, and its destruction would (in Confucian sequence) lead to the destruction of the nation by Communist armies.

Those fundamentalist ministers who have involved themselves in New Right politics tend to be moderators in the fundamentalist scheme of things; that is, they make distinctions between human and ecclesiastical history. Tim LaHaye, who is one of the theoreticians of the movement, and is a friend of Falwell's, has written that the reign of the liberal humanists in America is a pretribulation tribulation; it is not predestined, and therefore it is subject to reversal. When Falwell and LaHaye talk about pornography, F.C.C. rulings, or I.R.S. regulations, they are talking about politics, this world and not another one. On foreign-policy issues, however, they seem to lose their grip on the mundane and go into an uneasy existential wobble.

Last summer, Falwell broadcast a series of six sermons on prophecy to his television congregation. In one of them, he described the tribulation and



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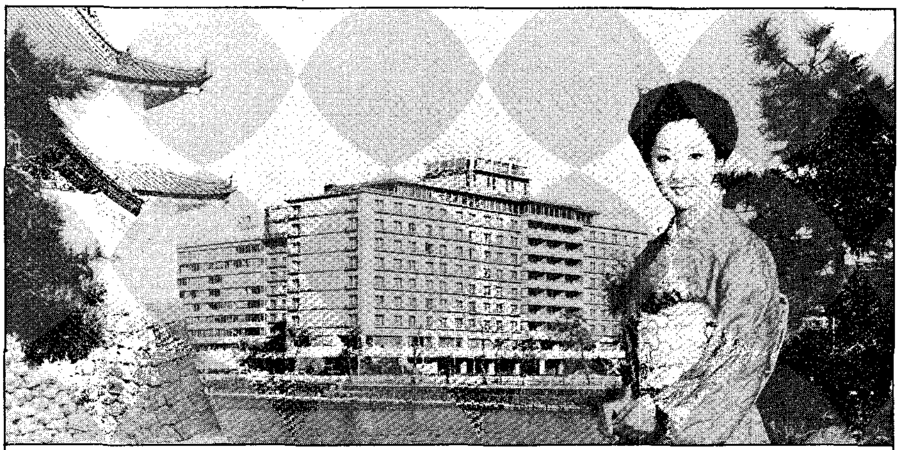

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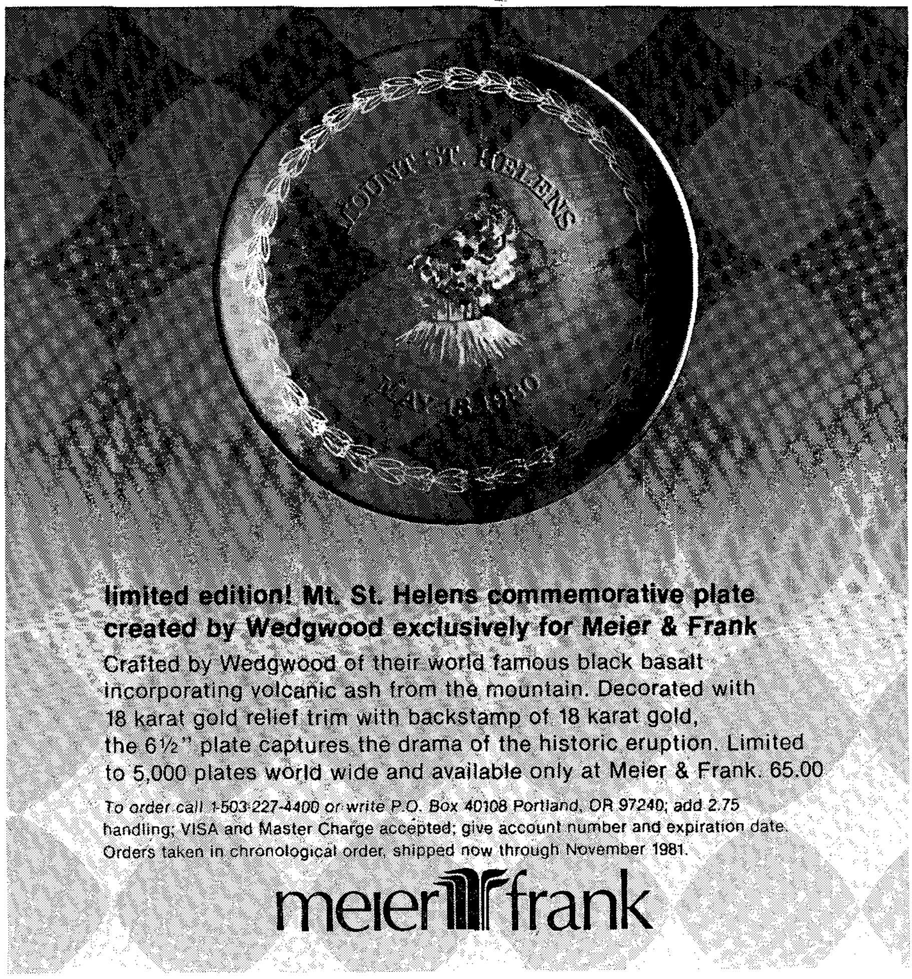

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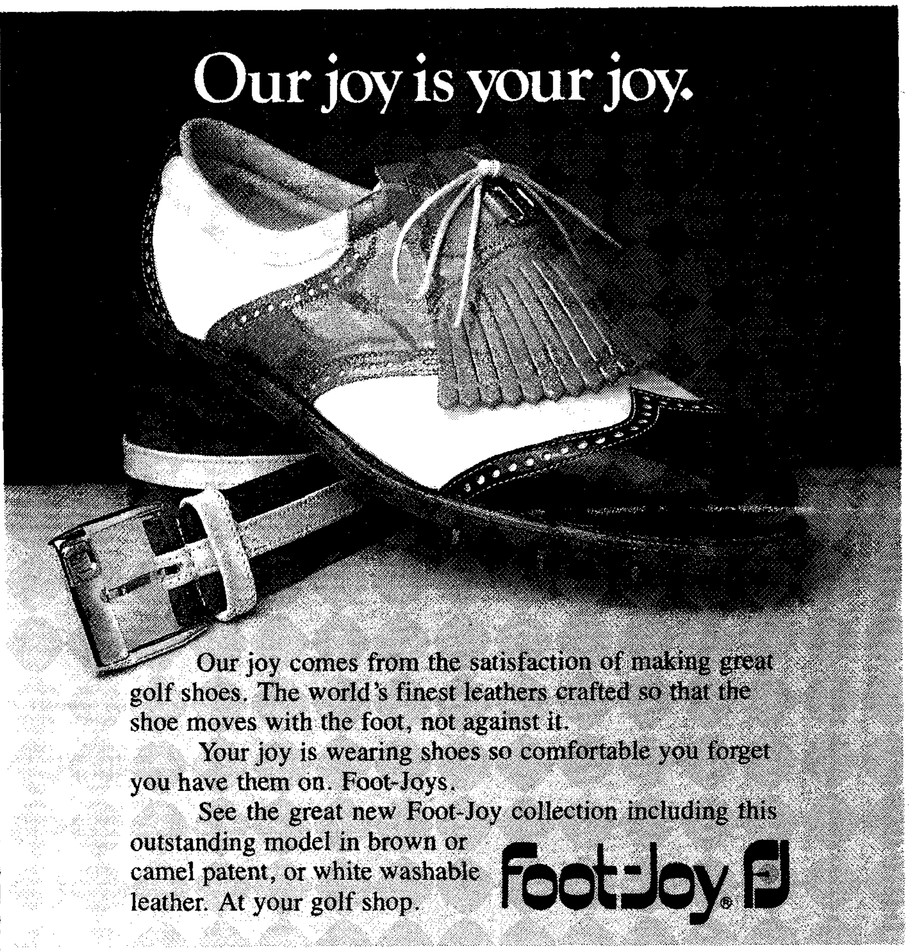
the Battle of Armageddon in some detail. The tribulation, he said, is possibly already upon us, for the world is, as has been prophesied, chaotic and leaderless. Russia will soon attack Israel, but it will eventually be defeated, and then the Antichrist will move into the Middle East and unleash the great tribulation, which will culminate in the Battle of Armageddon on a field two hundred miles long and a hundred miles wide, with Jerusalem at its center. (Here Falwell showed the television audience pictures of himself in Israel inspecting the proposed battlefield.) The four hundred million who it is prophesied will die there will surely include large numbers of Red Chinese.

During this broadcast, Falwell advertised a new booklet of his called "Armageddon: The Coming War with Russia," pitching it as upbeat. "I believe that America can win that war," he said. Earlier that summer, however, his optimism on that score seemed to be severely qualified. In an interview then, he told me that American military power was inadequate even to defend the country. "The Russians could walk right in and take over without firing a shot," he said. "They could do that any time between now and the mid-eighties—and long after that if we continue with the Carter Administration's nondefense policy. In the nineteen-fifties and sixties, we had military superiority over the Russians, and that's what we need again. Not military equality but military superiority." When he was asked how the Russians would "walk in," he answered, "Across the Mexican border." He then said that his information came from "leaders of the defense industry" and military men such as retired Admiral Thomas R. Moorer, retired Lieutenant-General Daniel Graham, and former Navy Secretary J. William Middendorf.

The coupling of Russia with Biblical prophecy poses problems that even the most experienced military men might not feel competent to deal with. The identification of the United States with Christian civilization poses problems of another sort. This year, Billy Graham said that he had changed his mind about a lot of things since the nineteen-fifties. "It was a mistake to identify the Kingdom of God with the American way of life," he said. "I've come to see that other cultures have their own way that may be of just as great a value." (Graham's change of heart apparently came during one of the many crusades he has led in other countries since the fall of Richard Nixon.) Falwell persists in that identification, and he has run up against one of the many difficulties involved with it.

In August of 1980, Falwell told the Washington *Post*, "I am not one of those who use the phrase 'Christianizing America.' " He had not used that phrase, but just a year before the same paper had quoted him as saying that he wanted to "turn this into a Christian nation." Since then, he had learned better than to equate "Christian" with "moral": the Moral Majority was, after all, an organization for Christians and Jews. His position now was that he was an advocate of separation theologically but was ecumenical in matters of politics. This he explained to the press and to his hard-line separatist critics, such as Bob Jones, Jr. He could see nothing wrong with this position, even after all the furor over the remark made by the president of the Southern Baptist Convention, the Reverend Bailey Smith: "God Almighty does not hear the prayer of a Jew." It was thus that on the eve of Ronald Reagan's visit to Lynchburg in October of 1980 Falwell said, in answer to a question from the press, "I believe that God answers the prayer of any redeemed Jew or Gentile, and I do not believe that God answers the prayer of any unredeemed Gentile or Jew." He explained that it was a fundamental tenet of his faith that man comes to God only through Christ, but that this was merely a theological argument he had with his rabbi friends, and that it implied no anti-Semitism. A few days after Reagan's visit, however, Falwell met with Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum, of the American Jewish Committee, and later said, in a statement issued by Tanenbaum, "It grieves me that I have been quoted as saying that God does not hear the prayer of a Jew. . . . God is a respecter of all persons. He loves everyone alike. He hears the heart cry of any sincere person who calls on Him." The price of ecumenical politics was apparently the renunciation of a fundamental tenet of faith. Alternatively, it was the maintenance of two separate audiences. While Falwell was talking with Rabbi Tanenbaum, he was—through "The Old-Time Gospel Hour"—running ads in magazines around the country asking "Christians everywhere" to sign his "Christian Bill of Rights," so that he could present it with their signa-



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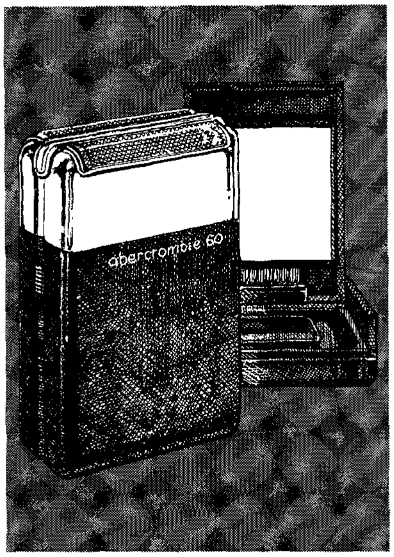

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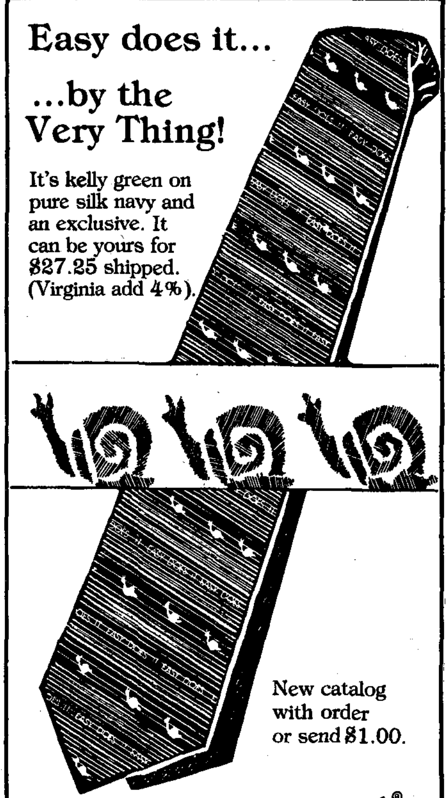

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Haywood Robinson, the head of the federally funded antipoverty program in Lynchburg and the pastor of a church that had been deeply involved in the civil-rights movement, posed the problem of political involvement for preachers in this way: "I believe most profoundly that churches should concern themselves with the affairs of this world—and therefore with politics. But there is a thin line separating the legitimate, gospel-mandated expression of Christian responsibility to promote the Kingdom of God on earth and knee-deep involvement in the political process. It is important to uphold principles, such as human dignity, but once you start endorsing candidates right and left and addressing questions like how many tanks we should have, you cross that line. Instead of a monitor of the political process, you become a participant sharing the goals of politicians. The principles become lost, and the political rewards become self-justifying."

For Robinson, as for most clergymen, the issue of the clergy's role in politics raises only a tactical question: How deeply can they become involved while remaining true to their principles? For fundamentalists, however, it raises another sort of difficulty, since in fundamentalist theology there are no general principles but only scriptural dicta on discrete issues. These dicta cannot be compromised, nor can anything be added to them, for they are literally the Word of God. Fundamentalists, therefore, have a hard theological row to hoe when they attempt to deal with a pluralistic society and the art of the possible.

In October of 1980, Moral Majority staff members were describing Falwell as a conservative and pointing to recent interviews with him to demonstrate how moderate his approach really was. Those interviews indeed suggested that he had moderated his views on a number of subjects in the course of the campaign. Falwell had always denounced drinking, but in October, the week that Ronald Reagan came to Lynchburg, he denounced "excessive" drinking. Earlier, he had told the Washington *Post*, "I have no objection to a homosexual teaching in the public classroom as long as that homosexual is not flaunting his life style or soliciting students." And he added that heterosexual teachers should act with the same propriety.

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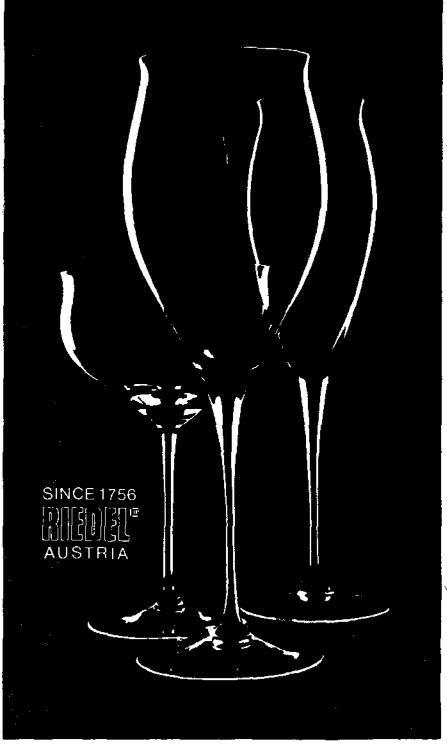

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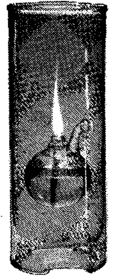

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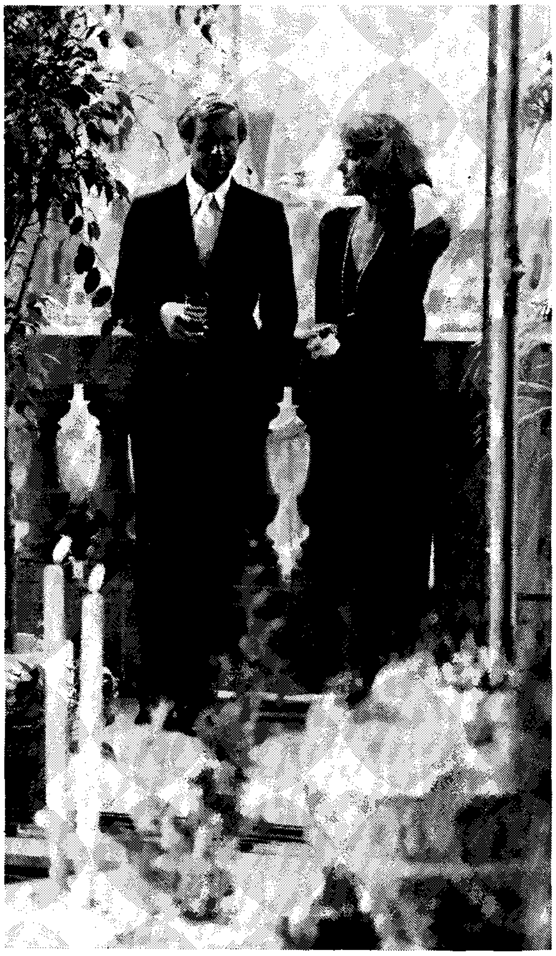
This statement was rather different from one that was going out with his fund-raising letters for the Moral Majority: "Is our grand old flag going down the drain? . . . Just look at what's happening here in America: Known, practicing homosexual teachers have invaded the classrooms."

What had happened over the summer was that Falwell had developed an entirely different public from the one he was used to. News magazines and newspapers around the country gave him extensive coverage, and the major television interviewers asked him to be on their shows. Having sought this audience, he found a new set of interlocutors, and he learned a good deal from them. That, at least, was the opinion of Rabbi Tanenbaum, who said after his meeting with Falwell, "I gathered that this was the first time he'd had that kind of [theological] discussion with a rabbi. He appeared to agree with almost everything we talked about." In his Washington *Post* interview, Falwell had said, "It looks like we're coming on like religious crusaders of the Dark Ages, rule or ruin. That is the last thing the people I work with have on their minds, but we've got to prove that by action. . . . I think we have a P. R. job on our hands to prove that we are human beings who love people but who have convictions about what is right and wrong." This was said less than a year after Falwell had remarked, "We are fighting a holy war."

The difficulty was that this new audience would not go away when he talked to his old audience in the old tone of voice. Last summer, at a rally in the Shriners' temple in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, he presented a slide show that featured, according to the New York *Times*, "repeated images of Charles Manson, Times Square sex-film marquees, atom bombs exploding, young men with their arms around each other, and unbreathing fetuses lying in bloody, white ceramic hospital pans," and a quote attributed to the head of the American Communist Party: "I dream of the hour when the last Congressman is strangled to death on the guts of the last preacher." And in an introduction to a book by Richard Viguerie Falwell talked about "the godless minority of treacherous individuals who have been permitted to formulate national policy." Earlier in the year, he told an audience in Alaska that he had challenged President Carter about the homosexuals on



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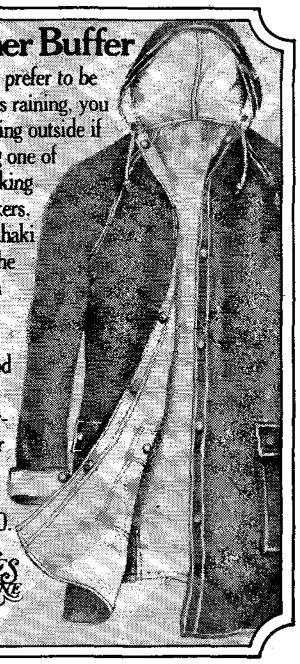

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his staff and that the President had replied that his staff had to represent the American people. When the White House produced a transcript of Falwell's own tape proving that no such exchange had taken place, Falwell had to explain that he had not meant the story to be taken literally.

The period of the campaign was a difficult time for Falwell, because there were so many conflicting demands on him. His own people were asking for the old truths and the old ferocities; the Republican politicians were asking him to look like a tolerant, conservative sort of fellow; and the press was asking him to be consistent and accusing him of breaking the Commandment against bearing false witness when he was not consistent. Then, too, the contributions to "The Old-Time Gospel Hour" seemed to be declining. In October, he preached a sermon on a text from Matthew 26, "And Jesus went a little further," comparing himself to Jesus, who "always went a little further." The moral of his sermon was that all Christians had to show the courage and dedication of Jesus in doing more than it seemed safe to do. But, that being the moral, it was an odd text to take, since in that verse Jesus goes on further—ahead of his disciples—to pray, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." By the end of the campaign, Falwell seemed really frightened by the criticism. One Sunday, he brought a full box of press clippings to the rostrum and complained bitterly about the lies and the calumnies of the reporters. In a fund-raising letter dated October 10th, he wrote:

> I have become the victim of a vicious, orchestrated attack by the liberal politicians, bureaucrats, and amoralists. . . .
>
> The liberals and amoral secular humanists have tried to destroy my character and my integrity.
>
> And sadly enough, some of my friends who once supported the Old-Time Gospel Hour have believed some of these false reports and charges made in the Press. . . .
>
> I have burned the bridge behind me. You will never read it in the newspaper that Jerry Falwell quit. You may read that someone killed me—but that is the only way I can be stopped. . . . Opposition is becoming more and more violent. Our enemies are hitting us from every side.
>
> And we are certain that right now there are key individuals in our country who are plotting to close down this ministry.

There was one familiar note in the letter:

> In fact, if I am not able to raise 5 million dollars within the next thirty

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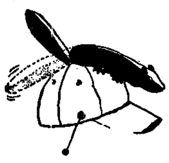

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> days . . . I may be forced to begin taking the Old-Time Gospel Hour off the air, city by city.

But this was the first time that Falwell had requested funds for his religious program on the ground of his political martyrdom.

The election results cheered Falwell up a good deal. "It was my finest hour," he said apropos of President Carter's early concession speech to Reagan. On behalf of the Moral Majority, he took credit for a number of Republican victories across the country, and he delightedly told his congregation about all the "important people" who had been calling to congratulate him. He became conciliatory toward the press, telling his congregation that he was slowly winning over "hostile" reporters through Christian love, and that it was good for reporters to come to the Thomas Road Church, since they would hear the gospel "for the first time in their lives."

The Republican victories, however, presented Falwell with a continuation of the dilemma he had faced during the campaign. The road in front of him forked. In one direction lay the rugged narrow valleys of the old-time religion, with its absolute truths, its puritanism, and its ferocities, where he could be the King of the Outsiders. In the other lay the broad plains where the majority of Americans lived, with all their liberal uncertainties, and where he might have some influence if he joined the general, confusing din. That he would have such a choice had perhaps not occurred to him, for his own people—his own congregation in Lynchburg—had never confronted him with such a clear division of the ways. They, too, thought that there was a compromise—or they wanted it both ways. They had left the coal-mining valleys of Appalachia and come into the city to work for Babcock & Wilcox or the Dairy Queen. They would not for anything give up their cars or their television sets; they liked their freedom; but much of what they saw in this new world either scared or offended them. With this ambivalence, they looked to Falwell for all the old certainties done up in glossy packages. They looked to church for a haven of security—but a haven with windows on the wide world. They sent their children to L.B.C. to train as Marines for Christ—and to get a degree that would be useful in civilian life. Some of them were far more hard-core, hard-shell Baptists than others, but the differences among them merely

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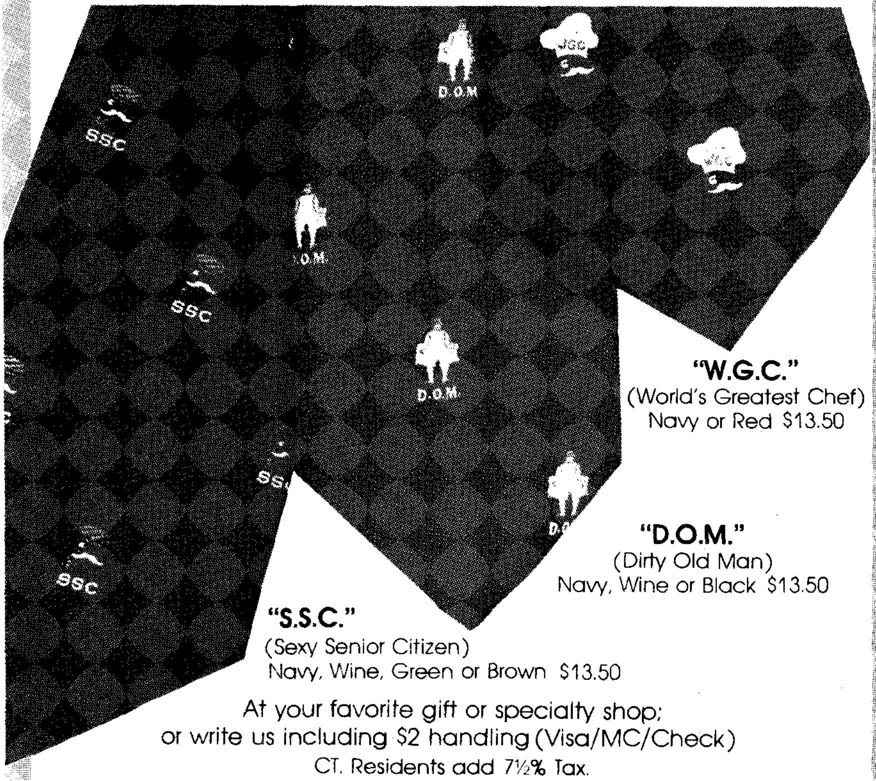

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paralleled the divisions in the minds of most of them. The ambivalence of the congregation also paralleled the ambivalence in Falwell's own personality: at times he could be a genial, tolerant, easygoing sort of fellow, and at other times he could be as rough as any boot-camp sergeant. On his own home ground, he had no need to choose, for both sides had proved useful, and, indeed, without both of them he could not have done what he had.

Now, however, there was a parting of the ways. The issue was posed most concretely when, less than a month after the Inauguration, a coalition of fundamentalist groups in California announced that it would spend three million dollars on a media campaign against homosexuals, and a spokesman for one of the groups, the Santa Clara chapter of the Moral Majority, said, "I agree with capital punishment, and I believe homosexuality is one of those that could be coupled with murder and other sins." The Moral Majority spokesman in Lynchburg denied any knowledge of this but said that Falwell was against protecting homosexuals as a minority group through gay-rights legislation.

In the long term, Falwell could become a tolerant, conservative kind of preacher with influence in Washington. Billy Graham's career pointed the way. It also provided a warning. Graham had wound himself so tightly around Nixon that he came to seem responsible for the man and all the expletives deleted. The Moral Majority had backed so many candidates in 1980 that there was at least a statistical risk that one of them would be caught with a hand in the till or, alternatively, would take to drink or to liberalism.

Figuratively speaking, the choice for Falwell lay between the genial Republican businessmen and his "disciplined, charging army." That army was his strength, but it was also his weakness, since not even his own pastors in Lynchburg understood the big, polyglot world. They had not been trained for it, and if Falwell tried to explain it to them he would risk having them charge off under the command of some other general. He might succeed in bringing them along with him, of course, but then they would no longer be very good Marines. They would no longer be people like Mark Totten and Lester Bledsoe.

Mark Totten, Lester Bledsoe, and I walked for three and a half hours one afternoon last July on blistering New

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York City pavements. We walked south from the Manhattan Bible Church, in Inwood, to the mixed Jewish and Hispanic neighborhood of Washington Heights. "This is the Jew—Jewish—section of town," Lester said. And then, with amazement, "You know, there are no Jews or Catholics in my town at all, and now I'm working only with Jews and Catholics."

Lester, a slow-talking, rangy young man from a tiny town in southwestern Virginia, had gone to L.B.C. directly from high school. Mark, who came from West Virginia, had, like Falwell, studied engineering before deciding to become a pastor. They wore white short-sleeved shirts and pressed pants when they went on their rounds. They had been in New York almost a month with the L.B.C. contingent, and now they were trying to make a second contact with the people they had "witnessed to" before; they were also handing out leaflets titled "Let's Get the Worm Out of the Big Apple!" The Jewish community of Washington Heights puzzled them. "There's no drug problem here," Mark said. "The kids are taking all kinds of drugs in my home town." The students had been prepared for Sin City and for people with a desperate desire to reform. The Jews seemed—well, unavailable. A month before, Lester and Mark had attracted the attention of a crowd of kids in a park playground with their Bible reading. But then a group of parents saw them as Moonies and accused them of trying to kidnap their kids, and the school principal had the police evict them from the park. Then, said Mark, amazed, all the children in the neighborhood went away to camp. Mark and Lester had tried to ring doorbells and talk to the adults, but the apartment buildings all had security systems, and it had proved very difficult to witness to people through intercoms. The people they met on the streets told them they were happy to see nice clean boys like them helping out the Christian churches. Mark and Lester had no follow-up addresses in the Jewish part of the neighborhood. "Well, I'll say this for them," Mark said. "They keep their streets clean."

We walked on into the Hispanic area of Washington Heights. Here Lester had some addresses, but half of them turned out to refer to nonexistent buildings. We walked on and on, Lester occasionally passing out a leaflet and saying in a commanding voice,

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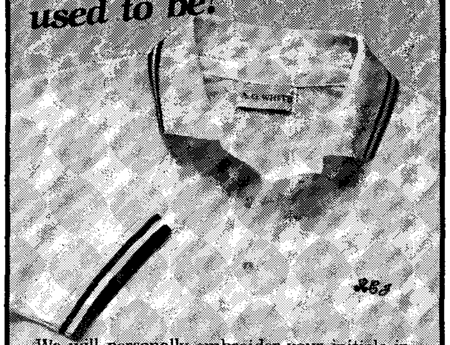
"You be sure to read it, now." Three of the addresses were right, but there was no one home in the first apartment and only small children in the second one, which we climbed five flights to get to. In the third apartment, a girl of fifteen or sixteen in shorts rolled well up on her plump thighs welcomed us to a blast of rock and roll. Lester lectured her about missing the Wednesday-night youth meeting. She thanked him gaily for coming around and said maybe she would come next Wednesday and bring her girl friends. As we left the building, I asked Mark whether they had told her that the church did not permit dancing. Mark answered judiciously to the effect that everything comes in its time.

We walked on. At the ramp to the George Washington Bridge, where their territory ended, we paused to look at the vast cityscape of lower Manhattan. Mark said that he was thinking of coming back to New York to work as a pastor. "Just look out there," he said. "One and a half million people in twenty-two square miles. Why, there aren't five thousand people in the twelve miles between my home town and the next one. Think of all the souls to be saved." He also said that he would like to visit the Union Theological Seminary, since he'd heard that it was full of Communists and liberals. We walked back the way we had come. In the middle of one block, Lester stooped down and reached for something on the ground. He came up with a baby sparrow—he had somehow seen the tiny gray thing fluttering on a gray grating. Cradling the sparrow in his large hands, he gently moved it to a bush near the entranceway to an apartment building.

At the edge of Fort Tryon Park, we had our longest conversation of the day—with a man called Jack, who lived in the park. Jack was quite drunk—not an unusual condition for him—but very clean, since he had just finished washing himself and his clothes in water streaming out of a nearby hydrant. Lester and Mark knew a lot about Jack; they had talked to him many times before, witnessing to him and trying to persuade him to come to the Manhattan Bible Church. They had been unsuccessful. Jack said he had done many years in prison but many more in college and graduate school. At one point, he had had a wife and a house in the suburbs; now he was, he said, engaged in his own metaphysical exercise of living in the



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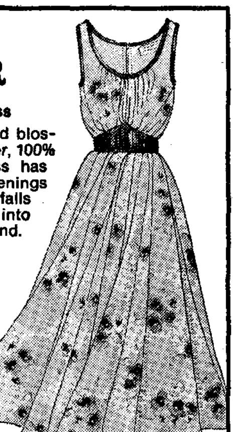

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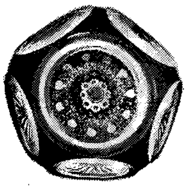

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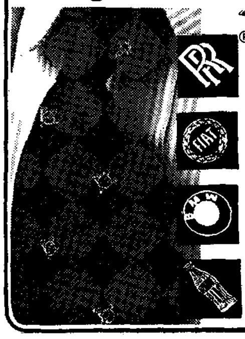

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open on what he could cadge from people in passing cars. (Never, never, he said, from the walkers, since that wasn't fair to the neighborhood.) When Mark began to lecture him on scriptural inerrancy, Jack interrupted to give a long, rambling discourse on early church history, the Greek philosophical tradition versus the Hebrew, and the problems often faced by Protestant theologians. He had flashes of great coherence, and he quoted—if I understood him correctly—Aristotle, St. Augustine, and Karl Barth.

"Jack is very arrogant about his education," Mark said.

"These are nice kids," Jack said. "But they don't know anything. They don't know church history, and they have no philosophical grounding. I could become a Catholic, but not this." Waving his beer can, Jack went off into another ramble about the early church. Mark and Lester listened patiently, and when he had finished Mark recommenced his own monologue, about the Bible and the path it showed to salvation. Jack was clearly glad to have someone to talk to, but whether Mark and Lester stayed there out of interest or out of sheer doggedness I could not tell. And I could not ask them, for the word "interest" does not figure in their vocabulary.

After more than half an hour of this inconsequence, I said that I had to go. We walked back to Manhattan Bible Church through the sweltering streets of a Hispanic neighborhood—now, in the evening, coming alive with people and the din of radios and the smell of garlic and hot chilies. "I didn't think there could be so many people who don't speak English," Mark said. No one on the streets paid any attention to us or to Lester's leaflets, yet Mark and Lester did not seem to be discouraged. They looked as fresh and clean and energetic as they had when they started out at midday.

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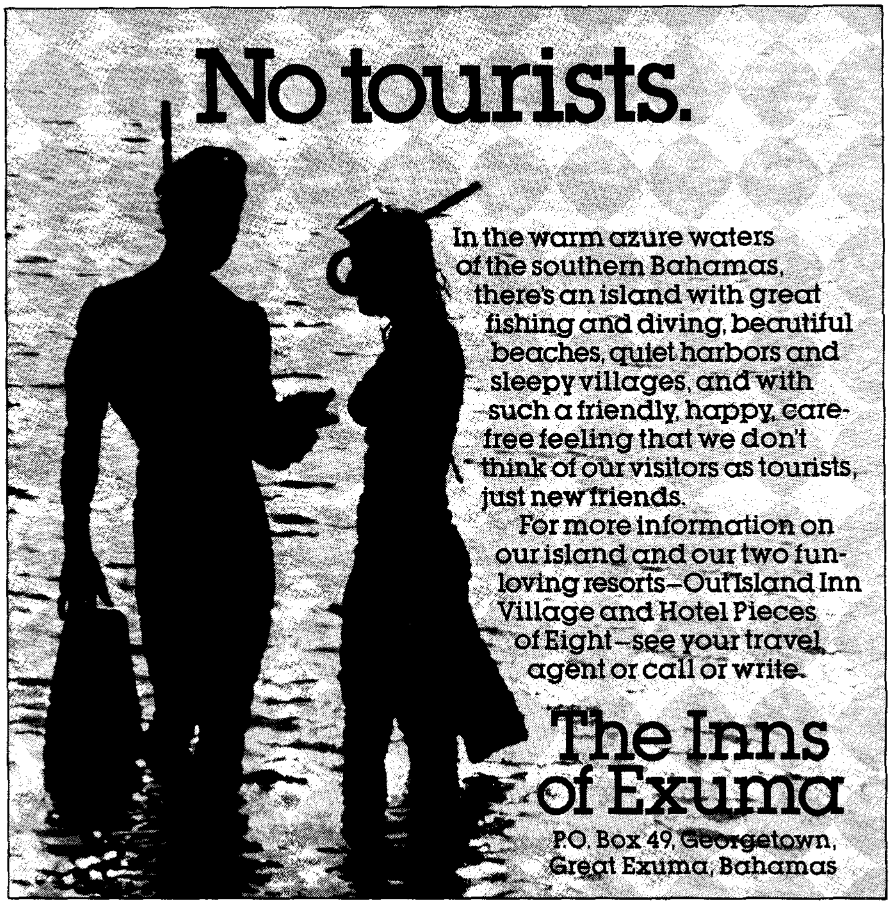

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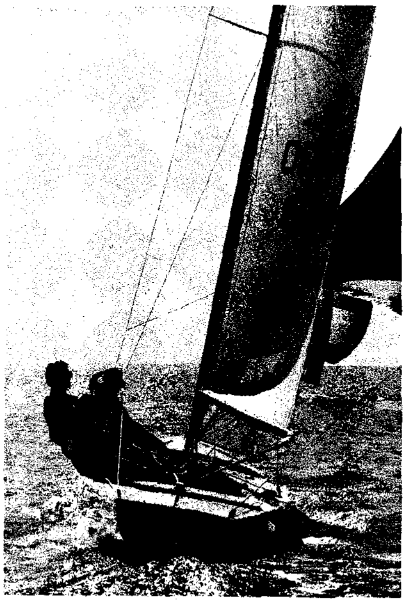

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IN New York last week, there appeared to be but a single question worth asking: What would Elizabeth Taylor make of the role of Regina Giddens in "The Little Foxes"? Happily, the answer is that she makes an excellent thing of it. In what amounts to her début as a legitimate actress (she once played a small role in a play starring her then husband Richard Burton), she seems perfectly at ease on the stage of the Martin Beck and readily holds her own in the presence of such seasoned troupers and scene stealers as Maureen Stapleton and Tom Aldredge. The fact that she is what is commonly called a superstar, famous throughout the world as much for her personal life as for her professional career, casts no taint upon the nature of her performance, which is well thought out and skillfully modulated. Many screen actors and actresses, accustomed to accumulating a movie by means of a series of disconnected short takes, tend in a play to lose energy as scene relentlessly follows scene. Not Miss Taylor, who maintains a continuous flow of energy from start to finish. Tallulah Bankhead, who first played Regina (it was the finest role of her career), cannot have spoken the tremendous last lines of the second act any more effectively than Miss Taylor does. They are like repeated blows in the face, and the audience gasps at them, in mingled astonishment and pain. In the third act, the intensity of her concentration remains undiminished; even as she stands taking her well-deserved curtain calls (the celebrated violet eyes flashing with the pleasure of accomplishment), she is a dynamo that shows not the least sign of running down.

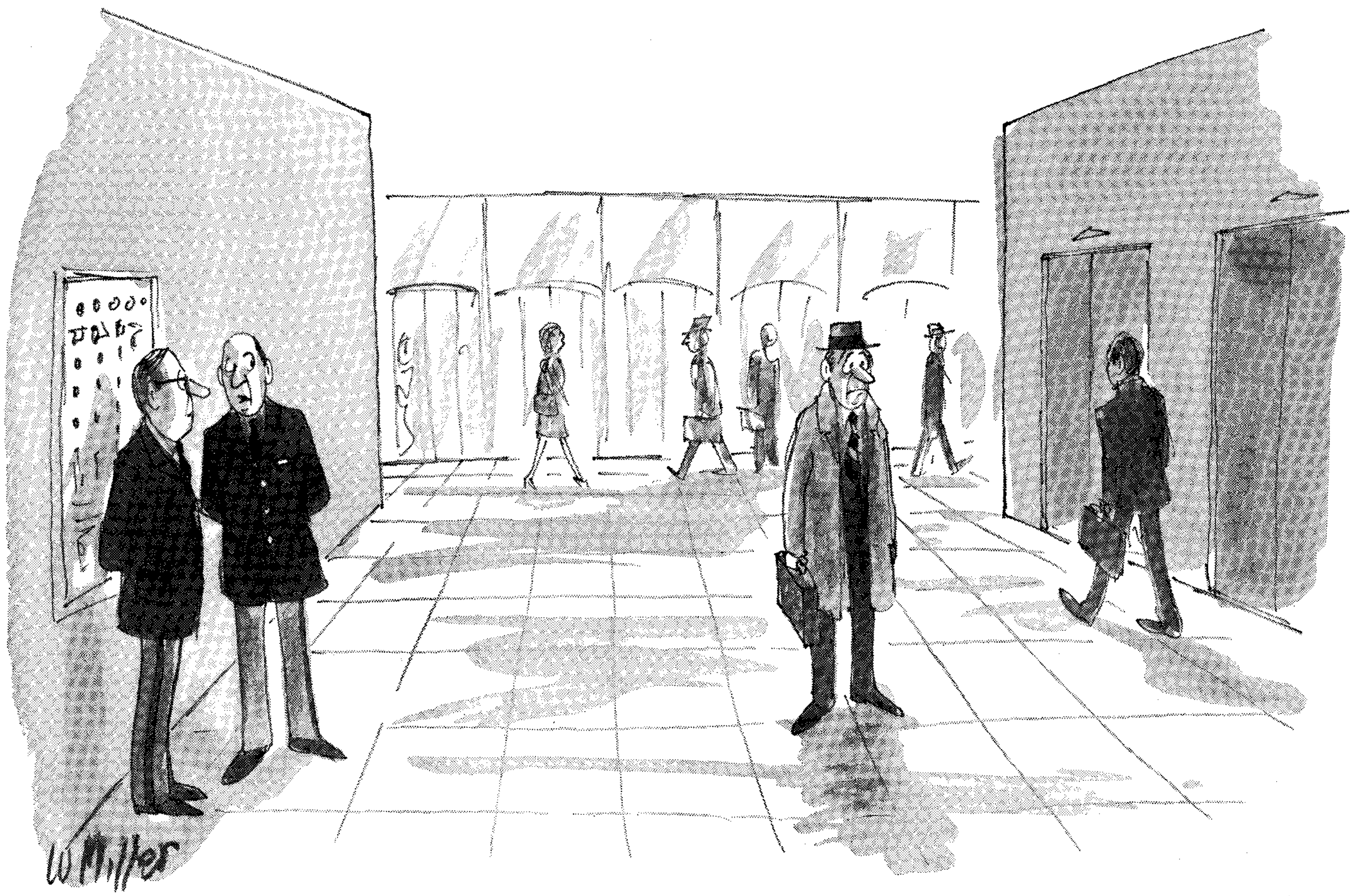
Lillian Hellman wrote "The Little Foxes" in 1938, and a number of critics complained at the time that it was an overly contrived melodrama, lacking spontaneity, but I found myself welcoming the old-fashioned complexity of its plot, as well as the variety of family relationships that it risks examining. How reassuring, in these parched days of plotless, tongue-tied, two- and three-character plays, to observe six or eight people onstage at the same time, all going at one another hammer and tongs! And Andrew Jackness has given them an ideal set in which to carry out their multiple family lacerations—the panelled stair-hall-*cum*-parlor of a grand turn-of-the-century mansion, with a glimpse at stage rear of an ample dining room that looks out upon a latticed porch and spring garden. The broad mahogany staircase against which the dying Horace Giddens hurls himself in his wheelchair is so well made that it looks as if it would last a thousand years, which is approximately as long as Regina and her brothers hope that the envenomed Hubbard blood will last.

Maureen Stapleton as the bibulous, much put-upon Aunt Birdie and Tom Aldredge as Horace are at the very top of their form; I will certainly never forget the emanations of imminent death that Mr. Aldredge conveys by the seeming frailty of a body already too small for its clothes. The most complicated personage onstage is Ben Hubbard, who is shrewd, resilient, and without a shred of self-deception; Anthony Zerbe embodies him admirably, letting us see, for example, that when Ben talks in tiresome clichés it is because there are times when that is the cleverest thing to do. The doltish and corrupt Leo Hubbard is well played by Dennis Christopher, and Novella Nelson and Joe Seneca are charming as house servants obedient to their ancient code: take in everything and pretend to know nothing. Ann Talman as Alexandra Giddens strikes me as miscast; she is too robust both physically and in her attack upon her role to appear in as great emotional jeopardy as the text implies. The delightful costumes are by Florence Klotz, the lighting is by Paul Gallo, and the direction, faithful at every turn to Miss Hellman's intentions, is by Austin Pendleton, who once played young Leo. Obviously, he has thought hard about every word of the play, and he and his colleagues have earned our applause.

A
MUSICAL
Westman

ONE is always being warned against too ready a use of superlatives, but I feel fairly safe in asserting that "Inacent Black," at the Biltmore, and "I Won't Dance," which gave a single performance at the Helen Hayes, are among the three or four worst plays ever to have reached Broadway, at least within living memory. The author of "Inacent Black," A. Marcus Hemphill, has written what he archly subtitles "a heaven-sent comedy," which turns out to mean that it has to do with an angel dispatched to earth to deal with members of the wealthy Rydell family, in Old Westbury. This family consists of a widowed mother and some exceptionally unattractive offspring, upon whom Inacent Black (for such is the angel's name) lavishes her supernatural powers. The set, by Felix E. Cochren, is the vast drawing room of the Rydell homestead, in Old Westbury; the missing fourth wall, which occupies the apron of the stage, is where we are invited to imagine a baronial fireplace, above whose invisible mantelpiece hangs an invisible portrait of the dead father. The play opens with the widowed mother talking at length to the invisible portrait and from that low point proceeds determinedly downhill. The star of the show is Melba Moore, playing Inacent Black; she looks very thin and sings a couple of wan little songs that are partly of her own composition. The direction, which is in every respect worthy of the writing, is by Mikell Pinkney.

As for "I Won't Dance," it was heartless, tasteless, and talentless. The author, Oliver Hailey, may have supposed he was writing a comedy; if so, he was very much mistaken. The hero, Dom, was a young man confined to a wheelchair as a result of a polio epidemic in his home state of Texas. He had been living in Los Angeles on the bounty of a wealthy, ne'er-do-well brother and a sister-in-law with whom he was in love. The brother and sister-in-law had been beaten to death a few hours before the time of the opening scene; Dom fantasized that he had committed the murders and went so far as to confess his guilt to the police, who didn't believe him. They had other, more likely candidates, includ-



"Poor fellow. His company relocated, but somehow they never told him where."

• •

ing the sister-in-law's sister, a snooty aristocrat named Lil, who, though living in New Mexico, had turned up in Los Angeles the day before. (We never *did* learn who the murderer was.) The third of the three characters in the play was a pixie-like insurance-company employee, prostitute, and would-be actress named Kay. Round and round they circled, those three, sometimes in wheelchairs and sometimes not, amidst a torrent of offensive jokes about cripples, hookers, the sexual prowess of Indians, and the reputed dim-wittedness of the citizenry of Los Angeles. Arlene Golonka did her best to breathe life into the totally synthetic role of Kay, while David Selby as Dom and Gail Strickland as Lil thrashed about helplessly in the dark swamp of Mr. Hailey's prose. The setting was by Bill Stabile, the costumes were by Marty Pakledinaz, and the direction was by Tom O'Horgan.

IN the nick of time, my heart was made light by the arrival at the John Golden of a pleasantly sentimental comedy called "It Had to Be You," written by Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna, who are also its entire cast. I've already hinted at how little I look forward to two-character plays, but Miss Taylor and Mr. Bologna are an exception; I forgive them for being a couple instead of a cluster, partly on the ground that they make me laugh as hard as if there were six of them. The skimpy story they have to tell is an occasion for many wry jokes and almost as many hilarious sight gags, but it isn't to be believed for a moment; often I held my breath, marvelling at the chances they took and got away with. The place is New York City, and the time is a snowy Christmas Eve. Theda Blau is a lonely, valorous loser who spends her days failing at whatever she attempts, whether it be the writing of a novel or the carrying on of a prosperous love affair. Having made a spectacular mess of an audition for a TV commercial, she happens to encounter a director-producer at the studio, and she decides that for once she will seize life with both hands and make it knuckle under to her. By one ruse or another, she lures him into her apartment and then into her bed. Lovemaking over, within a few minutes she is seeking to bind him to her with hoops of steel and he is seeking to escape those hoops and return to the life that he habitually leads and gains sufficient satisfaction from. The burden of the play is to show how together they learn to practice a far greater degree of self-scrutiny than they had been willing to risk as individuals.

An implausible trifle, and yet so adroitly written and so gracefully acted—especially by Bologna—that it would make an audience of Scrooges cackle with delight. The setting, which is Theda's radically cluttered one-room apartment in an ancient brownstone, is by Lawrence King and Michael Yeargan, the costumes are by Carrie F. Robbins, and the lighting is by Roger Morgan. The energetic direction is by Robert Drivas.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Ms. Gabler

THE Roundabout is now presenting at its Stage One a commendable production of "Hedda Gabler." That is to say, it never touches greatness, but it never distorts or muffles the

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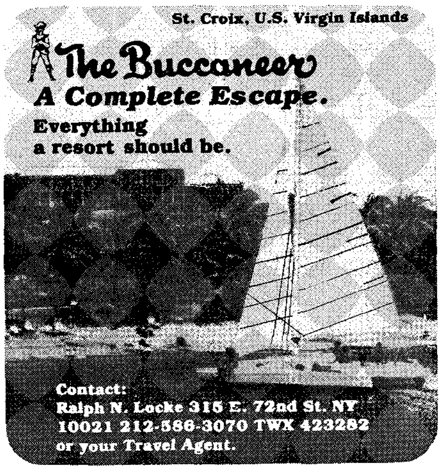

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play, either. Hedda herself may or may not be Ibsen's masterpiece, but surely she is his most pervasive character, impossible to shake off for hours, or even days, after the final curtain. At the opening, she is alone in the enormous, elaborate drawing room walking around like a trapped animal; overcome by the nausea of pregnancy, she claps her hand over her mouth and rushes off—and the action begins. What Susannah York, a beautiful British import, brings to the role—besides her ability and her presence—is a kind of dynamic exasperation, turning up considerable humor in the doing. The exposed nerves are there, too, and the boredom, but not the banked fire—the deep anguish and the rage and frustration, or whatever—which justifies that final pistol shot, and which is the very heart of the play. The supporting company does well. Harris Yulin is indeed the ninny that Tesman is meant to be, yet he manages to suggest that Tesman's foolishness is at least partly a matter of strain—that if he were married to anybody else his intelligence (to say nothing of his morale) would approach the normal. Roxanne Hart and Katherine Squire are very good as Mrs. Elvsted and Aunt Julia, and best of all is Philip Bosco, who plays the sinister Judge Brack with quiet power and finesse.

Christopher Hampton's new translation seems all right, but there is no need for it. Why not the William Archer translation, which sounds just stiff and archaic enough to set the play firmly in time? If ever a play belonged in its period, it is "Hedda Gabler;" if ever a wife was a victim of the domestic circumstances of the nineteenth century, it is Hedda; and a modern colloquial translation excises an important element in the drama. Scenery by Lawrence King and Michael Yeargan, costumes by Jane Greenwood, and lighting by Dennis Parichy.

AS you've no doubt heard by now, William Finn's "March of the Falsettos," at Playwrights Horizons, is a small, compressed musical about a man, named Marvin, who leaves his wife and eleven-year-old son, Jason, for a male lover but continues to want his family, too; it is also about a benign psychiatrist who treats Marvin, wife, and Jason, and becomes the wife's second husband. The show begins on a dark stage; the actors enter, carrying flashlights, to sing the opening number—"Four Jews in a

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HOLIDAY AWARD
Ten Times

Room Bitching"—which could serve as a sort of key to the proceedings ahead. Worried young Jason sings "My father's a homo," rhyming the line with "What about chromo—somes?" Another number is "Everyone Tells Jason to See a Psychiatrist"—that sort of thing. The show, which I've called a musical, could more accurately be described as a cantata for five voices, since the characters and the story come to us through the songs—solos and duets and trios and choruses—there being only a few spoken lines. About the quality of the music I am not sure; I couldn't remember even a snatch of it once the evening was over, but it is certainly effective, pro tem, as sung by the cast and as played by an orchestra at the rear of the stage. No question about the words, though; they are clever and often funny. The performances—by Michael Rupert as Marvin, Alison Fraser as his wife, James Kushner as young Jason, Stephen Bogardus as the lover (and the only Gentile aboard), and Chip Zien as the psychiatrist—are just right, but the greatest credit must go to James Lapine, whose ingenious direction keeps the overflowing theatrical ideas and boundless vitality of the show within the bounds of the stage. Michael Starobin is responsible for the splendid orchestrations. The scenery, by Douglas Stein, is a matter of chairs and tables, which are pushed around by the players. "March of the Falsettos" will be moving on May 20th from a tiny theatre upstairs at Playwrights Horizons to more commodious quarters on the ground floor and settling in for an unlimited run.

—Edith Oliver

◆

Few writers can walk the razor's edge between biting satire and clumsy caricature without slashing their prose to bits. —*Mark Bomster in the Narragansett (R.I.) Times.*

Good.

◆

In addition, there will be a workshop on legal implications of the space shuttle, and probably a law of war breakfast.—*American Society of International Law Newsletter*

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[*Headline in the Keene (N.H.) Sentinel*]

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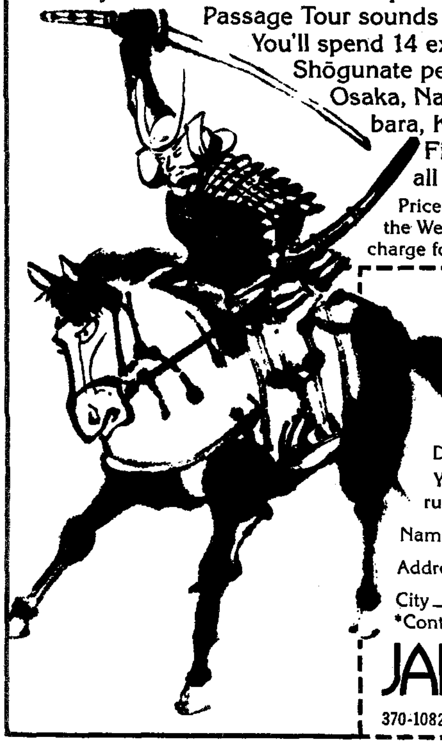

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Waddlers and Bikers

"CAVEMAN" has a funky buoyancy. Its humor is the sort of indecorous silliness that still delights people when they see the casual Paramount comedies of the thirties. The characters are prehistoric men and women who wear rough, shaggy pelts and have not yet learned to walk erect; these stupes stoop—they waddle bent over. The rear-up position does wonders for Lana (Barbara Bach), who wears the skimpiest and tightest of bushy-tailed fur briefs; when she moves, her twitchy bottom is a whirligig. Beautiful Lana beds down with the tribal leader, Tonda, a squatty man-mountain (played by John Matuszak, a defensive tackle for the Oakland Raiders, and about three hundred pounds of muscle). All the men in the tribe ogle Lana, and one of them, a peewee named Atouk (Ringo Starr, bearded), is so lecherously in love with her that he devises a strategy for taking her away from Tonda. His plan fails, and Tonda throws him out of the tribe. Little Atouk is still determined; forced to use his brain if he means to prevail over Tonda's brawn, he leaps from discovery to discovery. He learns to stand upright, and, grasping the value of coöperation, he teaches the other misfits who have joined him to stand upright, too. In one great day, he discovers fire and then cooking, and that night he and his group, sitting around the first campfire, discover musical instruments. In about ten seconds, they're chanting and singing, and thirty seconds later they have moved on to syncopation, and Atouk has become a rock drummer.

In "Caveman," the origins of man and the origins of slapstick are one and the same. Mankind evolves because of Atouk's efforts to get into Lana's furry hip-huggers. The basic, old jokes of burlesque are made older—are made prehistoric. It's as if we were in on their creation, and this gives them an extra lift. The characters have a wide range of grunts, and they speak in what sounds like gibberish but isn't, because what they say is perfectly intelligible. Carl Gottlieb, who directed, and Rudy DeLuca, who co-authored the script with him, devised a fifteen-word language that's indebted about equally to comic-strip balloonese and Yiddish, and it seems to take care of the characters' conversational needs. (The noun "bo-bo" means man, friend, human being; the interjection "Aieee!" means Help!, Save me!, Mayday!; the adjective "fech" means bad, no good, ugly.)

The fifteen words are not the only means of communication, though. Ringo Starr talks with his big, droopy eyes, and he goes beyond that—he thinks with his eyes. Best of all, maybe, is the way he shrugs with his eyes, like Belmondo. It's hardly a bolt from the blue that Ringo Starr has crackerjack timing, but, unexpectedly, Gottlieb, making his début as a movie director, gets crack timing from the whole cast and never lets a routine go on too long. (That's just about the highest compliment any moviemaker can be paid at the moment.) Gottlieb, who earned his chance to direct by having been co-writer on three films that together have earned more than three hundred million dollars in rentals ("Jaws," "Jaws II," "The Jerk"), was himself a comedy actor in the San Francisco group The Committee, and he shows a veteran entertainer's gift for pacing and a gift for something even rarer—blithely moronic monkeyshines. As Lana, Barbara Bach (the Russian-spy heroine of one of the best Bonds, "The Spy Who Loved Me," and, arguably, the most delectable of all the Bond women) treats her own lusciousness as comic. Her body language says, "Whatever you have to go through to get me, I'm worth it." (What was it Frank Sinatra said to Rita Hayworth when she turned him down in "Pal Joey"? Something like "If you knew what you were missing, you'd cut your throat." Atouk has a pretty fair idea of what he's missing.) Matuszak, who made an impressive screen début in "North Dallas Forty" (he was the terrifying bearded giant O.W., who psyched himself up for the big game), brings more than his physique to the role of Tonda. He plays stupid with a hairy-furry vengeance—Bluto unleashed. He and Ringo are perfectly matched Goliath and David adversaries: it's not just that Matuszak is a spectacular embodiment of bluster and brawn and that as Tonda he seems to live in the frames of a comic strip, it's also that Ringo represents a modern consciousness. He has just about infallible rapport with the audience; each subdued gesture, each self-deprecating expression tells us that he's one of us—that he doesn't give himself points for anything. And he holds the movie together.

Made in rocky Mexican landscapes and in the Churubusco Studios, in Mexico City, the picture has Mexican bit players and a supporting cast of some of the best knockabout comedians in the business: Avery Schreiber's spongy-cushion clown's face keeps peeping out from Tonda's entourage. Dennis Quaid, who was the malcontent in "Breaking Away" and Gene Hackman's meaty, inarticulate son in "All Night Long," is Atouk's pal, Lar; Quaid has an open-faced, dead-head style—he's just the right stooge for gags like Ringo's helping him by squishing a mega-insect that has settled on him. Shelley Long, a wispy, wide-eyed blonde from the Second City troupe, is like a buttercup with a steel-trap mind; she plays Tala, who adores Atouk and tries to get him to take his eyes off Lana. And the great, angelically gaga Jack Gilford is Tala's blind father—an archetypal fud who keeps wandering off and bumping into angry dinosaurs.

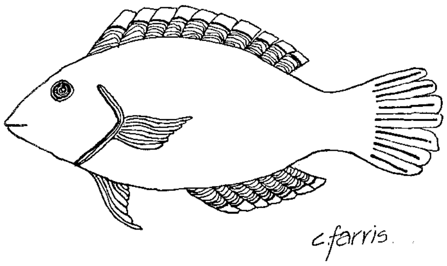
These critters—there are four of them—are charmers, each with its own foolish innocence, and each a star. The pot-gutted Howling Lizard is seen at night baying at the moon and at sunrise cock-a-doodle-dooing. The Pterodactyl is a huge flying reptile who seems to drop in for a guest appearance. The Big Horned Lizard has eyes that stick out like a frog's, and they wiggle and roll as he cogitates; when Atouk throws a melon at him, it's impaled on the single, rhinoceroslike horn in the middle of his face, and the critter crosses his bulging eyes and stares at it helplessly. The Big Horned Lizard is the ding-a-ling of the troupe; the Tyrannosaurus Rex is the sweet patootie. He has two vestigial appendages, like an infant's arms, and when he is distressed, ecstatic, or just plain drowsy, this winsome beast wrings his poor, dinky hands. Created by highly sophisticated animation techniques, all four are domesticated, parody versions of the scary monsters in sci-fi horror films—they're pets. (The score, by Lalo Shifrin, contributes satiric allusions to the use of Ravel's "Bolero" in "10," and to films such as "The

Bridge on the River Kwai" and "2001.")

"Caveman" never cuts loose and goes wild in the way that the first Cheech and Chong movie, "Up in Smoke," did; it just goes bopping along. It's a little mild: it doesn't have the dirt or meanness or malice to make you explode with laughter; it suffers a bit from good intentions and sweetness of spirit. (There's no visual lyricism to redeem that sweetness.) You grin, though, or chuckle, and who would guess that an original, consistently enjoyable comedy would be lurking behind an ad campaign that recalls nothing more inspiring than "The Flintstones"? There is a running gag I could have done without (an Oriental who uses modern English words). That's the only bummer that comes to mind. The movie is full of sight gags that might have been dismal if Gottlieb's pacing weren't right on the nose: gags such as Tonda picking up huge rocks to throw, losing his balance and going backward or forward with them, or a set-piece sequence in which Tonda and his men try to carry an immense dinosaur egg up a hill and are forced down and then up the hill behind them. Gottlieb is a generous director: the people on the screen look wonderful, despite their matted pelts. Ringo's beard is lustrous, Barbara Bach justifies his goatishness, Shelley Long is delicate and bubbly. Jack Gilford doesn't have enough to do, but he's magically likable—he is perhaps the most rapt of comedians. (I wish that W. C. Fields had lived to confront him.) And when Tonda finally straightens up, his girth is mythological—he's Homeric. If you've been searching for a comedy you can enjoy along with your children, this is the one.

George A. Romero's "Knightriders" is a sixties wheeler, with different headgear. Now the motorcyclists wear medieval-looking helmets with plumes, and they joust on their bikes at the Renaissance tournaments that they stage. They're a travelling community, held together by a neo-Arthurian code that their king, Billy, administers, and this code is supposed to keep them safe from the hucksterism of the outside world. Romero has been called a master by a lot of enthusiasts. They may think that there's more to "Knightriders" and his previous film, the 1979 "Dawn of the Dead," which is being double-billed with it, than there is. They may think that a picture like "Dawn of the Dead" can't be for real—that its amateurishness and tedium are distanced by irony. Bad acting can be taken as part of a new, affectless stance, a new hipness. College students who bamboozle their friends and teachers with their knowledge of the intricacies of the schlock culture of underground head comix have been known to say that the picture's lack of sophistication was intentional, and so was its lack of feeling. And that people were tired of passion; they'd had it. Slovenliness, passivity—this was the real critique of American culture.

In "Dawn of the Dead," the recently deceased rise from their graves; they're insatiably hungry, and they cannibalize the living, chomping on anyone they can grab. The chomped, in turn, become ghouls. This idea had already served Romero as the subject of his 1968 "Night of the Living Dead," a cheaply made, gray and grainy, truly frightening movie, but this time he did it in shining, comic-book color, on an epic scale, and with a foursquare carnival approach. The ghouls can be stopped only if their brains are destroyed. So the four central characters, who hole up in a suburban shopping mall and are besieged there, use the resources of the sporting-goods store to blast away at the ghouls' brains, and for most of the film's two hours and six minutes the audience watches as, one by one, heads splatter and drip in bright, gory reds. The obviousness of the shock effects, the banality of everything about the movie, and its sheer stupefying repetitiveness give the audience a giggly kick. (There's also a good joke involved: one of the four asks why ghouls keep arriving at the mall, and another theorizes, "It's a kind of instinct. . . . This was an important place in their lives.") You're supposed to need a strong stomach to sit through the picture, but since you watch glaringly fake bloody splatterings over and over again, you begin to laugh with relief that you're not being emotionally challenged or even affected; it's just a gross-out. The George Romero of "Dawn of the Dead" is as literal-minded about horror as Russ Meyer is about breasts. (Meyer, too, had a period of acclaim. It could be that there are a lot of dumb people around pretending to be smart people acting dumb.)



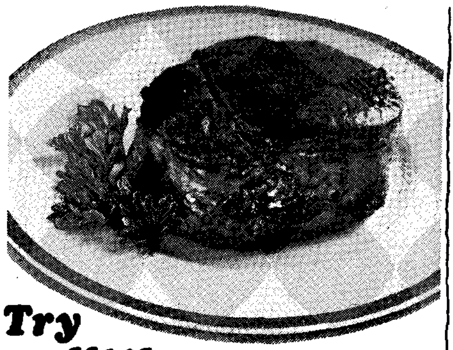
In "Knightriders," Romero passes from underground head comix to true-romance comics. Possibly, he had in mind both the big M-G-M "Ivanhoe" (1953) and Tom Laughlin's "Billy Jack" (1971), with its mystical man-of-action hero. Romero's King Billy (Ed Harris) has fear-struck eyes, thinning pale-blond hair, and looks drained and neurasthenic. He seems meant to be a Wasp Christ figure, or at least a Wasp with a Christ complex: he's a screaming hysteric exhorting his flock, telling his people that the code he administers is "the truth." If I read the picture right, Romero wants us to see that Billy has become too fanatic and masochistic to be an effective king, but that the code itself brings serenity to the members of the community and keeps them from selling out. In the course of the movie (it runs two hours and twenty-six minutes), the community breaks apart. Billy calls the defiant cynic, the black-bearded Morgan (Tom Savini), and the others who leave "stray sheep" and calmly waits for their return, using the free time to scourge his flesh. And after a few days of experiencing the low materialistic sleaziness of American society the stray sheep come varooming back, and the community is reunited. "Knightriders" is a devout, male flower child's counterculture movie: King Billy and his wan queen (Amy Ingersoll), whose face is always pinched from worrying about him, sit on their thrones, wearing their crowns (spiritually, Billy's is a crown of thorns, we're told) and presiding over bikers' contests that are far more noble and "real" than the cash customers realize.

If there's an emotional appeal in the movie, it's probably in the sunny, well-meant scenes of the racially and sexually integrated barnstorming group as a community. As with most modern American evangelical groups, nothing is difficult and there's no question of faith being tested—if there were, it would be multiple-choice. Salvation is a cinch: turning up is confirmation of faith. And evil is easily defined. The picture has a core of very crude, easy social satire, and an even cruder social message. The outside world is represented by predatory sexual slobs and media sharks and by the obnoxious loudmouth rubes who come to the fairs for the daredevil feats and the crashes. (A beer-swiller with rabbity teeth, who says that the jousts are a fake, is played by the horror novelist Stephen King, who is collaborating on two future Romero projects.) During a long jousting sequence, the crosscutting contrasts the anxieties of Billy's subjects, who realize the risks the knights are taking, with the glee of the people in the stands, who are gorging on hot dogs and danger but don't really understand the rituals of the jousts. I didn't, either. Romero doesn't seem to know how to stage the action so that you can see who the bikers are or what's at stake. He keeps his stunt men in motion—whirring by, crashing, flying through the air. But there's no film craft, no kinetic drama in the hurtling bodies; it's just an exhibition of stunt work. Most of the time, we don't even see the weapons hit the riders and unseat them, and the way that the contests are photographed, there's no physical grace in the knights' athleticism. What the movie comes down to is the romance of taking risks—of endangering your life as a pure demonstration of skill and courage.

Since the community (and the picture, too) is selling thrills and spills, and staging one whomping crash after another, it's more than disingenuous—it's weird—for Romero to ridicule the people in the stands who love the excitement and are applauding the action. This contempt for outsiders is demonstrated throughout the movie: Julie (Patricia Tallman), a teen-ager who joins the community when she falls in love with Alan, the Lancelot figure (Gary Lahti), has a swinish big father who beats her frightened little mother. In the community, men and women cherish each other; the chivalric code takes care of that. And, of course, we're supposed to see that there's no sexual discrimination in the group, since there's a woman knight. (She is, however, a lesbian!) Romero makes a point of showing us that everybody is accepted in the community—too much of a point. The scenes about Pippin (Warner Shook), who announces the contests on the loudspeaker system, being gay seem to be in the wrong movie. In "Knightriders," the acceptance of Pippin can only be self-congratulatory and patronizing. Like the artisans and the knights' ladies, Pippin is part of the community yet has no voice in its affairs; everyone is under the protection of the knights—whatever that means in the eighties. There's some kind of schoolboy madness floating around in this stratified subculture, with its mixture of permissiveness and kingly authority.

"Knightriders" can be seen as a parable of Romero's romantic conception of his own development. It's hard to avoid this interpretation when Morgan, the pleasure-loving black sheep of the fold—the reformed sinner who, unlike the colorless Billy, has some life in him—becomes the balanced, responsible new king. Savini is a swashbuckling brute of a man, a smaller version of the bearded, six-foot-four Romero. And this king selects Angie, the top grease monkey and his longtime girlfriend (played by Christine Forrest, who recently became Romero's wife), to be his queen. Romero has his own counter-Hollywood filmmaking community; it breaks up and then regathers for the next project. He still makes his films in the Pittsburgh area (though this one cost roughly $3,700,000, about thirty-three times the cost of "Night of the Living Dead," and the stunt work was done by the same crew that appeared in "Hooper," "Smokey and the Bandit," and "Every Which Way but Loose"). But even though what Romero is trying to be romantic about is probably at least partly himself and his way of life, he doesn't have a gift for romanticism, or for irony, either.

Camelot, in this movie, means being together, belonging to something, and the members of this dress-up commune say they get "a spiritual fix" out of their life with King Billy, but the medieval conceit doesn't take hold of your imagination, and you can't believe that it has taken hold of theirs. Late in the movie, when the teen-ager Julie is deposited back at her parents' home by Alan-Lancelot, and she says she doesn't understand why, you feel she has a legitimate gripe. The two of them appear to get along fine, and they even look alike, but suddenly he seems to remember that it's Lancelot's destiny to love the queen. Romero wants to have things both ways. He builds up a horrifying moment: a motorcycle goes out of control and hurtles toward the stands, and a young mother, trying to save her baby, is smashed by it. Later, the incident is casually disposed of by having someone remark that the woman wasn't hurt. (The whole movie is about the courage of the crashing bikers, but nobody ever gets hurt except for a pretty, symbolic wound on Billy.) To-



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ward the end, when Billy—who becomes more appealing when he stops screaming—gives up the throne, is at peace with himself, and is about to ascend to Heaven, or wherever deranged saints and martyrs go, the audience was audibly angry at the flossy mystical stuff Romero was trying to pull. He's even got an Indian medicine man on a bike following Billy's bike—a sort of deathly escort to the next world? When a writer-director as literal as Romero goes poetic, the audience is, I think, emotionally right in refusing to go along with him. I was at the Los Angeles opening of "Dawn of the Dead," where, in introducing his film, Romero said, "Someone told me this was schlock disguised as art. I didn't think it was disguised." Romero enthusiasts are now talking as if "Dawn of the Dead" were art disguised as schlock, and in "Knightriders" Romero himself is trying to save our souls. We should all go jousting.

"Knightriders" isn't offensive; it's simpleminded, though, and inept. Near the start, Billy, refusing to pay off a crooked cop, accompanies one of the group to jail; the others discuss ways of getting the two of them out, but we never learn who actually springs them or how. The fine-boned, shaven-headed black actor Brother Blue, who plays Merlin, has rings on his fingers, butterflies painted on his pate, his face, and a palm, and an owl perched on his shoulder, but he never gets to do any magic. Ken Hixon plays the community's lawyer, Steve, who has one foot in the community and one out; there are possibilities with a character like this, but Romero doesn't think up anything for his characters to do. And what he gives them to say isn't dialogue—it's just filler to carry the movie from point A to point B. (The tinny sound recording doesn't help.) "Knightriders," with its medieval costumes, is pulp—quaint puritan pulp. In Romero's permissive, multiracial community, there's love—men and women walk arm in arm, or lie together in verdant fields. When outsiders arrive, there's revolting, lewd sex—a naked fat, giggly woman and her fat, drunken lover pigging out on pizza.

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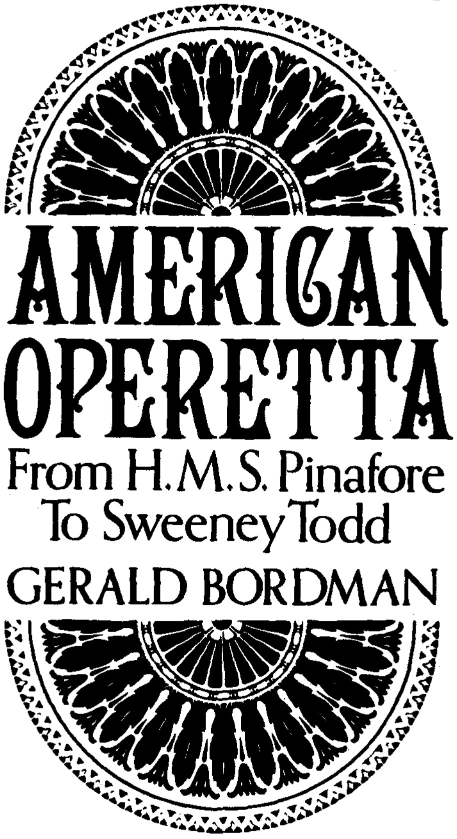
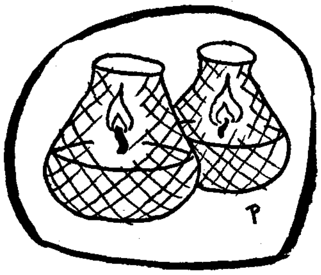


AROUND CITY HALL

DEFINITIONS

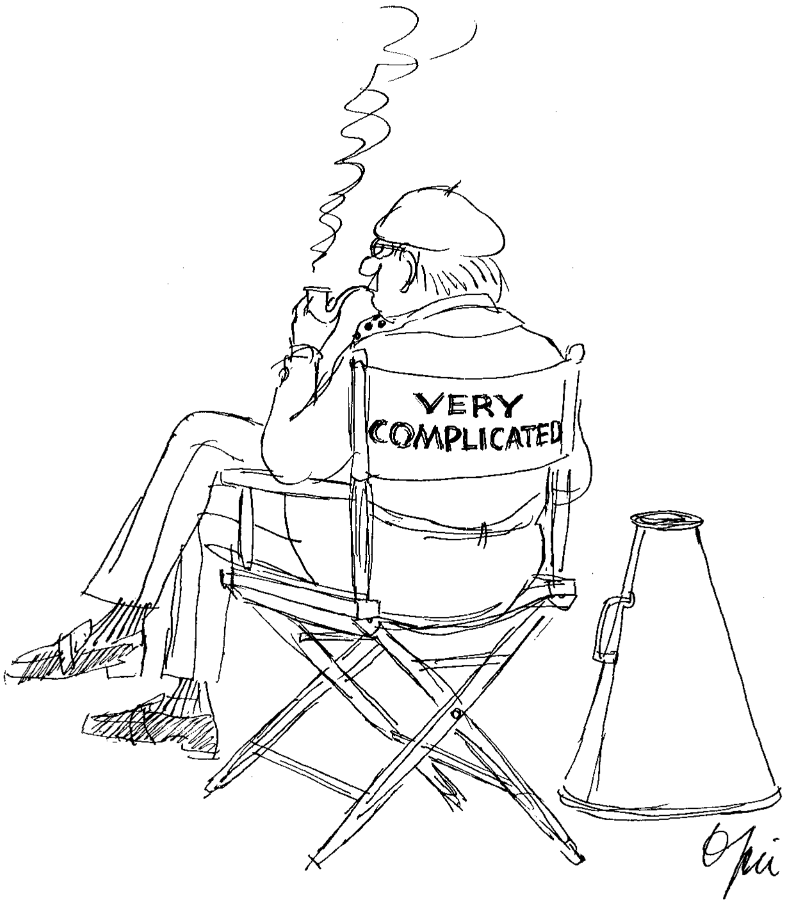
IT'S been hard to remember here lately, but there was a time—before a prolonged state-budget crisis, before daily speculation over how fiscal decisions in Albany and Washington would affect the latest city budget, and before the Reagan Administration's drive to push the President's economic plan through Congress—when political leaders seemed to be able to talk about something besides money. In addressing their constituents, they spoke of conquering poverty, of facing down the nation's enemies, of protecting freedom and assuring justice, of showing charity for all. To achieve any of these goals might cost huge sums of money, but dollar totals and relative returns on investment were not dwelt upon. A few weeks ago, in a Washington *Post* interview, Joe Laitin, who served as a press aide under five Presidents—from John F. Kennedy through Jimmy Carter—recalled an era when, if the question arose as to where the money would come from for a project, someone in the Administration would say, "Out of the contingency fund." Said Laitin, "Nobody ever challenged it. What the hell was the contingency fund? There was no contingency fund!" Though he recalled that this sort of discussion was especially common during the Lyndon Johnson era, he didn't indicate that the grasp of economic realities had improved radically under the Republican Presidents, Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford. Now, whether or not Americans know what contingency funds are, they are going to hear about them—from their mayors, from their governors, even from their President. In other times, at all government levels, the passing of a budget seemed, at least to the public, to be a preoccupation of no more than a few days a year. It is true that these days might have had their dramatic moments. When Mayor John Lindsay emerged at the end of a 1966 Albany session after getting from the Legislature most of the financial concessions that he needed to help fund the city budget, he was described in the *Times* as looking "like someone who had just been rescued from the sharks." As soon as the fuss about the budget was over, however, government leaders would gratefully turn back to the separate, real world of political wheeling and dealing. When, at a press conference in the early nineteen-seventies, Lindsay remarked that the city budget was a political document, and added that all budgets were political documents, the comments were treated as antic Lindsayisms. Oklahoma Representative James Jones, the chairman of the House Budget Committee, said recently, "Every budget is a political document." Since his Inauguration Day, Ronald Reagan has addressed the nation three times. On each occasion, he has spoken almost entirely about money and its ramifications. The wheeling and dealing on the federal budget is now seen as representing not the prologue but the whole show, at least in the case of some elements of American domestic policy. Last month, for example, James Webb, whom Reagan had been ready to nominate as the top man in the Veterans Administration, declined the honor, explaining it was evident that not he but David Stockman, the Director of the federal Office of Management and Budget, would have the controlling word on veterans' affairs. A knowledge of manipulations over the budget can also be useful in understanding foreign policy. A few weeks ago, New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan explained why, in his view, the President had decided to lift the embargo on the sale of American grain to the Soviet Union. Moynihan declared that Reagan had taken this action (which, as the Senator described it, might lead to America's being the country that would "feed the army that rapes Poland") in order to win the votes of three Republican Senators from grain-producing states on the Senate Budget Committee: Charles Grassley, of Iowa; Steven Symms, of Idaho; and William Armstrong, of Colorado. These Senators, concerned that the forty-four-billion-dollar budget deficit projected in the Reagan economic plan for the next fiscal year did not represent the balanced budget they had thought the election of a conservative President would insure, had voted against the Reagan economic plan in committee. The three reversed themselves and backed the President after the embargo was lifted, although Senator Grassley denounced Moynihan's version of things as "a bunch of malarkey." This gave Moynihan, an enthusiastic etymologist, an opportunity to define "malarkey," which he said meant "a statement that contains a degree of irony and a degree of truth." Senator Armstrong then accused Moynihan of talking "baloney," which no one bothered to define.



IT is a sign of the near-total domination of the nation's capital by conservative Republicans from the South and the West that New Yorkers and other members of the liberal-minded Eastern establishment, whom Sun Belt leaders have so long mistrusted, now seem able to do little more than carp from the political sidelines. However, one politician from this state, Representative Jack Kemp, of New York's Thirty-eighth Congressional District, in upstate Erie County, does have a central rôle in the new regime. Last December, the former Buffalo Bills quarterback was elected chairman of the House Republican Conference, a post that provides him with a staff of seventeen and an increased visibility that will be useful if, as many in the Reagan circle are urging, he enters the race for Governor of New York next year, against the Democratic incumbent, Hugh Carey—assuming that Carey decides to run. The possibility that Carey may be facing the politically well-connected Kemp in 1982 has come up often in the last months as the Governor has moved about the state, seeking support for his new budget. At a town meeting in Watertown, he was met at the door of the hall by a woman wearing a large Kemp button. Echoing a vow made in 1979 by a politician on a higher level than the Governor, she told Carey, "He's going to whip your ass." Carey's answer was "That would be illegal use of the hands." The prospect of a Kemp race for the Governorship is believed by many to have been a factor in this year's Albany budget crisis, which became a test of strength between Carey and Warren Anderson, the Republican Majority Leader of the State Senate, who is also interested in running for Governor next year. Carey's budget, which he sent to the Legislature in January, included a provision under which the state would begin gradually taking over responsibility for the twenty-five-per-cent portion of Medicaid payments that is now charged to local governments, including that of New York City. Originally, Anderson supported this move. Later, however, he came out against it—fearful, perhaps, that, in a Republican gubernatorial primary next year, Kemp or some other contender might accuse him of being soft on Democrats, or perhaps soft on Medicaid. His opposition to the Medicaid takeover became the major sticking point that blocked passage of the budget throughout the month of April.

It probably helps Kemp's standing with many members of the Reagan Administration that he has not always been a resident of New York, the home state of Nelson Rockefeller, whose aggressive leadership of the liberal wing of his party long delayed conservative Republicans accession to what they regard as their rightful place at the controls of the party—and the nation. (In March, when Reagan addressed a convention of his old friends of the Conservative Political Action Conference, Don Todd, the director of the American Conservative Union, told the assembled company, "I kind of feel like saying, 'Welcome to the establishment.' ") Kemp, born and raised in California, came this far east only because, in 1962, the San Diego Chargers waived him, and he was claimed by the Buffalo Bills. In 1970, the year after he retired from football, he won the first of five elections to the House. New York's Thirty-eighth has been described as the only district which got its congressional Representative on a waiver. Kemp learned about supply-side economics in the mid-nineteen-seventies, from Jude Wanniski, then associate editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, and later won Reagan over to the theory. Kemp also converted Stockman, whose hairstyle and fierce suppression of resistance to the social-program cuts in the Reagan economic plan, which he helped to devise, have led William Safire to describe him, in the *Times*, as "a blow-dried Grim Reaper." ("Nothing eases tensions quite like cutting widows' pensions in the morning" was the opening line of a song poking fun at Stockman in this year's Gridiron Club show.) The fact that a national Administration is staking its future—and that of the nation—on an economic theory sold by a onetime Buffalo Bills quarterback to the former movie portrayer of the Gipper cannot help but reinforce the views of those who contend that there is a lot of B-picture in what has been going on recently in Washington. According to the supply-side theory, the prescription for a healthy economy is not an increase in government spending—as was held by the late John Maynard Keynes, the century's most influential economist—but a deep cut in taxes. Such a cut, according to Kemp and his allies, will then inspire a surge of economic growth in the private sector—the supply side—which will yield revenues at least equal to those lost through the tax cuts. Thus, in the view of the supply-siders, the critical element of the Reagan economic plan is not the reduction in social programs, over which New York politicians and others have agonized. The crucial element is a thirty-per-cent cut in income taxes over three years, as proposed in the Kemp-Roth Bill, which was first introduced in 1977 by Kemp and Delaware Senator William Roth. Kemp has been established as a formidable political operator just by the way the bill is referred to. Usually, references to legislation offered jointly by a Senator and a Representative put the name of the Senator first—as in the case of the Taft-Hartley law. Roth's fellow-Senators often loyally call the proposal the Roth-Kemp Bill, but this appears to be a losing battle, as Roth himself indicated a few weeks back by making a joke—a very big joke—of the matter. For an April 15th press conference in Washington on the bill, he borrowed from Ringling Brothers an elephant, whose name, he explained, was Roth-Kemp, adding that it would never under any circumstances respond to the name of Kemp-Roth.

"THE crisis of the Western world, Whittaker Chambers reminded us, exists to the degree in which it is indifferent to God," the President told the Conservative Political Action Conference, to thunderous applause. It seems, however, that the devotion to God's word on the part of some members of the Reagan Administration can get mixed up with the almost religious fervor with which they are pushing the supply-side gospel. Last month, White House operatives, including Kemp, fanned out through conservative-minded Southern congressional districts represented by Democrats and urged voters there to put pressure on the officeholders to support the President's plan. The White House admitted that it was also approaching financial backers of the Democratic Representatives and urging them to join in the arm-twisting. As one of the Reagan people explained, "we follow the golden rule, which is that gold rules." Unfortunately, the main evidence they can cite to prove that the new economic theory will bring the results



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that they allege it will is the tax cut proposed by John F. Kennedy in 1963 and passed in 1964. Many traditional economists insist that the situation was very different then—inflation, for example, was just above one per cent—and the nation was already enjoying a surge of economic growth that had begun in 1960. Nevertheless, the liberal Kennedy has become a hero to the conservative Republican supply-siders. Some Kemp-watchers have remarked that the Congressman's way of wearing his hair—another blow-dry effect—might be an effort to suggest a likeness to the late President. Kemp's response is that he can't see the resemblance ("Besides, I was the better passer"). The outspoken Moynihan has described the supply-side theory as "born-again economics—if you believe in it, it will work." Felix Rohatyn, who is head of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, the state agency that has been charged with borrowing money for the city since the fiscal crisis, asks, "What is the difference between running deficits by tax reductions or deficits by different types of federal expenditures? It's still deficits," and has called supply-side economics "Keynes in drag." So far, Kemp has paid little attention to the New York carpers, but he takes serious offense if anyone questions his devotion to the supply-side cause. Last month, while Representative Jones was speaking out against the President's plan on the floor of the House, Kemp suddenly rose in his seat and unsuccessfully demanded that he be allowed to answer the chairman that instant. "You called me a *Keynesian*," he told Jones furiously.

TO many people in other parts of the country, New York is a symbol of the reckless, free-spending ways that brought the nation to its present plight. New Yorkers, in and out of government, would rather dwell on the fact that the fiscal retrenchment that, in recent years, has been forced on other troubled state and local governments represents an ordeal that people in this city and state have already endured and survived. Once upon a time, in 1975, the near-bankruptcy of this city also threatened the financial stability of the state. Both were saved, as those usually identified as the principal saviors like to tell it, thanks to the inventive, even, on occasion, heroic, actions taken by a coalition of municipal-union leaders, local financiers, and state and govern-

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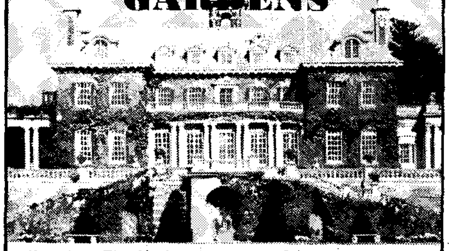

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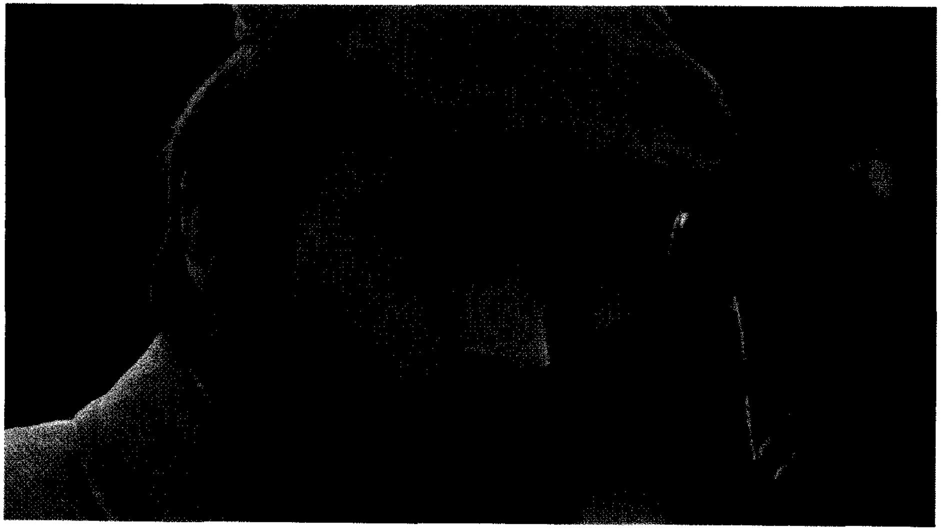

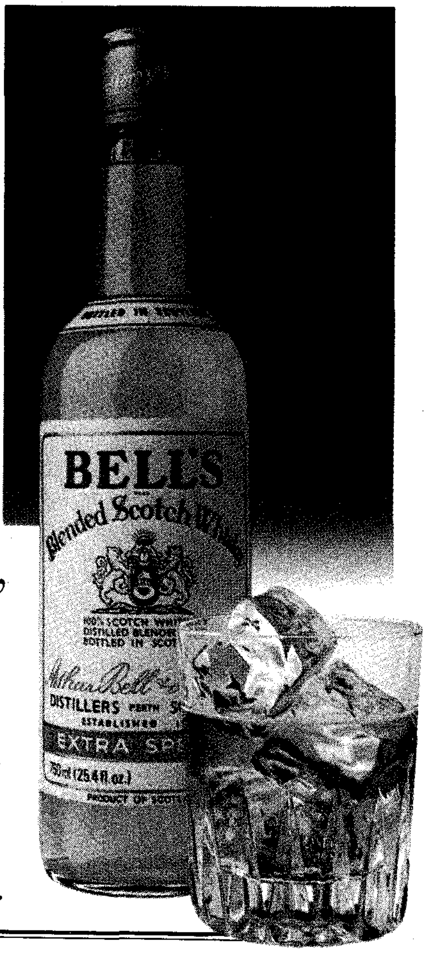

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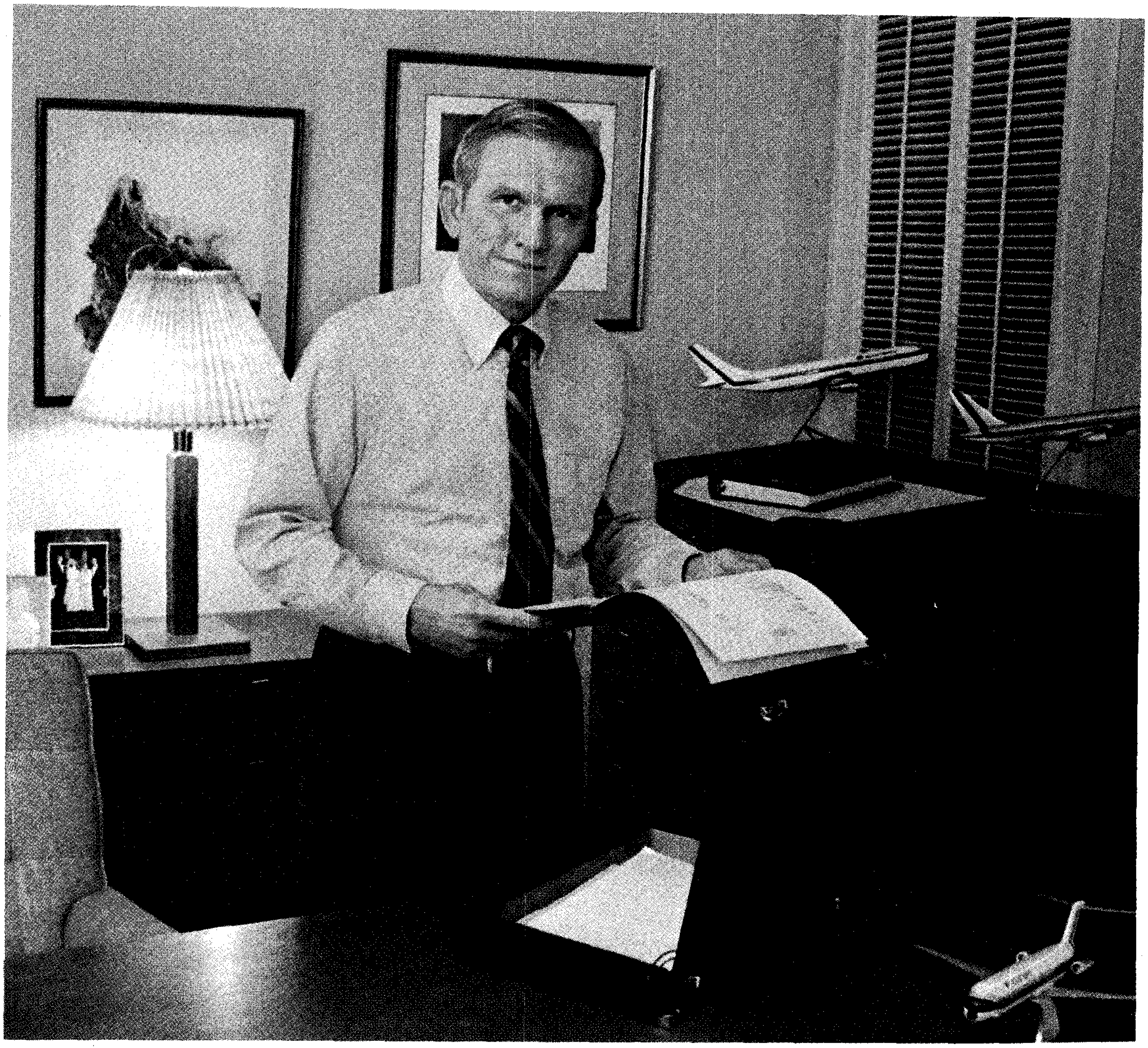

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ment officials—a communal enterprise presided over by Governor Carey. In his State of the State message in January of this year, Carey recalled those stirring days of 1975 and referred to the tune played by British soldiers after the British surrender at Yorktown: "The World Turned Upside Down." (As an Irish-American, Carey doesn't mind invoking events at which the British got their comeuppance.) Since the President announced the details of his economic plan, in March, New Yorkers have had to look at things once again from a painfully awkward angle. It may be that they will have an even harder time than some other Americans adjusting to a world in which one can be denounced as unpatriotic for objecting to a federal policy of rejecting responsibility for many of the Americans who are ill-clothed, ill-housed, and ill-fed—a responsibility first asserted by a former New York Governor, Franklin D. Roosevelt, the day after he became President. Before New Yorkers learned that it was unpatriotic to worry about these matters, they had observed that such concerns could be politically dangerous. Last year, when the conservative Republican Alfonse D'Amato was running here for the United States Senate against Nelson Rockefeller's old ally Jacob Javits, D'Amato spoke often of the need to "get the welfare monkey off our backs" and criticized the food-stamp program. "To suggest that food stamps are somehow criminal—that's ridiculous," Javits protested. "What are we in this country?" he asked. "We have a heart." D'Amato went on to defeat him first in the primary and then in the general election.

In what some see as another symbol of an upside-down world, New York's Democratic Mayor Edward Koch had, up to this month, made only muted attacks on the Reagan budget, which could cost the city more than a third of a billion dollars in federal payments next year. He had levelled no direct criticism at the Republican President, which did not seem to be consistent with his harsh denigration, during much of last year, of the helpfulness, wisdom, and motives of his fellow-Democrat, Jimmy Carter, whom he had officially endorsed for reëlection. It was assumed that Koch's deferential attitude toward Reagan was related to his desire to have the Republican as well as the Democratic endorsement in his own campaign for reëlection this year. George Clark, the Brooklyn Re-

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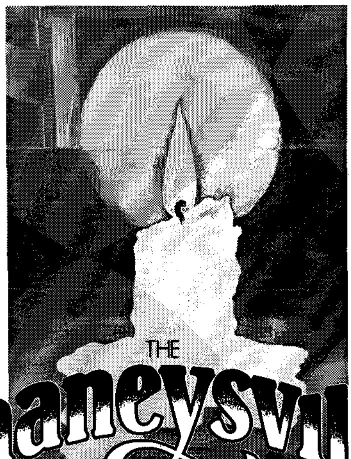

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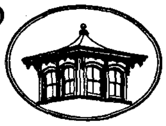

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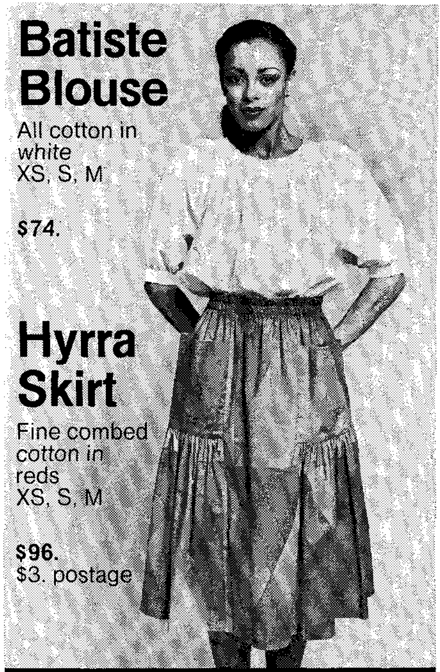

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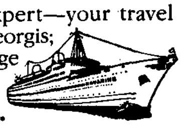

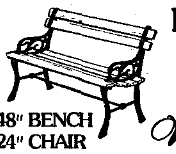

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publican boss, and a longtime—and, until last November, lonely—New York Reagan supporter, was elected State Republican Chairman in March, with the President's approval. If Koch should get the Republican endorsement, Clark told the Mayor, he would have to agree not to campaign against the Republican candidate in next year's race for Governor. Of course, it would be all right, Clark explained, if the Mayor campaigned for Carey the way he had campaigned for Carter last year. Indeed, the Mayor's performance in that election is now such a standard political reference here that it has been suggested that future dictionaries might include a new verb: "to Koch." It would define anyone who endorsed a politician of his party but then savaged him throughout the campaign while at the same time heaping praise on the candidate's opponent, helping him to win.

In 1975, when the local world was first turned upside down, Koch, serving in Congress as a Representative from Manhattan, was remote from the battle scene. Long before he was sworn in as Mayor, in January of 1978, all the most painful retrenchment in city government, including the twenty-per-cent reduction in the municipal payroll, had been imposed—and the political heat for it taken—by others. Lately, however, the Mayor has been not only associating himself with those measures but portraying himself as the man who saved New York, in discourses that begin, "I took a city that was on its knees . . . a city that had no hope . . . " These claims presumably reflect election-year hyperbole. The Mayor is taking no chances, although he has been proclaimed to be unbeatable, and so far not a single opposition candidate whom anyone takes seriously has appeared on the scene.

The life of the Governor of the state was, of course, recently turned upside down by events that had nothing to do with the state's budget crisis. Carey met Evangeline Gouletas, a self-described widow, the night after the Reagan Inauguration, and they were married, in a lavish wedding, on April 11th. "The name 'Evangeline' means 'good tidings,' " the Governor told reporters happily. The revelations about her previous marital history—she had been married and divorced three times, and none of her former husbands is dead—came out piecemeal, making almost daily headlines and giving New York's political scene its own B-picture aspect. There was

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no Carey honeymoon, since the state budget, which was supposed to take effect on April 1st, had not been passed. Late last month, Carey was told by state financial advisers that the state's credit was being threatened by the dishevelled fiscal spectacle in Albany. At the end of the month, he came to an agreement on the budget with Majority Leader Anderson, but Anderson then disavowed the deal, prolonging the crisis further. In any case, the Governor failed to get Anderson to go along with the takeover of local Medicaid costs. Koch, who had been counting on the money for his budget, immediately denounced Carey's performance in remarks that included an unprintable epithet. As he scornfully described it, "the Governor flinched, . . . the Governor blinked, . . . the Governor lost." The Mayor added that he could not say to what degree he would support Carey for reelection next year. Possibly, a Koching was in prospect. The announcement could lead to a Republican endorsement for the Mayor, but it was clear that the party's leaders would treat him warily, almost as a loose cannon. "An interesting part of the Mayor's makeup is that he thinks you're a great guy as long as you agree with him a hundred per cent," State Chairman Clark told the *Post.* Just ahead, after the state finally passes its overdue budget, lies the fight over the city's budget, for which Koch is counting on receiving considerable help from Albany, aside from the Medicaid funds. Since the Koch endorsement of Carey in next year's campaign is now at risk, a situation of which the Albany Republicans will no doubt be taking advantage, there promise to be rough—even ugly—political times ahead, and no one would be surprised if, in the end, the Mayor got nearly everything he wanted. Like the President, Koch is fond of citing God and the Scriptures, but he has indicated that he doesn't necessarily abide by the tenets of the New Testament. The reasons for his extraordinarily high popularity among New Yorkers have been the subject of a number of network TV shows in recent months, among them David Brinkley's "NBC Magazine." On this program, he explained to reporter Garrick Utley his approach to people who give him trouble, saying, as he often does, that if somebody punches him he punches back. "You don't turn the other cheek?" asked Utley. Said the Mayor, "I'm not a Christian."

—ANDY LOGAN

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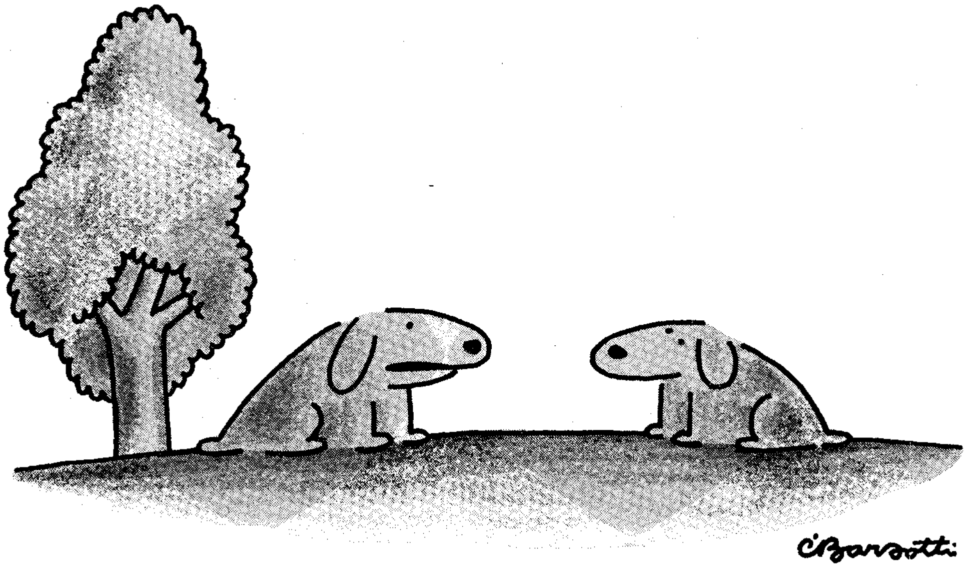
DANCING

A New Old "Giselle"

SOMEBODY else's version of an old folktale is never as magical as the one we grew up with. Though the meaning is the same, the details are different, and it's the details that capture the imagination and bring the meaning alive. One of Mikhail Baryshnikov's first acts on taking over the direction of American Ballet Theatre was to throw out the company's production of "Giselle" and substitute a close approximation of the version he used to perform in Russia with the Kirov Ballet. For Baryshnikov's staging, which we saw this season at the Metropolitan, Oliver Smith modified his first-act setting and painted a new backcloth, new musical insertions were orchestrated by Ivana Themmen, and new ankle-length costumes for the Wilis were ordered. But, unlike the production that it replaces, this isn't "Giselle" restudied—it's a simple exchange of one set of details for another. The Kirov's "Giselle," which traces itself back to Petipa and in the authenticity of which Baryshnikov believes devoutly, turns out to have less edge to it than A.B.T.'s late-nineteen-sixties model; it looks scrappy, capricious, reduced. Because no great amount of thought lies behind it—nothing much lies behind it but taste—there's not a great deal one can argue with. It's a case of My "Giselle" against Yours.

A.B.T.'s 1968 production, by David Blair, introduced a sympathetic Hilarion, brought on the Peasant Pas de Deux (then a novelty for A.B.T.) at an opportune moment, and in other ways extended and sharpened the dramatic logic of the first act. All this took time, and much of it was waste motion. The libretto of "Giselle," a heady mixture of fantasy and superstition, is not so much a folktale as it is an old wives' tale. Attempts to impose logic and plausibility only expose the frail premise on which the dance spectacle of the second act is built. Although some of Blair's innovations were eventually dropped, the company still did not revert to the practice of putting on "Giselle" with another ballet. Baryshnikov has managed to do this, largely by cutting the Peasant Pas de Deux and shortening Hilarion's scenes. (The character created by Blair must now be created in each performance by the dancer who plays the role.) The Peasant Pas de Deux, an interpolation in the original production and an intrusion in every production since, is the sort of thing you have to invent reasons to enjoy. In A.B.T.'s version, dancing had to suffice; the Royal Ballet, at least, has some good choreography, by Frederick Ashton. Along with these cuts, there have also been some additions: the speech of Giselle's mother, which explains the legend of the Wilis, and an unaccountably extended Pas des Vendanges, in which the villagers bang noiseless tambourines out of synchrony with the tambourines in the pit. But, by and large, Baryshnikov has made a fast first act.

It should be fast. The whole purpose of Act I, as its authors realized, is to set up Act II. Baryshnikov's speed, though, is the speed of impatience, not of economy. To say that Act I sets up Act II is not to say that the plot doesn't bear telling. In Baryshnikov's treatment, the ballet opens in the manner of the Kirov and the Bolshoi productions: Albrecht and Wilfrid run on and hide, followed by Hilarion, who runs on and hides. In the first minute, three men have entered who look alike and act alike. In a play, this would be excusable; in a ballet, it's a minute wasted. Some absurdities in the action are avoidable. Hilarion should not have to enter Albrecht's cottage by the window when the door is unlocked. Immediately after Bathilde and Courland go into Giselle's cottage to get some rest, the villagers, with their wine festival, set up a racket right outside the door. This is probably unavoidable; it happens in every "Giselle" I have ever seen. We accept it, just as we accept the improbability of a royal hunting party putting up in a hut. Operagoers know these conventions well, and "Giselle" comes to us from a period that saw close affinities between opera and ballet. (Carlotta Grisi, the first Giselle, was also a singer, though not as famous a singer as her cousin Giulia.) Blair saved the convention of the wine festival from complete sterility by restoring the focus to Giselle as quickly as possible. But instead of his little scene showing her being crowned queen of the festival (which also appeared in the original production) we now see some anonymous Bacchus being carried through on a barrel. The Mad Scene is an extended absurdity that an incurable, cultish sentimentality has elected to the status of a touchstone. Unlike the operatic Mad Scenes on which it is modelled, it is a descent into naturalistic bathos. (No one would think of performing it out of context.) Yet it has no psychological depth. The ballerina is confronted with a stark contrivance, and we watch to see how she will bring it off. Théophile Gautier conceived the ballet "Giselle" after reading about the Wilis in Heine's "De l'Allemagne," but he left the writing of Act I to a skilled librettist, Vernoy de Saint-Georges, whom he afterward commended for bringing about "the pretty death we needed." Dying prettily yet persuasively exercises a ballerina's tact rather than her art. The Blair staging brought on the whole company to witness the scene, while Baryshnikov, following Kirov custom, has only the villagers, and Albrecht and Wilfrid, who leave at the



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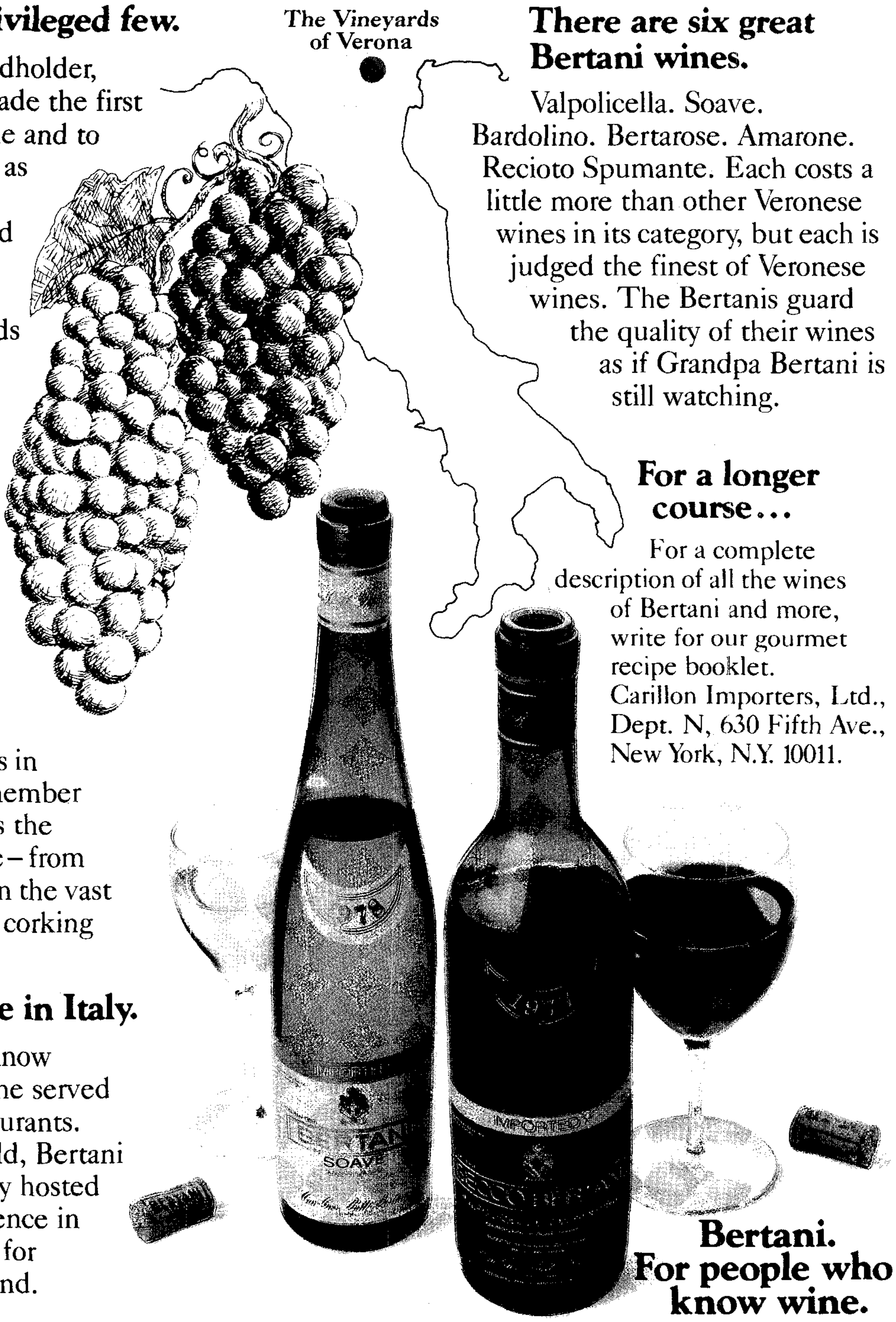

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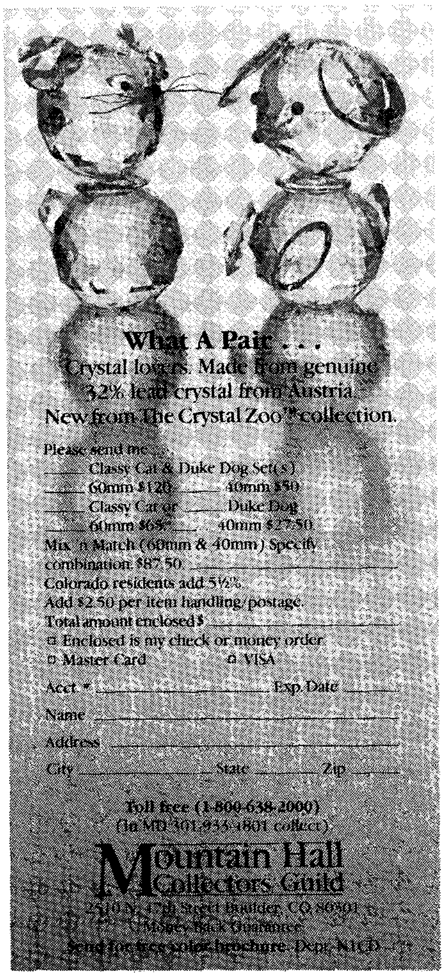
end of the scene. Baryshnikov, whose own interpretation of Albrecht's role used to differ at this point, yields to tradition.

Baryshnikov prefers the Russian staging of the scene where Albrecht first sees the spectre of Giselle, then kneels and prays for it to return. I like it, too—much better than the flitty comings and goings of the previous setting (and Albrecht's "tawt I taw a putty tat" reactions). The atmospherics, though, are really shabby: for feux follets, two stagehands shake clusters of lights from the wings. Although there weren't enough Wilis on the stage (there never have been, at A.B.T.), they danced better than I had ever seen them dance. This is a Baryshnikov triumph not to be underestimated. But he has chosen to incorporate it in this home-style production, which does little to advance our understanding of the ballet, and in some respects even retards it. Is Baryshnikov getting ready for a new look at "Giselle"—a possible break with tradition? He gives no hint of an original perspective here. And when we look up his thoughts in his book "Baryshnikov at Work," we find such discouraging assertions as "The dramatic material of 'Giselle,' Act II, is not rich in substance, but with careful preparation and thought it can be meaningful." This is certainly in line with Baryshnikov's own performance in this act, which is unsurpassed but is overwhelmingly a dance performance; one would call it rich in passion but not in drama. He sees the second-act drama in simplistic terms: "Albrecht fights to hold on to Giselle and fights to live." It is the Russian view, the view that has prevailed in the West ever since the initial tours of the Kirov and the Bolshoi showed us their monumentally pure second acts, heavily contrasted with the verismo of Act I. With Rudolf Nureyev's performances and then with Natalia Makarova's, the dramatic web of the second act was reduced to a single thread—the bond of love between Giselle and Albrecht—and the only suspense lay in whether the Wilis would get Albrecht before four o'clock. That's the way it is in Baryshnikov's current production; the bond between the lovers is even stronger, because there's less of Myrtha to make demands upon it.

The deterioration of "Giselle" as a dance drama is reflected in the demotion of Myrtha from a ballerina's role to a soloist's. It has been a gradual process, down and down over the years. Now Baryshnikov excludes her from the Wilis' adagio. Her entrance is limited to a single diagonal of bourrées to a downstage exit, after which she reappears almost immediately from the same downstage wing and begins the solo with the myrtle sceptres. Myrtha's stage-skimming crosses, her reëntries at unexpected points, the weighty incantation of her dance along the ground were all intended to describe her authority in that space, on that spot of earth, and under it. These are graves on which she dances, and they are, as we see in a moment, the graves of dancers. Myrtha prepares the drama. Anyone who has not experienced the thoroughness of her preparation has not felt the icy breath of "Giselle." None of the three Myrthas I saw this season did more than warm up the house for the stars. None gave clear directions to the lovers beyond a peremptory "Dance!" or "Continue!" Without Myrtha's influence on the course of action, the action doesn't make sense. Who would know, from watching the ballet, that Giselle's dances as Albrecht stands by the crucifix are dances of seduction—that as an instrument of the queen's will she's trying to lure him out of his sanctuary? Who would even guess there could be a motive behind the solo adagio with which she opens her dance? Much less the duplicitous motive we find in Gautier's description of how, as Giselle "commenced her dance with slow and languid steps, eagerly watching the first streaks of light in the horizon," she "sought to disguise her powers of attraction, and merely made a faint and languid pretense of dancing, fearful of beguiling her lover from his post." And so, as the situation develops, we go from adagio to allegro:

> The inexorable Myrtha compelled the shrinking Giselle to dance with greater energy and animation; and, obeying the mandate, she gave herself up to the full delight of the moment,—flying, bounding, floating, as it were, upon mid air; while her lover, forgetting the certain destruction that awaited him, flew to her side, took part in her dances, her attitudes, deeming himself but too happy to die for one so dear.

Gautier's account, one of the essays in "Les Beautés de l'Opéra," was written after the ballet had become a hit. (I quote from the London edition of 1845, available in an excellent facsimile reprint from Da Capo Press.) If it sounds like the fond author supplying ingenious motives after the fact, how much closer we come, through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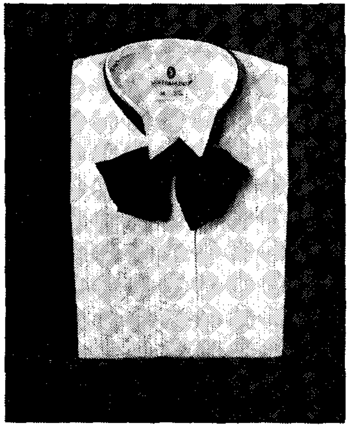
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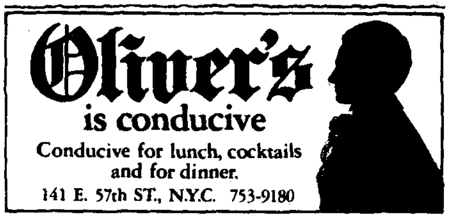
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Gautier's words, to the intention of the ballet d'action than we ever do in a performance. Surely, if the role of Giselle is what its devotees claim—the supreme test of the actress-dancer—that test comes in the second act, when the ballerina must act *through* her dancing. And which would we rather see her aim for—the outer limits of virtuosity, as defined by Gautier, or the undemanding generalizations of Ballet Theatre's synopsis: "Giselle resolves to protect him. She dances with him until the clock strikes four, at which hour the Wilis lose their power"? We don't see much more than this in what happens on the stage. We even see contradictions. When he walks her lightly over the ground in a series of supported temps levés en arabesque, it isn't clear that she's covering for his exhaustion; it looks more the other way around. The conception of "Giselle" as a dance drama is badly served by presenting the second act yet again as a ballet blanc surrounded by a plot. The Wilis, deprived of their bridal wreaths and veils, wearing their new long bell-shaped gowns, could be the corps de ballet of "Serenade." Isn't it a bit late in the day to be streamlining the classics? The old Kirov prejudices that this production reflects are as insupportable as the underlying assumption of the Blair version that Act I is fascinating.

Inspired Giselles are possible even within the vaporish terms of the role. I saw none this time. Cynthia Gregory contributed an effectively wrought Mad Scene, and she has at last stopped trying to look petite and fey. But though she danced up to scale, she still kept the dynamic range short; an impression of bubble-lightness set in and never varied. Magali Messac has inherited Gregory's tall-girl jitters. She shrank her dancing, erased the bracing line of her shoulders, and out of numerous droopy arabesques extended doggy paws of devotion. Her hairdo and makeup were not becoming. I left thinking Giselle just wasn't her role (whereas, with decent choreography, she'd be a marvellous Myrtha). But Messac is an uncommonly fine dancer and an intelligent actress, and I've loved her in all her roles this season, even "Theme and Variations," to which she really is physically unsuited. She ought to be encouraged to try Giselle again, without corrupting her style. Dancers often confuse correct style with conformity to a physical type. A film of Spessivtzeva (whose type is closer to Messac's than, say, Makarova's is) shows her to have been a forthright Giselle, with big legs and a fat braid hanging down her back. Gelsey Kirkland, though heavy and off form, is still the perfect waiflike Giselle, still capable of giving a transporting performance. On this occasion, she performed better than she danced, and she trouped better than she performed, and at every stage Baryshnikov was there to match her. When, toward the end of the second act, her strength began to give out, he doubled his; he flew, he bounded, he soared through Gautier's catalogue, and the roles of the two principals were for once consciously reversed.

Kevin McKenzie's minimal acting and lanky, diffident presence in Act I didn't prepare me for his formidable dancing in Act II. He gave only half a performance (and Messac, his Giselle, could have used a wholehearted partner), but it had style. Alexander Godunov has style, too—old-Bolshoi style. With his carefully sculpted pageboy, his low necklines, and his massive, girlish legs, Godunov is like one of those oddly virile pantywaists in Russian ballet films of the thirties and forties—the ones who wore heeled shoes and bloomers. Godunov isn't narcissistic; he's a big, blond anachronism, and he has, as Albrecht, none of the dramatic power I would have expected after seeing him in the Bolshoi repertory. He danced well. He partnered Gregory with consideration. His footwork is much sharper, his phrasing smoother, than it was a year ago. Yet when he's in the air all you see is that hair standing on end like a tongue of flame, and when he's on the ground, walking and miming, he's in his own far-off world. One can only reckon with him as one of this ballet's more inscrutable absurdities.

THERE'S no accounting for regional tastes. The Houston Ballet brought a repertory to the Brooklyn Academy last month that could have come and, in part, did come straight from London. Ben Stevenson, formerly of the Royal Ballet, showed his "Four Last Songs;" Glen Tetley, who has long been London's idea of a serious American ballet choreographer, was represented by "Praeludium." The two ballets, solemn and tedious affairs, were followed by "The Lady and the Fool," a revival of a Sadler's Wells piece by John Cranko, who here attempted lightness and wit, but with an imprecision that suggested that his mind was elsewhere at the time. Stevenson, the artistic director, has turned Houston into a reactionary outpost of British ballet. The company style is not what you'd expect of Texans; the dancers are evenly trained and theatrically aware, but they look like British dancers of twenty years ago. The main draw was "Papillon," by a Royal Ballet colleague of Stevenson's, Ronald Hynd. "Le Papillon," a "ballet-pantomime," was originally produced at the Paris Opéra in 1860, with music by Offenbach, a libretto by Marie Taglioni and Vernoy de Saint-Georges (the same who wrote "Giselle"), and with choreography credited to Mme. Taglioni. Hynd's ballet is a pastiche of a pastiche. "Le Papillon" tried to revive the Golden Age of Romantic ballet on the talents of Emma Livry, who was Taglioni's protégée; Offenbach's score suggests that the attempt contained an element of spoof. John Lanchbery's orchestration for Houston makes Offenbach rambunctious rather than vivacious, and Hynd's ballet is crassly conceived. Mime is confused with broad acting. The role of the witch who turns the heroine into a butterfly was taken in travesty by Richard Munro, whose top-banana antics were abetted by William Pizzuto as the chief lepidopterist. Characterless character-acting does not sustain comedy in ballet unless you think ballet itself is a joke. Houston surely wants more of its company than this?

The lightning visit of the Atlanta Ballet to Brooklyn College was a contrast in nearly every way. Here was serious and charming dancing in a recognizably American style. Robert Barnett's school was the New York City Ballet, and it shows in the company he directs. But his dancers also have a good, strong local accent. They were, as an ensemble, most admirable in "Raymonda Variations," and would obviously have been even better with live accompaniment. An impressive season, all too short.

—Arlene Croce

●

As the large American party prepared to fly on to Saudi Arabia yesterday, representatives of the so-called "travelling press"—the journalists invited to travel in the American government aircraft—could be heard beating the Secretary of State's chief spokesman, Mr. Dean Fisher, an amiable former *Time* magazine correspondent.—*London Times*.

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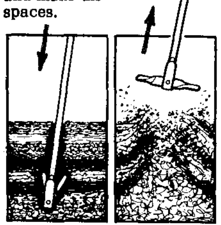

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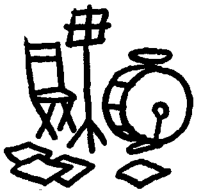
MUSICAL EVENTS

Gaudeamus



THE School of Music of Indiana University recently sponsored a remarkable invasion of New York's musical life. In the course of a week, the university promoted five events here: the first New York performance of Martinů's opera "The Greek Passion," staged at the Met; an orchestral concert including Charles Ives' Fourth Symphony, in Avery Fisher Hall; an evening of chamber music at Carnegie Recital Hall; and concerts by the university's Chamber Choir and New Music Ensemble, both at the Abraham Goodman House. The reputation of Indiana's School of Music stands high, and that of its Opera Theatre (founded in 1948) especially so. Several times during the three events I attended, I had to remind myself that these were student forces, not professional groups, and that they represented only a sampling of the regular musical activities on the Indiana campus: while two hundred and fifty students were in New York there were still well over a thousand students at the School of Music; forty concerts took place there during the same week.

The Indiana company was the first university company ever to appear at the Met, and the choice of opera for such an occasion must have presented a problem. The Martinů was given its American première at the university last month. But the composer with whom the company has been most closely associated in the production of new works is John Eaton, a professor at Indiana; five operas of his have been produced there, including "Danton and Robespierre," in 1978, and the one-act "The Cry of Clytemnestra," in 1979. I have heard more than one person say that "Danton" would have been the choice most characteristic of Indiana's adventurous repertory. In choosing instead a work by a major European twentieth-century composer which it was introducing to this country, the company took a risk that turned out to be only partly justified.

Bohuslav Martinů's "The Greek Passion"—written to the composer's own libretto, from the novel "Christ Recrucified," by Nikos Kazantzakis—was completed in 1959 but was not staged until June, 1961, after Martinů's death. It was presented at the Zurich Opera, where Max Röthlisberger—now chairman of Indiana's department of stage design—was chief designer. For the Indiana production, Mr. Röthlisberger created a magnificent set depicting the square of the mountain village of Lycovrissi—lined by rugged, bright white houses and a church, steeply raked on the stage but falling away at the back to provide an effective entrance from below. The chorus of villagers is an important character of the drama, and it was evident from the start that the production, by Ross Allen, would treat this ensemble with rare seriousness: not a gesture or a movement was wasted. Slowly, individuals began to identify themselves, as Grigoris, the dominating priest, announced the parts the villagers were to take in the yearly Passion play. The opera concerns their change of character as a result of the play and their response to the arrival in the village of a group of refugees. The priest refuses to accept the newcomers, and they settle nearby on the mountain. The shepherd Manolios, who will be the Christ in the Passion play, and the Widow Katerina, chosen to be Mary Magdalene, come to feel that the refugees must be taken into the community. Conflict and tragedy ensue—Manolios is excommunicated, and is then killed by the play's Judas. Martinů weights his music heavily toward the conflict of the communities, with choral writing for villagers and refugees in the set-piece scenes of the first and final acts. There is enough religious fervor in the score to sustain several oratorios, and rather too little inventive music for the soloists. But all this suited the Indiana company. Just as one thought that the entire School of Music had been assembled on the stage in the opening scene, a huge chorus of refugees arrived to fill the stage. The choral singing was very fine. By keeping the singers in stark, huddled groups, Mr. Allen achieved telling effects—particularly when two things happened on the stage at once. Individuals emerged strongly. Tim Noble, as Grigoris, was indeed dominating, but too overtly unpleasant—his political schemings could have been more subtle. David Rampy, as Panait (the Judas), was from the start violent and unpredictable, a likely candidate for the final assault on Manolios. Rebecca Field, as Katerina, established a sultry, sensual character that gradually changed into one more generous, more insecure. Against the background of these vivid portrayals, it was difficult for Daniel Brewer, the light-voiced but highly musical Manolios, to make an impact on the proceedings. His associates, the Peter, James, and John of the Passion play—sung by Neil Jones, Rudolf Neufeld, and Randall Black—were milk-and-water Apostles; their challenge to the established order represented by Grigoris was sure to fail.

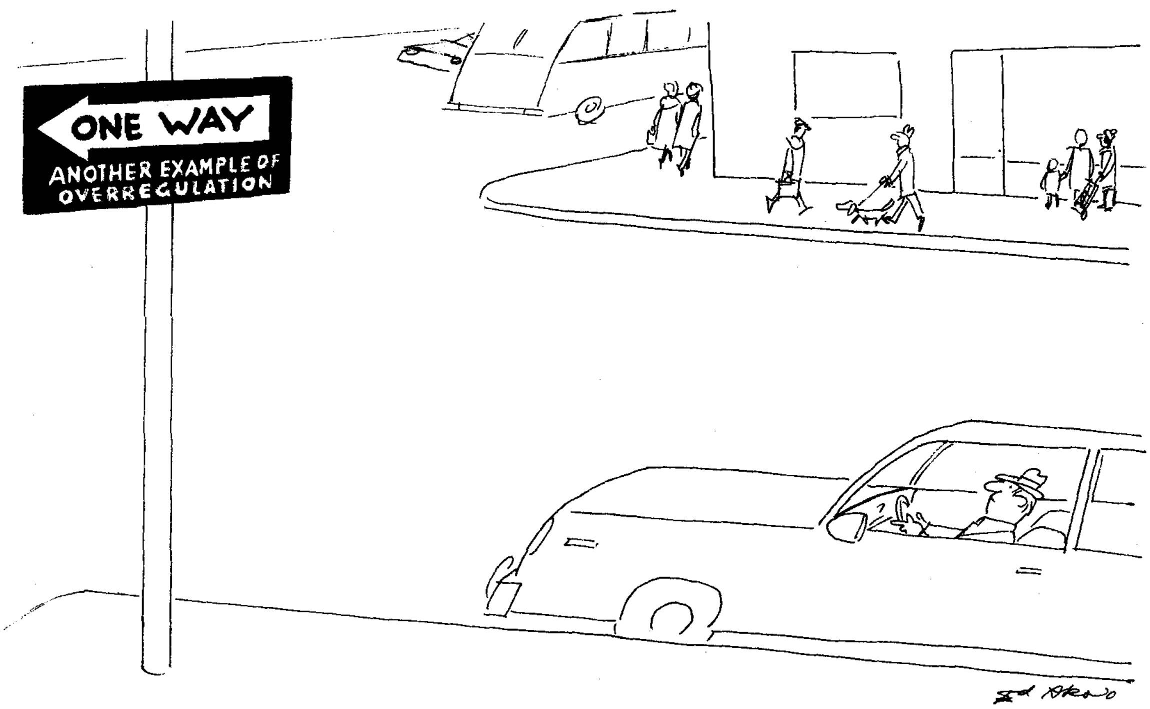
The Indiana production linked Martinů's two central acts into five short scenes, divided by orchestral interludes—like Berg's "Wozzeck" but without the conciseness. Episodes in which villagers attempt to make money from the refugees and in which Manolios' fiancée, Lenio, leaves him for another shepherd, Nikolios, are forced. (The production sustained interest with a live donkey, which appeared somewhat impatient of Martinů's music, and with a scene of instant seduction for Lenio and Nikolios of such violence that it almost sent a wall flying.) The episodes do little more than prepare for the final conflict in the village square. Martinů agonized over that conflict, and made several misjudgments: after the climax, when Manolios is stabbed, Katerina is allowed an elegy, and then endless "Kyrie eleison"s for the choruses prolong the opera beyond its highest point of tension. Mr. Allen, however, made the final tableau memorable: the stage picture froze save for one elderly villager, hobbling to the security of her home.

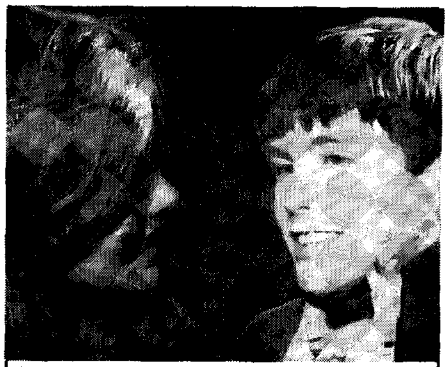
In the realization of Martinů's often unrewarding music, the Indiana University Philharmonic Orchestra, under Bryan Balkwill, achieved much: a broad, sonorous sound in the religious passages; a searing, intense expression for the few moments of violence; and a clear, rhythmically solid approach to the rest of the score. The ensemble and strength of the playing compared favorably with more familiar sounds from the Met's pit. But what remains in my mind of "The Greek Passion" is a grand spectacle, boldly conceived.

THE Indiana University Philharmonic gave a program that, in its first half, provided a showcase for two former students of the school, violinist Yuval Yaron and cellist Gary Hoffman, in the Brahms Double Concerto. In the second half, the orchestra revived Ives' Fourth—one of the great eccentric symphonies of the twentieth century. Written between 1909 and 1916, it was performed in part in 1927 but was heard in full for the first time only in 1965, when it was given under Leopold Stokowski in Carnegie Hall. To say that the symphony does not hang together is an understatement: the first movement is a short "chorale prelude" treatment of a hymn, "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night," interwoven with fragments of other hymn tunes and including a part for choir; the second is a wild explosion of overlapping half-heard band tunes; the third returns to simplicity in an intense, sober fugue (an orchestration of a movement from the First String Quartet); and the last reaches toward transcendence in eerie, floating music that again includes voices. The work takes to the limit Ives' simultaneous presentation of different musical materials; it requires a second conductor to control some of the independent tempi in sections of the orchestra. It needs just the sort of youthful confidence and exuberance that the Indiana players, under Thomas Baldner (assisted by Katsuhiko Watanabe), brought to it; I can imagine the raunchy brass writing in the second movement more deafening, the string melodies of the third more intense, and the complex textures of the last more firmly clarified than they were here. Occasionally, a point of balance went awry: clarinet counterpoint was drowned at the end of the fugue, piano harmonies were not quite audible enough in the first movement. The naïveté of the music made me smile, yet an exhilarating vision shone through.

THE final event presented by the School of Music was a concert by its New Music Ensemble, which is directed by Frederick Fox. The evening's longest piece, at nineteen minutes, was a new work by Mr. Fox, "Sonaspheres I," which drew the maximum contrasts of volume and color from an ensemble of nine players. There were many striking noises—the pounding unison drums of the opening, vibraphone plinks over string glissandi, and a long cantilena for unison strings over drones—but they didn't add up. An exotic Orientalism in the score echoed a couple of other works in the program. Toshiro Mayuzumi's Pieces for Prepared Piano and String Quartet (1957) conjured up the sound of temple bells with muted piano strings and set them against staccato fragments or buzzing trills for strings. Francis Chan's "Yeh-Pan Yeuh" (1978), for soprano and tape, was the concert's most alluring piece. It combined the expressive voice of Edith Anne Diggory and a tape of electronic and natural sounds—an attractive collage, skillfully assembled, which grew from colorful noises to include snatches of song that the soloist matched in her meditation. The soloist's text, a Chinese poem, was elusively summarized in the program: "What a poet sees while travelling." The other solo virtuoso piece was Mr. Eaton's Concertmusic for Solo Clarinet (1960), a frenetic collection of angular lines, groaning glissandi, and ingenious "double-stopping," played with verve by Tadashi Hoshino. Andrew Imbrie's understated "Dandelion Wine" (1969) made a nice, neat start. A ten-minute Piano Trio (1977) by Juan Orrego-Salas, a professor at Indiana, suggested that the School of Music's composition department must be open-minded: this was a lush, amiable piece of late Romanticism, which seemed to have got lost somewhere between Brahms and Ravel. Katsuhiko Watanabe conducted the Imbrie, Mayuzumi, and Fox pieces with admirable firmness; Mr. Fox's cheerful ruffling of the conductor's hair during the applause was the only reminder that this was a student event.

NEW YORK'S own music colleges have been pursuing, less noticeably, their public concert-giving activities. At the Juilliard School, where the New York première of Bartók's "Kossuth" was recently given, there has been a revival of Elgar's Second Symphony, under Christian Badea; an evening of dance, which began with Wendy Hilton's meticulous, effective re-creation of some eighteenth-century choreography to music by Handel; the usual profusion of student recitals, often exploring neglected repertory; and two workshop performances by the Opera Training Department of Niccolò Piccinni's "La Buona Figliuola," written in 1760. Piccinni's opera is known for having helped to broaden the range of opera buffa from pure comedy to genuine drama. The Juilliard production revealed it as a delightful and touching piece in its own right. Carlo Goldoni's adaptation, for the libretto, of Samuel Richardson's novel "Pamela" is schematic (and Geoffrey Dunn's translation makes it sound simplistic), but it provides an opportunity to mix characters





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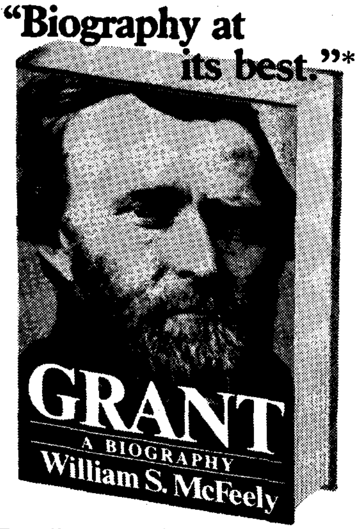
from different social classes—and, consequently, it gave Piccinni the chance to mix different genres of conventional operatic music. The love of the Marquis of Conchiglia for his maid Cecchina cuts across the boundaries of rank; in two splendid act finales Piccinni weaves serious and buffa styles together in music of considerable emotional power.

Norman Ayrton chose to stage the opera—as John Cox staged Haydn's "La Fedeltà Premiata" at Glyndebourne recently—in a garden setting, in which the characters both act and observe. Here the procedure made the piece seem unduly formal; it is the reality of Cecchina's plight that is made affecting by Piccinni's warm, melodic music. Mr. Ayrton seemed to think that the work had to be enlivened throughout by jokes—one of the tensest moments of the music, the entry of the Marquis into the Act I finale, was disrupted by a bit of business about a garden gate that wouldn't open, and raised a laugh. I saw the second of Juilliard's two casts. Rosemary Musoleno, after a pert start as Cecchina, concentrated her voice well for her desolate aria, and Christopher Wakley was a dignified, though stiff, Marquis. Maria Misenas and Sylvester Graves were severely taxed by the florid aristocrat parts (which were surely written with a touch of parody), but they managed well. Among the servants, David Hamilton sang firmly as Mengotto; the antics of the sisters Sandrina and Paoluccia were overdone. As Tagliaferro, the oafish German soldier, George Fridlender turned in an amazing parody of John Cleese in the "Fawlty Towers" episode about German visitors. The opera was given in a version by Richard Bonynge, further adapted by Mr. Ayrton. The orchestral playing was lively, and the performance was conducted crisply by Ivan Törzs. —NICHOLAS KENYON

•

Andrew Jones' painting styles and developing interests almost parallel the classical histories of art. By the time he was copying the French impressionists in his mid-teens, he had already gone through multi-year periods of prehistoric cave drawings before he produced classic drawings, paintings, and sculpture of ancient Greece and Rome. Jones' singular intensity, which most closely resembles total concentration, was revealed during his Italian Renaissance period when he painted not one but eight copies of the Mona Lisa. —*Card announcing a show at the Washington World Gallery.*

Intensity maybe. He could have been in a rut.



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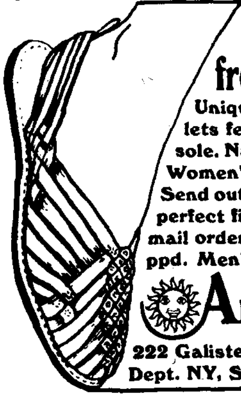

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Signs of Life, by Sumner Locke Elliott (Ticknor & Fields; $11.95). "'One time they put me in the tank with a real live shark,' Aunt Flora said, looking at Mrs. Binns hungrily" are the opening words of this strange novel. The main character, however, is not Aunt Flora or Mrs. Binns but Aunt Flora's sister, Virginia, who recalls scenes from her long life as she lies dying, senile and unloved, while her relatives await the end. Around 1912, Virginia's young soul was scalded and toughened when her dizzy mother ran off with a married man and left Virginia and Flora, aged twelve and ten, in the care of their well-to-do grandmother, who had room for the girls in her Sag Harbor house but not in her heart. By the time Virginia sets out for New York to catch a husband, she has acquired an abiding distrust of all the females in her family—a self-fulfilling prejudice that comes back to haunt her in the form of her own embittered daughter. It is only now, on her deathbed, that she sees there was one man who might have made her happy, but at the time, in 1918, she mocked his guileless goodness, and within days of their first meeting he was killed, on Central Park South, by a runaway car. Mr. Elliott organizes the old woman's flashbacks with care and economy—when episodes overlap, there is always a good reason—and his dark sense of humor, evident in the opening lines, sparkles throughout.

GENERAL

Literary Lifelines: The Richard Aldington-Lawrence Durrell Correspondence, edited by Ian S. MacNiven and Harry T. Moore (Viking; $17.50). This spirited exchange of letters, which lasted until Aldington's death, at seventy, in 1962, got under way five years earlier when the relatively obscure Durrell, long an admirer of the older writer, came to live and work on his projected "Alexandria Quartet" in the South of France. Aldington was then living at Montpellier, having exiled himself from England for good after his icon-smashing biography of T. E. Lawrence (of Arabia) had inflamed almost the entire establishment against him, and he took an instant liking to Durrell. Their letters are hugely entertaining—funny, anecdotal, and often cheerfully malicious in discussing everything under the sun: tourists, wine, royalties and taxes, the treacheries of publishers, the worth of critics (nil), how much of Shakespeare is by Shakespeare, politics, poetry, friends, and enemies—especially enemies, of whom Aldington had a large and illustrious collection, along with a talent for thinking up new ways to describe them.

Pleasure and Privilege: Life in France, Naples, and America, 1770-90, by Olivier Bernier, with a foreword by Louis Auchincloss (Doubleday; $14.95). The writing is easy and assured, and the author's mastery of detail, as he tells about the luxuries and gaieties of the ancien régime, makes us see not only the glory of the decorative arts of the period but the encrusted sillinesses of the social system in which they flowered. In the decades before the French Revolution, France's privileged orders and the gifted craftsmen who served them were the source of high style and manners for the civilized world. Mr. Bernier demonstrates why this was so, and then takes us off to a parody kingdom, Naples, which at this period was a tourist mecca, partly because the excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum afforded both a new range of decorative motifs and a deepening sense of the classical past in a neoclassical era; the climate and the opera were further attractions. France was disciplined elegance; Naples, from the rulers on down, was slipshod ebullience. They were both in sharp contrast with the United States, at that time a rural republic without luxuries but with a self-government that was attractively simple compared with the expensive, inefficient bureaucracy of monarchy.

At the Barricades, by Wilfred Burchett, with an introduction by Harrison S. Salisbury (Times;

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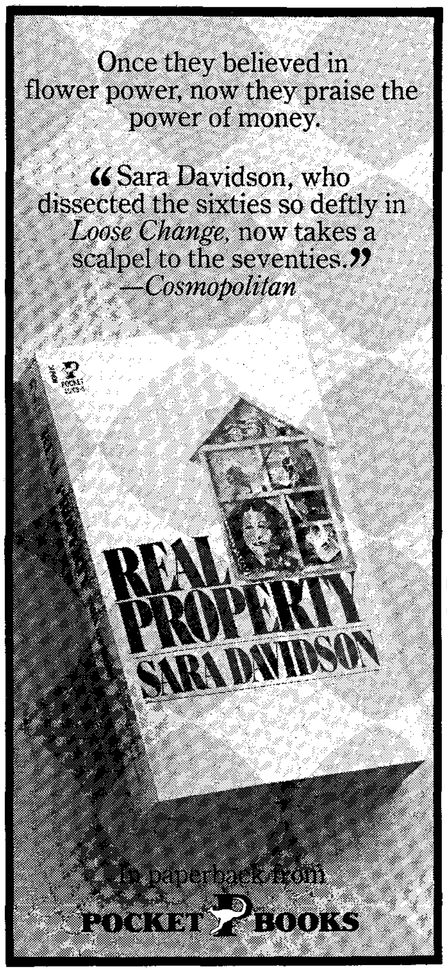
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$15). The memoirs of the Australian newsman who became world-famous (or notorious) by turning up on the North Korean side during the peace negotiations at Panmunjon. Burchett, born in 1911, grew up in farm country and knew hard times during the Depression. He made his way to Europe, hoping to fight in the Spanish Civil War, but instead found work at a travel agency that secretly helped Jews escape from Nazi Germany. Returning to Australia shortly before the Second World War, he found a market for articles about his experiences abroad, and soon after was off to China as a correspondent for the London *Daily Express*, the Sydney *Daily Telegraph*, and the Melbourne *Age*. Burchett's daring, energy, and zest took him all over Asia and the Pacific, and when the war was over the *Express* sent him to Berlin. In 1948, he became a free lance, reporting from behind the Iron Curtain. How did he wind up in disagreement with the policies of his native land? His bouncy autobiography, crammed with his own journeys and scoops and the doings of a cast of international bigwigs, suggests two reasons. One is that he judges by two standards: any deviation by non-Communist states from moral perfection is unforgivable, while Communist failings are understandable. Secondly, he insists on believing that utopia exists somewhere. Thus, whenever one "socialist" country disappoints him he moves on to another. For a time, China was his dreamland, but, vexed just now by its foreign policy, he has two remaining Edens: Vietnam and Cuba.

•

The Honorable John F. Lehman, Secretary of the Navy, will be the guest speaker at the Naval Aviation Luncheon scheduled for Wednesday, 6 May 1981. All active duty Naval and Marine Aviation Officers in the Washington, D.C. area are invited to attend this luncheon which will be held in the Koran Room of the Fort Myer Officers' Club. A no-host bar will open at 4:30 A.M. and the luncheon will begin at noon.—*Weekly Navy News.*

With any luck.

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LONDON—The United States and Europe will continue to proceed toward the same goal—peace in the Middle East—along parallel but not necessarily convergent roads.—*Fernand Auberjonois in the Toledo (Ohio) Blade.*

That's the Middle East, all right.

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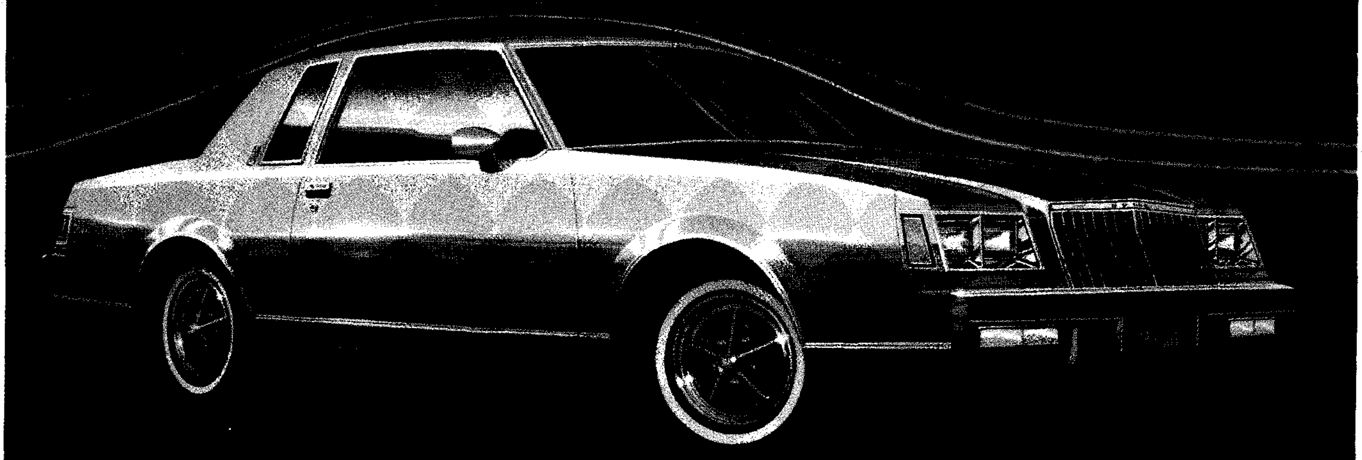

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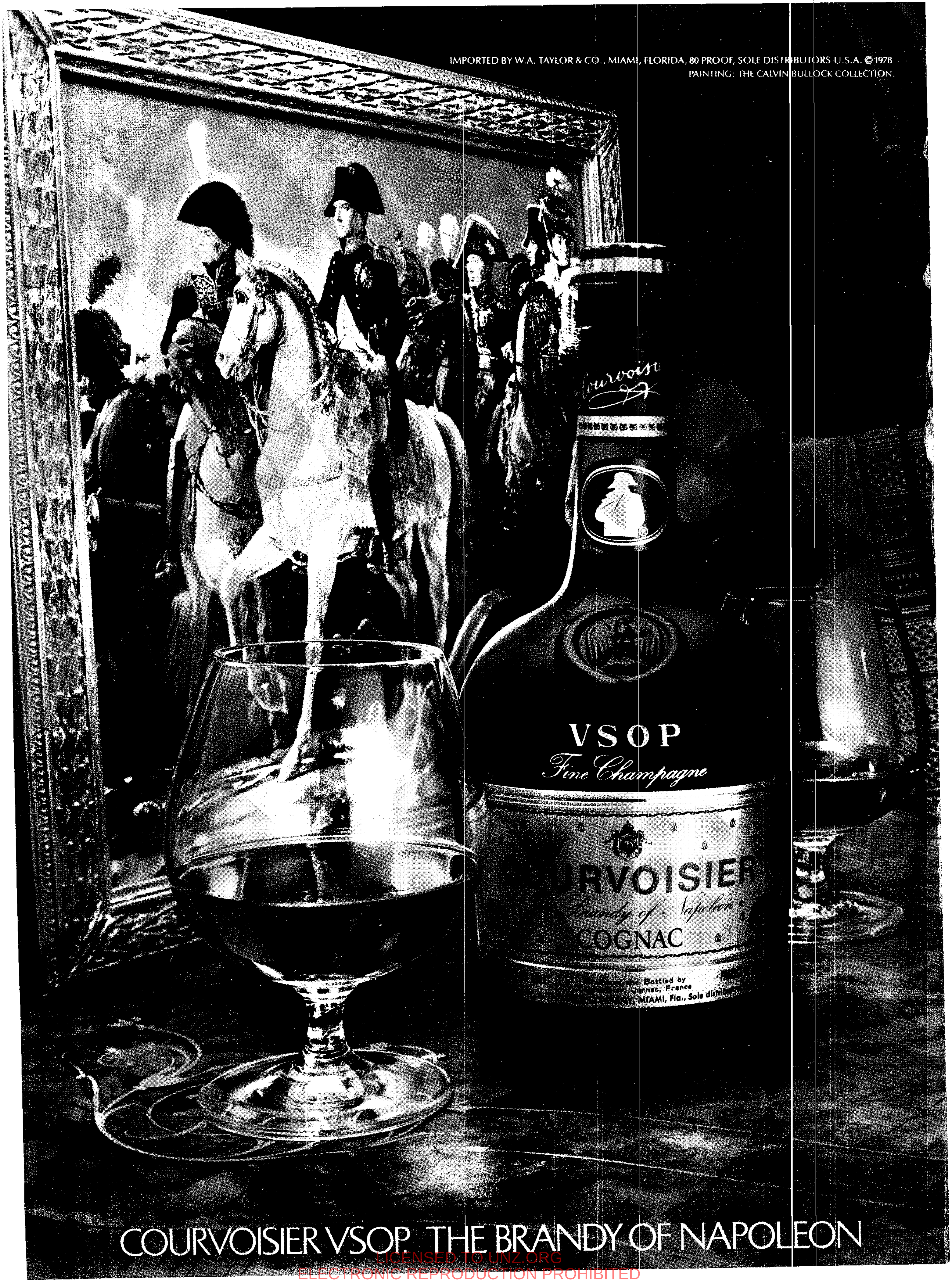
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